



SEA STORIES  
A BOOK FOR BOYS

~~1126~~  
1374

x Rec. 2/15/13 eph

65 4

5 Etalings

**THE UNIVERSITY  
OF ILLINOIS  
LIBRARY**

From the collection of  
Julius Doerner, Chicago  
Purchased, 1918.

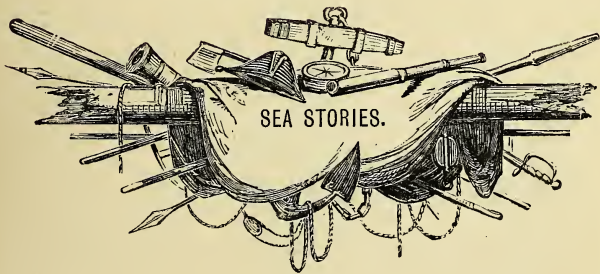
823

Sell











LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



THE SEA FIGHT



# SEA STORIES.

By an Old Sailor.

---

“ Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea?  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.

“ ‘ Wouldst thou,’ said the helmsman,  
‘ Learn the secret of the sea?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery.’ ”

LONGFELLOW.

---

LONDON:  
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1873.



8 Oct 29 Achel 1 pohl

823  
Sell

A decorative banner with the word "CONTENTS" in the center, surrounded by ornate floral and leaf patterns.

THE LION AND THE LAMB ...	..	...	...	..	9
GREENWICH HOSPITAL ...	...	...	...	...	61
THE RED FLAG AT THE FORT ...	...	...	...	...	75
THE DELICATE POINT ...	...	...	...	...	93
MORRIS'S ISLANDS ...	...	...	...	...	129
THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK ...	...	...	...	...	158
THE GRAVESTONE WITHOUT A NAME ...	...	...	...	...	191
FRERE DU DIABLE ...	..	...	...	...	226
THE WARLOCK ...	...	...	...	...	242
OLD BETTY'S NOOK ...	...	...	...	...	277









## SEA STORIES.

---

### The Lion and the Lamb.

“ O Nature! how thyself thou blazonest  
In these two princely boys.”

CYMBELINE.

“THE first lieutenant says, sir, that the boat's waiting for you, sir; and if you don't bear a hand, you'll have to get ashore upon the sheet anchor, and take the best bower for a walking-stick,”—was the exclamation of an old quartermaster in the cockpit of the *Darling* frigate, then lying dismantled in Sheerness harbour, to a youthful midshipman, who was taking one last, lingering look at the solitary berth that had been his home for a period of three years; for, after having braved “the battle and the breeze” till rendered unserviceable, the gallant old *Darling* was paid off to be laid up in ordinary, and all the officers and crew (except the gunner, boatswain, carpenter, and cook, who were considered,

according to the regulations of the service, as *timber* heads) were at that moment quitting her, to be separated, perhaps, for ever.

The youngster had recollected stowing away some precious relic in one of the lockers, and he had quietly slipped down below to recover the missing prize. "I'll be on deck directly. Phillips," replied the young officer; "tell the first lieutenant I'm almost ready; there's a good old soul—do!"

"Ay, ay, Mr. Lewis," returned the veteran, looking rather ruefully along the deserted mess-deck, so lately teeming with life and animation, and where he had risen from a mizzen-topman to hold his present rank of petty officer—"ay, ay, Mr. Lewis; but bear a hand, sir, and don't put Mr. Gilmour in a bad humour, just as we are all about to be scattered, we don't know where. Ah, there's the ould berth in which—but no matter, I arn't agoing to turn croaker, Mr. Lewis; howsomever, I loved the little hooker—but now, Mr. Lewis, spring your luff, here's a squall coming, for I feel the breath of his voice."

"Cockpit there!" shouted the first lieutenant down the after-hatchway. "Mr. Lewis!" he again impatiently sung out.

"He's just agoing, sir," replied the quarter-master up the same aperture, and then addressing the midshipman in an under tone,— "Now, do make haste, Mr. Lewis; start on end up the ladder and through the port—there's no guns in 'em now," added he, sorrowfully; "and wheresoever you go, Mr. Lewis, give a thought now and then to ould Phillips. He's off!" ruminated the tar—"God

bless him, for he's a kind-hearted lad—and now, my gallant hooker—”

“Below there!” again shouted Mr. Gilmour. “Phillips, you old dog-fish, why are you not in the boat? If I have to call you again, sir, you shall find me alongside of you, and at the same time be convinced that all the inch-and-a-half's not out of the ship! The pennant's not down yet, sir, and my commission holds good to the last.”

The first lieutenant might have spared part of his address; for the quarter-master, knowing the fiery impetuosity of his officer, had hastily followed his young friend through the port, and a voice alongside exclaiming, “All ready with the cutter, sir,” she was directed to “shove off.”

It was a bright summer day—now I am no hand at the pathetic or the sympathetic, nor am I much gifted with the powers of description in the aerial, celestial, or linear way; besides, the light, silvery clouds—the warm breathings of the balmy breeze—the azure vault of heaven, &c., are terms so hackneyed, that I shall content myself with saying that it was a bright summer day—the hills looked beautiful, covered with the growing staff of life in all the richness of its green colouring, so refreshing to the eye to look upon; and the waters, like the cheeks of a coy maiden, were dimpling here and there, as the sportive wind kissed their smooth surface.

The old *Darling* lay quietly reposing on the bosom of the stream, like a giant refreshing himself with sleep, whilst fourteen or fifteen large boats, completely crowded fore and aft with men and hammocks, lay off upon their oars on the

larboard side, as the ship rode to the tide of ebb. The restraints of strict discipline were for the moment relaxed: the brave fellows had fought together; had shared danger, privation, and toil; and now, after several years of such strong brotherhood, they were to be divided hither and thither, away from each other; and what to several was still more distressing, they were quitting the craft that had borne them through all—the creature almost of their own creation, and that had been the object of their fond regard and care. Still, with the daring recklessness of British tars, the hearty laugh and the merry joke resounded as efforts to stifle the regrets that were struggling in the breast; and Jamie Welsh, the ship's fiddler, stuck up in the bows of the *Namur's* launch, was scraping away on the catgut the tune of "Jack's the lad."

Suddenly the noise ceased, and a deathlike silence prevailed—indeed, it seemed as if a sudden gust of wind had swept away the sounds of mirth to leave a melancholy gloom. The uninitiated and the stranger would have been struck with astonishment at the instantaneous cessation of boisterous revelry; but had they looked at the larboard gangway of the frigate the cause would have been immediately explained: for there stood the veteran Captain Denton, the almost worshipped of his men. His head was uncovered; his white, fleecy hair wantoned in the breeze, whilst the muscles of his face, which had remained rigid and unmoved amidst the struggles of the battle, or the howlings of the storm, were now quivering with emotion; and the voice that had so loudly cheered the boarders, or had

been heard above the roaring of the tempest, was low and tremulous. But, with a sudden impulse, he waved his hat, as he exclaimed, "Good-bye, lads. God bless you all. Always do your duty to your king and country, and let your future conduct be as good as the past. Farewell, old Darlings! farewell!"

For a few seconds stillness reigned profound. The old man again waved his hat, and was turning away, with a tear trembling in his eye, when there arose a loud, a long, an impetuous shout, and three real British cheers resounded from upwards of three hundred men. Captain Denton, his first lieutenant, and the warrant officers returned it; one cheer more ascended from the parting seamen in answer, and the boats were put in motion with the several drafts for their respective ships.

The Darlings had been a happy and an excellent crew, and the strongest attachment prevailed amongst them. Captain Denton was a kind, indulgent man; and though the first lieutenant, Mr. Gilmour, was a most rigid disciplinarian, yet he did not harass the people by unnecessary labour; and, though no polished bolts or shining stanchions met the eye, the frigate was always ready for instantaneous service. But the craft they all loved—she that had stood under them in many an hour of peril—would no more breast the foaming surge, nor echo to the noise of broadsides. The boats moved away, and

"They left her alone in her glory!"

A launch and a cutter pulled down with the ebb, and,

giving the Garrison Point a wide berth, made their course towards the Great Nore, where lay that well-known veteran of the ocean, "the old *Namur*." In the cutter was the midshipman whom I have already noticed by the name of Lewis with two or three of his messmates, for whom ships had not been provided.

"Were you ever on board a guard-ship, Lewis?" inquired one of the midshipmen. "I can tell you, you'll have to cut a hole in your blankets and reeve your head through them all night, to keep some *kind, honest* rascal from *borrowing* them. I was in the *Royal Billy* once, and some fellow actually stole a loose tooth out of my mouth!"

"Tell that to the marines, Caswell," said a tall, thin young man, with red hair and laughing features. "Don't mind what he says, Lewis; never fear but we'll weather it out; and though they do call you 'my lady,' I'll stand your friend, my old girl, in spite of all the guardoes in the service."

"You have always been very good to me, Jay," replied the youngster; "but I really do not feel any very great degree of alarm. I suppose I must do my duty, and it matters but little where it is done."

"Duty!" exclaimed Jay; "nonsense, boy! Supernumeraries, unless they are quite raw, never do any duty in guardships; they can hardly get through the lots of skylarking that's done in a day. I was once in yon old hooker for two months—it was before I joined the *Darling*—and I left a long arrear of mischief to make up; so keep in my wake, Lewis, I'll soon make an old guardo of you; though, posi-



tively, you must try and get a little colour to relieve the milk and water in your face."

"And, Betty, give this cheek a little red!" quoted Caswell; and then, turning to a master's mate by his side, he continued, "but what do you say, Jemmy the barber? I'm told you've passed your examination in the cockpit of every guard-ship in the service, from the *Thisbe* at Greenwich to the old *Salvador* at Plymouth. Perhaps you can give 'my lady' a little insight into the mysteries."

"You may say that," replied the person addressed—a full-featured, heavy-eyed, bloat-faced young man, who at that very moment manifested inclinations of a besetting sin, having indulged too freely in his potations previously to quitting the frigate—"you may say that, Caswell, anyhow. I generally, however, contrived to chime in with some old shipmate or other, so I never found much to care about; but, certainly, them guard-ships are bad enough for youngsters, anyhow. I remember an acting doctor's mate coming aboard the *Namur*. Poor fellow! he had just served his time to an apothecary in some inland town—but anything did for pill-builders in them days—and so some middies got hold of him at Sheerness; and, finding that he had a good six months' store of self-conceit aboard, they took him under their *marcifal protection*; and it warn't long before he was rigged out in a full surgeon's coat, with the addition of a fine pair of gold swabs, white pantaloons, top-boots and spurs, a regular nor-west for-and-after, with a full bottomed, well powdered wig under it, and a captain's long regulation sword. So alongside he comes, and old R——, twiggig

the epaulettes, the boatswain pipes the side; the best ropes were shipped, and the guard of marines turned out. Well, when he got upon the quarter-deck of the first ship he had ever boarded, he walked up to old R——, and, with a grand salaam, as the marines presented arms, he gave orders to get the old guardo underway to take him up the river to Surgeons' Hall. Oh, if you had only seen old R——, as he scrutinized the uniform, and listened to the order! At last, giving him one of his *impressive* looks, he asked, 'And pray, sir, who may you be?' 'I am acting assistant surgeon, in his Britannic Majesty's service, sir,' replied the dupe, 'and here is my letter of introduction; but I am desirous of getting up to Surgeons' Hall to pass my examination, and the sooner we sail the better.' 'Indeed!' said old R——, with a roguish sneer, as he took the letter—and by this time all the reefers, great and small, had mustered round him, seeing there was some fun going on. Old R—— read the chit, drew up the corners of his mouth in a sort of half grin between anger and mirth, and then read aloud from the written paper, 'This is to certify that —— is the most arrant coxcomb and puppy that ever aspired to the honour of cracking the king's biscuit. He wishes to be a doctor's mate, and having carefully examined his qualifications, we hereby declare that he is fully competent to bleed a calf, physic a dead marine.' 'What can all this mean?' ejaculated the astonished physic-grinder. But old R—— went on—'physic a dead marine, set a wooden leg; and, as a *dresser*, we must refer to his own peculiar style in *propriâ personâ*. Trusting he will meet with the reception

due to his merit, and this our recommendation, we hereunto set our hands and seals:—Charles Bothergill, Captain 1st Battalion Marine Dragoons; Timothy Splitwhistle, Bum-boat Master of H. M. S. *Huffy*; Peter Pulvis Antimonialis, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to Admiral Bottle-nose.’”

A hearty laugh, in which the seamen joined, shook the boat as she flew through the yielding element, to the great delight of the master’s mate, who had caused it.

“Heave ahead, Jemmy,” exclaimed Caswell, when the joyous cachinnation had somewhat subsided. “Heave ahead, my boy; you’ll beat Tom Pepper yet—it is a capital yarn, however.”

“It’s true enough,” replied the person addressed, “for I saw and heard it myself. So when old R—— had finished reading, you may just calculate there warn’t a small burst of merriment among the middies, and no little consternation in the unfortunate mortar-pounder. However, old R—— smoked the trick (which had been played by some reefers of the *Indefatigable*), and turning round to us said, ‘Young gentlemen, I intrust this *distinguished* officer to your care; take him below and show him the midshipmen’s berth.’ Poor creature! we waited upon him in procession down the ladder and I shall never forget his horror when the canvas screen was put aside, and we ushered him in in state. There were a couple of purser’s dips, ninety to the pound, just making darkness visible—it was the supernumeraries’ berth on the starboard side—and ten or twelve youngsters were diverting themselves with a good round game at able-

whackit,\* making no trifle of noise, you may be sure. Well, the doctor was formally introduced; some grog was set abroach, and to show good fellowship, he took to it as kindly as we could wish, so that in about an hour he was quite comfortable. A scuffle, however, took place amongst some of the reefers, and the doctor's wig got disarranged; so Moriarty and Sherer would carry it, as they said, to the ship's barber to have it redressed. They dipped it, however, in a bowl of molasses, and then, having sprinkled it well with flour, they brought it back and placed it upon the head of the conceited young man, who, unconscious of the mischief, thanked them very cordially for their kindness. By-and-by the molasses came trickling down his face, and this was the signal for general confusion. The wig flew about the cockpit, first at one and then at another, till Neptune, Captain A——'s beautiful Newfoundland dog, joined the sport, and eventually bore off the wig in triumph up the ladder to the quarter-deck, where he laid it down at old R——'s feet. The first lieutenant turned it over and over, and had just made out what it was, when poor Pill-garlic himself appeared, in a most rueful condition, sweating treacle at every pore, and about three parts sprung. He exclaimed loudly that 'he would inform his friend, the

---

\* The game of "Able-Whackit" is well known in the midshipmen's berth, and, indeed, amongst seamen generally. The play is with cards, something like three card loo. On any infringement of the rules, or the loss of the game, the culprit is severely punished with a blow from a hard knotted handkerchief on his open hand from all the others playing; the handkerchief, called by some out-of-the-way name, which I do not recollect, is, on pain of punishment, thrust into the breast of the last who used it, to be kept warm.

member for ——, and have his case brought before Parliament;’ and this let us into the secret that his entrance into the service had been purchased at the poll table. Old R—— was, or pretended to be, extremely angry. He sent for the supernumeraries, and examined them; but, *of course*, not a soul knew anything about it, and all looked as innocent as sucking turkeys. The doctor, however, picked out Moriarty as the only one he could identify; but a *good and substantial alibi* was immediately proved by two of the seamen; and, a shore boat being alongside, Signor Medico solicited and obtained permission to ‘go on leave.’ What became of him I don’t know, but he never returned for his wig.”

“Well hove and strong, Jemmy,” said Jay; “you’ve spun that yarn well. I remember when I was in the *L——* frigate, we had a thorough dandy joined us of the name of E——. He had never been five fathoms from his mother’s apron string since the hour of his birth, and was heir to a princely fortune. What induced him to enter the service perhaps he didn’t know himself, unless it was the uniform; but a more perfect fop my eyes never beheld. Now I do most mortally detest a naval puppy, and E—— had been so accustomed to dandle after mamma that he was ridiculously effeminate. The first day he came aboard he talked very big, and tried to make himself large. He showed us a case of handsome duelling pistols, and overhauled a tolerable scope of slack as to what he could and would do with them; and he spoke of his titled relatives as if he had been a gentleman in disguise, going to sea to wear

his old clothes out. At night he went to his hammock, and soon after his bed-posts parted, and down he came by the run; then a leak was discovered over his head, and the water poured upon him; next, his hammock gear took wings, and whilst he was looking for his blankets, his sheets disappeared. All this was done without hands—at least, nobody was seen; and the next day, when he complained to the first lieutenant, it was done in such an impertinent way, that Mr. O'Shaugnessy, who had climbed to his rank with about the same ease that a marine would climb up a greased topmast, paid no attention to it, but muttered to himself, 'A hopeful sprig of fashion, indeed! Small blame to the boys for ruffling his feathers; we've too many of such know-nothings in the sarvice!' E—— went ashore for the day; but he returned at night, and found his sheets reefed, so that he was obliged to be content with his blankets, to which he fastened some ribbon, and slung it round his neck to keep all fast. About seven bells the whole cockpit was in an uproar, there was such a shrieking and shouting. The quarter-master and the sentry ran down with their lanterns, and there was E—— hung up to the beam by his great toes, and his head upon the deck. How he came so nobody could or would give any account; but they cut him down from his awkward position, and he sat upon the deck, vowing vengeance on the perpetrator of the mischief, if—he could catch him. The indignation of his titled and wealthy relatives should stop the culprit's promotion and turn him out of the service in disgrace. The next morning he made his toilette with much precision,



putting on his white pantaloons, and using lots of scented soap to wash him, as he was determined on going to the Admiralty to see one of the lords and narrate his grievances. 'Every mid in the frigate was to be disgraced, and Mr. O'Shaugnessy deprived of his commission!' He would have got a thrashing; but then that, you know, would have fixed the affair on somebody, and, as it was, nobody had the blame. At length he was full togged, all but his handsome Hessian boots, and on he drew the first, and squash went his foot into a pint of tar: but he said nothing, though he drew a tremendous long breath, and pulled a face something shorter than my arm. On went the other boot, and then squash the second. He rushed up the ladder in a state of desperation, hurried ashore, and a day or two afterwards his traps followed him. We never heard any more of the matter, as the ship sailed shortly after; but about two years subsequent I fell in with the gentleman, a cornet in the 10th Hussars."

This narrative did not excite so much mirth as the other; and poor Lewis, a delicate and handsome youth, whose fair complexion and gentle manners had acquired for him the title of "My Lady," felt more uneasy than he liked to express at the thoughts of being drafted to the *Namur*; but he had a noble and intrepid mind, that could endure hardships, however much he suffered from them, without venting complaints. Jay had, on most occasions, stood his friend when any of the oldsters wished to impose upon or oppress him; and Lewis's amiable disposition had so won upon Jay's rugged nature, that they loved each other like



brothers; indeed, their friendship was so well understood that they were known amongst the seamen of the *Darling* by the names of "The LION and the LAMB."

"I wonder what craft we shall hail for next!" said a young tar of the main-top to a veteran boatswain's mate, as they sat together in the bows of the boat. "I'm afeared we shan't find many such skippers as Captain Denton; and though Mr. Gilmour was strict, yet he made every soul, fore and aft, do his duty like a man—and that's what I call being ship-shape."

"Why, in the regard o' the matter of that 'ere, Jem," replied the boatswain's mate, "it's just setting a case as this here—'cause why?—a man who knows his duty, and does it to the best of his 'bility, oughtn't to be bamboozled and flabbergasted by his officers, not by no manner o' means whatsomever. But you know, Jem, as well as I do, that it often happened after sarving under a good captain—one as knew the trim of his ship and the oddments of a tar—why the skipper was superseded, and some stray slip of know-nothingness was appointed, as full of lavender and pomatum as a sarjeant of jollies is of pipe-clay. And what was the upshot of the thing? Why, setting another case, it was just as this here—'cause why? The compass I may say is, like the ship's Bible, to show her right course from one port to another; and the binnacle lamp is like what the clergyman used to call 'light upon the understanding;' so that, when it is dark night, and the wind is whistling through the blocks—as the Dutchman said, when he'd only half a sheave at his mast-head—it may still shine upon the

face of our best guide, so as to keep her steady when going free, and show how she heads, when full-and-by, upon a hand-taut bowline. Now, messmate, if so be there's no lamp lighted, why then it stands to reason, the man what's got the trick at the helm can't see the card, and knows no more where he's running to than nothing at all; so that there's a Flemish account in the log, and by-and-by a false reckoning bumps her slap ashore. Well, d'ye mind, just so it was with some o' your young sky-scraper captains—they'd no binnacle lamp to glimmer on their hearts, so as to direct them how to treat a poor fellow like an unlearned seaman that hadn't much of edication to show him which way exactly to shape the course of his manners; and if, instead of taking off his hat every time he was hailed, he ounly touched it with his hand—why it was considered a *fore paw*, and there was a long yarn about respect to superiors—the gratings were rigged at the gangway—a telegraph was read out o' the articles of war, and boasun's mate give him a couple o' dozen! Them are hard lines, messmate; and oh, how different to our warthy ould skipper, from whom we have just parted! Not but I'm sartin it's the best for all hands in the end to carry a pretty taut strain upon discipline—and setting a case, 'cause why?—it makes every man know his station in doing the ship's duty, and there's no skulkers in the black list. To my thinking, Jem, a craft that is all gingerbread in her upper works, with a worm-eaten bottom, is not the craft to weather a gale o' wind; she may look pretty, and keep afloat in a tide-way, but will have bright pump-bolts in anything of a sea-way. Mayhap,

I mayn't make myself altogether understood, Jem; but it's all as clear to me as Beachy Head in a fog."

"Why, Bill," returned the main-topman, "it arn't for a man without edication or larning to hoist in all the palaver he hears without carrying a taut strain upon the laniards of his conscience; but howsomever, bending to your better experience, my ideas is just as this here, and it doesn't need the wit or cunning of a lawyer to follow in the wake of your argument, which I take to be no more nor less than to mean that a good captain's a good captain, and a bad captain's a bad captain."

"You're right, Jem, to an amagraphy," said the boat-swain's mate, "and setting a case, 'cause why?—it's as plain as the lubber's point in the compass box; and I can tell you, Jem, in the regard o' the matter o' that, I was once in the ould — 98, and the skipper was as kind-hearted an officer as ever had a command; he was strict too, Jem; but the long and the short of it is, he was just after my own heart. I was young then, Jem, and had been pressed out of a marchantman, where I was doing duty as second mate; and, being a smart likely fellow, they puts me into the fore-top in the three decker. Well, in course I tried to get my discharge—'cause why?—I had a little wife as I loved most dearly, and I didn't like to leave her alone. But I couldn't get clear, Jem, so I resolved to do my duty, as in honour bound, to my king and country.

"Now, the skipper had a fine lad aboard, his only son; and one day, when the young gentlemen were skylarking, the youngster tripped over the combings of the after-hatch-

way, and down he came by the long run. Well, d'ye mind, it so happened that I was standing just in the square of the hatchway, and seeing him coming with his arms outspread, I rigged out both mine, like a couple of studd'n-sel booms, and so I catches him all snug—just as I'd catch a ball o' spun yarn—and some'ut puts it into my head to shin up the after-ladder with him. Well, messmate, I did so; and I met the skipper on the middle deck, coming down at a rattling rate, and he sees me bringing up the boy safe and sound, except a little shook in his timbers. So, in the regard o' that, he laughed and wept for joy—'cause why, Jem—'cause why?—it was his child, his own flesh and blood, Jem, and he'd a father's love in his breast. None can tell what that is, messmate, but them as has felt it; and the captain expected to see the pretty lad disfigured, and mangled, and dead; but when he snatched him from me, and heard his voice, as he sung out, 'Father, I arn't hurt; Bill Buntline saved me;' then, Jem, as I say, he laughed and wept for joy; and he fumbles in his pockets, but could find nothing; and so he pulls out a gould watch from his fob, and hands it over to me, as I thought, to see how many bells it was, so as he might log it down correctly. 'It's just five bells, sir,' says I, offering the turnip back again. But he sings out, 'Keep it, my man, keep it;' and he started off up the ladder with the boy, and away into his cabin. 'Well,' thinks I to myself, 'whatsomever am I to do with this here consarn! Bill Buntline with a gould watch as big as the drum-head o' the capstan! but I won't have it!'

“So I axed permission to speak to the skipper, and the steward took me into his presence. ‘Many thanks to your honour!’ says I, ‘I arn’t got no manner o’ use whatsoever for the turnip—’cause why?—I can hear the bell strike, and knows when they pipe to grub; so, if your honour pleases, I’d rather not have it!’ ‘Well, my man,’ says he, ‘your wish shall be complied with; but is there anything short of your discharge that I can do for you?’ ‘Thank your honour,’ says I, ‘but I’m almost afeard to ax you; for, setting a case as this here, it’s hard lines, your honour, to be parted just now—’cause why?—she’s been ailing, and it would be a great comfort to her if so be as I could be within hailing distance.’ ‘What do you mean, my man?’ says the skipper, quite constreperously, as if he was speaking to his equals. So I up and tells him all about it, and then I axes for a week’s leave. But he looked rather duberesome, and I thought he was only meaning to sham me off, and I felt hurt at it, Jem, for he had offered fairly, and I took his offer freely. ‘I would do it, my man,’ says he, ‘but there’s one thing you must promise.’ ‘Thank your honour!’ says I—for it just came that moment into my head what he was arter—‘Thanks to your honour!’ says I; ‘you don’t like to give me leave—’cause why?—you think I shall run. But no, your honour, in the regard o’ the matter o’ that, I scorn to take advantage of good natur’. Tell me when to be aboard again, and you shall have no reason to say black’s the white o’ my eye!’

“Well, Jem, the upshot of it was, I got the week’s leave, and saw the smiling faces of my own wife and child. I

never shall forget that moment, Jem; it seemed to change all the natur' in my heart, like as shifting ould running gear for new. Well, I got aboard again exactly to my time, and the captain gave me money to send to my wife. The fleet sailed, and we were absent about two months; and when we returned into port, poor Jane—that's my wife, Jem—came aboard, and the good-hearted skipper allowed her to go to sea with us, and we had a snug berth screened in, in the fore cockpit, and we were both as happy as a king and queen—”

“I've heard, Bill,” said the main-topman, interrupting his shipmate rather unceremoniously, “I've heard that them crowned heads are generally oneasy from the great weight they have upon them—”

“Why, in the regard o' the matter o' that, Jem,” returned the boatswain's mate, interrupting in his turn, “it may be all very true—'cause why?—there's an ould saying, ‘Nobody can tell where the shoe pinches but them as wears it;’ and so it is, as I take it, all the same with the crown. Howsomever, this I do know, Jane and I were happy; and when it was my watch below, I took to nursing the pica-ninny; and it grew and grew, and the sight of its pretty little laughing cherub's face gladdened my heart, Jem. For the matter o' that, the infant didn't want for nurses; and though some on 'em was just as handy as a bear, yet all did their best, and nobody can do more. Them were joyous times, messmate, and the remembrance of them comes over my mind like the deep fresh waters of a running stream to the fevered patient. But for the matter o' that, I've



thought of 'em so often, Jem, that every scene is as familiar to my memory as the face of the starry heavens, or the bosom of the ocean depths is to my nat'ral eyesight—'cause why?—the cable of affection was double-bitted round my heart!"

"Mayhap so, Bill, mayhap so," assented his friend of the main-top; "but, as for the matter o' what your 'long-shore folks calls love, I never was in the latitude or longitude of the thing, and so I never worked the traverse. Still, Bill, I can believe you was happy."

"I was, Jem! I was!" returned the boatswain's mate; "but it didn't last long—'cause why? the old hooker was paid off, and the ship's company was drafted amongst the fleet, all the same as we've been to-day. It was a heavy parting for us all; and when I looked at Jane and the baby, and observationed the horizon of the future, my bridle-ports shipped a spray or two; though, for the matter o' that, there's no manner o' use whatsomever in grieving. But then, Jem, I was sorely jammed in a clinch, and never a knife to cut the seizing, for I was drafted into the — 74, commanded by a man as was well known through the sarvice by the nicknomer of 'Flogging Jack;' and I've mostly found, messmate, that in them craft where there's tyranny in the captain, the rest of the officers are pretty well tarred with the same brush; for, setting a case, Jem, it's just as this here—'like loves like;' nevertheless, I was detarmined to do my duty, and keep a bright eye to windward to look out for squalls. I was still stationed as a fore-topman in the new craft, and whilst we were in



port, it was plain sailing enough, and everything went pretty smooth; but at last, up went blue-peter, and all the women were ordered ashore; so, in course, I was obligated to part company with poor Jane and the baby. But I bore it like a Briton, messmate—'cause why? I knew it was in the regulations, and the captain was shaping his course according to the strict letter of the articles of war, and so, d'ye mind, I'd the true bearings and distance of the thing. Yet, messmate, when I looked upon the pale face of my wife, and saw the tears standing upon the port-sills of her daylights, and then observed the infant crowing and laughing in its joyous ignorance, there was a stark calm in my heart, and the sails of hope hung flapping against the mast. Howsomever, we weathered that bout; but, somehow, I did not feel like the same man without the child; it seemed as if one of my own timbers had been badly sprung, and I warn't so strong as before; or like as if a butt-end had started in my heart and carried away my breast-work with it.

“Well, Jem, during the cruise I did my best on all occasions. But we had some lubbers in the top as loved to skulk,—some o' your Tom Coxe's traverse gentry; and one arternoon, whilst reefing top-sails in a bit of a breeze, we disparaged the skipper in the regard of being a minute behind the main-topmen; and so he calls us down off the yard; and, without discrimmaging into the right and the wrong of the thing, or overhauling the calculus, as I may say, between the good man and the bad, he turns it all into his own conscience as easy as I'd turn in

a dead-eye, and orders us a couple o' dozen a-piece. Now, messmate, I'd never had a lick o' the cat's tails in my life, nor never a hand had been raised again me, barring when I warn't higher than a tin pannikin, and then, mayhap, a clout o' the head freshened my way, and the ship's duty was all the better done for it; but now I felt as if a hot wind was rioting in my heart, and scalding blood was running through my veins, and the steam and the heat got into my head, and was shrivelling and scorching up my brains—'cause why? I knew I'd done my best, Jem, and where's the seaman that can do more? and the conviction of it, with the prospect of being seized up at the gangway, maddened me. Nor was that all, messmate. I was a husband; and how could I again look upon the face of my wife with the marks of disgrace eternally logged upon my back? I was a father; and, Jem, the little bright eyes of the picaninny seemed, to my fancy, to be witnessing the debasement, as I stood amongst the topmen, till it came to my turn to *strip*. Six dozen had been shared out among three on 'em, and though I had seen punishment many times before, yet, messmate, I never shuddered at it so much as now—'cause why? it was close aboard o' my own shoulders. At last my name was called out, and the master-at-arms led me to the gratings and began bowing away at the collar o' my shirt; and then I pushed him back, and says I, 'Captain B——, I've always done my duty like a man since I was pressed into the sarvice, and there's never an officer can say a word again' me. It was no fault o' mine, sir, that the main-topmen headed us; I tried my best, sir, and I hope

you'll make some discriimmagement, for I've never yet had a blow or an angry threat since I come aboard a man-o'-war.' 'Haven't you, my man?' says the skipper—for all the world as cool as a breeze off the coast of Greenland—'haven't you, my man?' says he; 'then a taste of the cat will stretch your hide a bit, and make you more active in future. Seize him up, and, boasun's mate, give him a couple o' dozen.' Well, Jem, his words ran like a flash o' lightning through me; there was a red flame dancing afore my eyes, and a fire raging all over my hull; so when the master-at-arms comes to me again, I falls slap aboard of him with my grappling-hooks, and dowsed him like a widow's pig, and the next moment I was upon the hammock-nettings to throw myself overboard; but the boasun and a jolly catches hold o' me by the slack o' my trousers, and I was once more a prisoner. Well, messmate, they seized me up, and now I made no resistance, and I took the two dozen without a wry face or a groan; and when I was cast off they put me both legs in irons, to be tried by a court-martial for striking my superior officer; and there I was, for many a long day, bowed down in spirit, and almost broken-hearted—for setting a case, Jem—'cause why?—I knew I had done wrong in striking the ould man, bad as he was; for if ever a fellow was a real bad one, it was just that ould master-at-arms; nevertheless, as I was a-saying, I had no right to run foul of him, seeing that he was only obeying orders, and the thoughts o' the matter made me feel ashamed and guilty. Though in the regard o' that, Jem, just setting a case, I'll ax any man whether it arn't the match that flashes the priming before

the shot makes headway out o' the muzzle; and so, messmate, the skipper's words fired me all over, and that was the first and foremost cause of the misery I was suffering.

“ Well, Jem, at last we runs in for Spithead, and I thought it best not to telegraph poor Jane about the matter o' the court-martial till it was over, and I had received sentence; for there warn't a man fore and aft but felt morally sartain there would be a yard-rope rove soon after, and poor Bill would be swinging aloft like a jewel-block; and, as a fellow can die but once, you know, why I made up my mind that the cruise of life was nearly out, and even my only hope of escape from execution was most terribly chafed in the clinch—'cause why? I trusted to the humanity of the court; and that, where discipline is stranded, is just no more than holding on by the eyelids. Well, Jem, a day or two arter our mooring ship at Spithead, the skipper and first lertenant being ashore, the commanding officer gave me leave to walk the folksle to ease my timbers a bit,—it was kind of him, Jem, and it sarved him a good turn afterwards. So as I was a-stretching out and enjoying the fresh breeze—for it was pretty squally, messmate, and the scud was flying afore it—one of my ould shipmates, who was quarter-master of the deck, comes up to me to overhaul a few words by the way of convarsing. ‘What cheer, Bill?’ says he, in a whisper; ‘keep your weather eye up, my boy, and it'll go hard if we don't luff you out o' this scrape yet.’ I shook my head, Jem,—'cause why? hope had foundered in my breast, and I'd no tackle to raise the hull—no, not so much as the matter of an inch. Howsomever, there was an arnestness

in his manner that, for the moment, gave a surge round my heart, for I thought of poor Jane and the babby.

“ Well, d’ye see, the wind was blowing slap into the harbour, and so my shipmate claps his glass upon the hammock-rail and looks at a shore-boat that was working out in a lubberly fashion, sometimes luffing, till every sail shook like a lascar in a snow-storm, and then running off with his sheets dead aft, and pressing her gunnel down in the water. ‘ Look’ee, Bill,’ says my shipmate, ‘ if that waterman arn’t ’tosticated, and there’s a woman in the boat with an infant in her arms.’ I don’t know how it was, Jem, but my heart sunk like a dipsy lead. ‘ That fellow’ll capsize his wherry,’ says my shipmate, ‘ and the poor woman seems aware she’s in danger. See nearly if he arn’t over now; no, there he rises again, and is shoving her nose right into the wind’s eye; there’s a smart squall sweeping in from St. Helen’s.’ He ran aft and told the officer of the watch, who, in course, informed the second lertenant, and he immediately ordered the small cutter away to render assistance. Well, messmate, she shoved off, and the lads up sail to run down; but the squall was faster than the cutter, and it came raging along thickly and heavily, and for a minute or two the boats were shrouded in the gloom. When it cleared, messmate, the cutter was lying on her oars, but there was no other boat to be seen; and says my shipmate, as he looked through his glass, ‘ Mr. Losack is missing, sir; no, I see him now, he is overboard, sir.’ ‘ No fear of him,’ says the lertenant, ‘ he can swim like a fish.’ ‘ Look! there he is,’ says my shipmate again, ‘ he’s handing the babby up to the coxson, and

now down he dives arter somebody else.' 'He's a noble fellow,' says the officer. And when I heard about the infant, I felt as if something was rising in my throat to choke me, for I thought of my own wife and child; and though, I must confess, I had forgotten far too much the prayers my mother had taught me, yet now I could not help offering up a prayer for their happiness and safety, and the choking went down again. By this time the ports and nettings were crowded, and boats were shoving off from the other ships. 'There he rises, sir,' said my shipmate, 'just under the cutter's bows; and now they're helping him on board—he's got nothing else, sir,—and now they're pulling for the ship.' Well, messmate, the boat came alongside, and forgetting I was a prisoner, I walked aft to the gangway, and the jolly that had me in charge, being curious to overhaul the affair, made no objections, and so we saw the babby handed up the side, and, being close to the sentry, it was put into my arms. O Jem, that moment was a dreadful one! I looked at the innocent as it gasped for breath. I knew the small locket that was hung round its neck—the memory of its featur's rushed upon me—my heart was bursting in my breast—Jem, it was my own babby."

Here the tar paused for a moment to give vent to the sudden overflow of his emotion, and his companion, covering his face with his hands, coughed loudly to keep down the hysteric risings which the annunciation had caused. "Poor Bill!" said he, as soon as he could master utterance—"poor Bill, them are hard lines indeed!"

"Well, Jem," continued the boatswain's mate, "I made



sail down to the sick bay, and one o' the doctor's mates took the infant, whilst I stood and looked on, dumbfounded and heart-broken; and the marine comes and orders me below, to be once more clapped in the darbies. 'But no,' says I, 'you will not,—you cannot. Do, doctor, stand my friend; they would take the father from his dying child.' Well, Jem, my ould shipmate, the quarter-master, had found out the latitude and longitude of the consarn, and so he telis the commanding officer, and the commanding officer orders the marine away; and I stayed with the little cherub till God Almighty pleased to take it away. And oh, messmate, I can't tell you what I suffered,—wife and child both gone, and I a prisoner expecting death. Poor Jane's body was picked up a day or two arterwards, upon South-sea Beach, near the castle, and taken to the town. One of the carpenter's crew knocked a few bits o' deal together for the babby; I gave its pale cheek a last kiss; the coffin was lashed up, and I stowed it in the starn sheets of the boat. It was raining, messmate, at the time, and somehow or other I couldn't bear the thought that the little creatur, that I had so often warmed in my own breast, should be exposed to the chill showers, so I wrapped the coffin in my pea-jacket, and my ould shipmate, the quarter-master, axed leave to go ashore and 'tend the funeral; for you know, Jem, I was waiting for my court-martial, and the captain wouldn't let me go out of the ship; and when the second lertenant axed him, he abused me for a mutinous dog, and refused. Poor Jane I never saw at all. Well, the next day I was to be tried, and now I felt quite resignation to



whatever might come ; for, Jem, I was heart-broken—I was indeed. When my ould shipmate returned aboard again, he came down in the cockpit, where I was both legs in irons, and he squeezed my hand, but never opened his lips,—and the captain abused him for showing marcy to me in the regard o' burying my wife. Well, Jem, I slept but little that night, and there seemed to be a sort o' commothering among the petty officers ; and when the hands were turned up cross to'-gall'nt-yards at eight o'clock in the morning, I heard the most desperut shouts, and it seemed to roll from ship to ship like the rolling of thunder, and then I remembered my ould shipmate's saying about 'luffing out o' the scrape,' and it struck me at once there was a mutiny ; and so it was, Jem, it was the mutiny at Spithead, and I was soon out of the bilboes, and—. But it's no use overhauling much upon that consarn now. Captain B—— was towed ashore upon a grating, and the court-martial in course was at an end—'cause why? they'd other matters to attend to. But, mess-mate, it was many years before I got over it ; and always, when we goes to Spithead or Portsmouth, I pass the turn of a glass or two at the grave of poor Jane and the babby."

The veteran ceased just as the boat was sweeping round with a broad sheer alongside the *Namur*. The young officers ascended to the quarter-deck, where they were accosted by a lieutenant, with a florid complexion, wrinkled features, a shabby cocked hat, athwart ship, upon his head, a well-worn coat buttoned up *à la militaire*, a black stock round his neck, under which peeped what had once been a

red silk handkerchief, but without displaying the slightest vestige of a shirt. "Where are you from, young gentlemen?" inquired he.

"From the *Darling*, sir," replied Jay, touching his hat. "The ship is paid off, and the men have all been drafted to-day, sir."

"And the refuse has been sent out here, I suppose," remarked the lieutenant, eyeing the master's mate, mentioned as "Jemmy the Barber," with a keen, scrutinizing eye. "But you are too late to be victualled on the books to-day. Have you brought any grub with you?"

"I believe not, sir," replied Jay, with the usual salute; "but I daresay we shall be able to make out till to-morrow."

"Take some hands and get your traps on board as quick as possible; and mind me, look sharp after them." This was uttered in a voice of harsh authority by the lieutenant, who was turning away; but, catching sight of Lewis, he inquired, in a tone and manner of considerable feeling and kindness, "Are you ill, young gentleman?"

"No, sir," replied the youth, with some degree of agitation.

"It's the nature of the — I beg pardon—I mean, sir, 'tis the lad's natural complexion," said Jay, who was well known to Lieutenant R—. "They served out nothing but white paint in the dock-yard where he was built, sir."

"As graceless as ever, Mr. Jay," ejaculated the lieutenant. "I hope you have the prospect of joining a ship soon; for,

rely upon it, I shall have no more of your skylarking and nonsense about the decks, nor any of the games you carried on when you was last borne upon the books."

"I have no prospects at present, sir," returned Jay, demurely. "I am going to pass, sir, in a week or two, and I anticipate their lordships won't let a young man of my merit be long without a commission. I'm sure, Mr. R——, I shall have your good word."

"You shall, if they ask it," smartly rejoined the other, "for the most mischievous skylarking monkey that ever first lieutenant was plagued with. However, if you remain in the *Namur*, sir, I shall keep a taut hand upon you."

"Perhaps, sir, you'd be good enough to give me a fortnight's leave, sir," said Jay, inquiringly, and assuming a countenance of perfect simplicity and innocence.

"You have the same stock of assurance, I perceive," exclaimed Mr. R——, rather harshly, whilst his eyes twinkled with secret pleasure at the bold bearing of the young man; for it has been generally found that old officers love to see a smart spirit in the aspirant for naval honours. "But," continued he, again looking kindly at Lewis, "keep a bright eye upon your young friend; there's some rough hands below; perhaps he had better go into Mr. Clarke's mess."

"I'll nurse him well, sir," said Jay, catching hold of Lewis by the arm. "I'll be as busy as a hen with one chick, sir!" and away he started with his young companion.

The cockpit of the *Namur* was in utter, ay, almost palpable darkness; for even the purser's steward had closed his half-hatch door, so as entirely to eclipse the rays from his rat-gnawed candle. Jay and his brother mid put out their feelers, and were yawing, and rolling, and pitching, about, amongst huge chests and trunks, hammocks rolled up, &c., till a dim, indescribable shining through the gloom, somewhat resembling the mysterious beam of light that first gleamed through the dusky haze at the breaking up of chaos, attracted their attention as a beacon, whilst a noise, which might well be compared to the confusion of tongues, proclaimed that they were nearing the supernumeraries' berth.

"Now, Lewis," said Jay, "pipe all your courage to muster, and stand by your guns, my boy." He pushed aside the canvass screen, and Lewis caught a sort of phantasmagorial view of the vision within,—it showed upwards of twenty "young gentlemen," at a long table that might have excited many classical recollections, from the relics of *grease* upon its surface. There was a purser's dip at each extreme; and at the far end a battle-royal was going on between five or six, who sat near the candle, and those who occupied the middle of the table at cards, and who claimed their right to a full share of the glim, the *midshipmen* maintaining that "every church ought to stand in the centre of the parish." Close to the entrance were four or five youngsters, with tin japanned cups before them, taking their grog (obtained upon the sly), and singing to the *music* of as strange a band as could be well collected together.

Screwed to the timbers in the wing were six door-knockers (that had been borrowed from their rightful occupation in some spree ashore), arranged according to their tones approaching to the notes of the gamut, and these were played like the keys of a piano, except that they were lifted up instead of being pressed down; a flute, an octave, two pocket-combs covered with paper, and placed between the lips like a jew's harp; an empty quadrant-case for a drum, with the handles of a couple of dirks for drum-sticks; a tin funnel for a trumpet; and a marine's ramrod, slung by a rope-yarn, and struck with a table-knife, for triangles—composed the orchestra. Poor Lewis shrunk back from the spectacle, though his friend held a firm grip of his arm; but Jay pushed boldly in, and elevating his voice above the medley of discords, he shouted out, "Yo hoy, reefers!" and snatching up one of the tin cups of grog, and handing another to Lewis, with the admonition, "Do as I do, and obey signals," he again bellowed forth, "Yo hoy, reefers! here's all the skin off your noses!" and away went the mixture down his throat. Lewis attempted to follow the example; but the youngster, who had been thus unceremoniously deprived of his beverage, sprang up and grappled him by the throat.

"Mutiny! rank mutiny!" exclaimed Jay, by a sudden jerk releasing his messmate, and throwing his opponent off his balance, he sent him flat upon the deck. "That's duty," he continued; "humble yourself before your superior officer—take off your grog, 'My Lady;'" and then, in an under tone, "don't hesitate, for your life."

Lewis drank the grog, whilst a general laugh burst forth from all who witnessed the downright impudence of the thing. In an instant the noise ceased, and several of the middies gathered round the aggressor, whom they welcomed with delighted warmth, as their well-known leader and doughty champion in many a midnight spree ashore, and as the gallant young officer who had more than once or twice sealed his devotion to the service with his blood. Jay was instantly at home, and installed captain of the berth; and the first orders that he issued, in a tone and manner which plainly indicated that he would be obeyed, were that "every possible respect and attention should be paid to 'her ladyship,' under pain of his displeasure," which, in other words, meant "a good thrashing."

Everything went on swimmingly for some time; Jay passed his examination for a lieutenantcy in triumph, and Lewis found nothing to complain of; when an unfortunate occurrence, arising from Jay's propensity to fun, bade fair to annihilate the future prospects of the latter. The ward-room dinner was over, and the first lieutenant, according to his invariable custom, had turned his face from the table, and was leaning over the back of his chair, when Captain A—— sent for him into the cabin on duty. The lieutenants being all below, and the people at their supper, Jay and several of the middies had found "Jemmy the barber" (whose real name was James Wright, and in that circumstance originated his cognomen) fast asleep from over-indulgence in his favourite drink. To black his face and play him other tricks was the work of a few moments, and he

was aroused from his slumbers by the smart stroke from the flat of a boot-jack. Starting up with the pain, Jemmy immediately gave chase to his tormentors, who rushed up the ladders, and eventually on to the quarter-deck, where their pursuer followed, grasping a broken oar that he had picked up in his progress. The chase continued round the gangways, and Jay, in his retreat, snatched up a boat's mop, well saturated, which he thrust into Jemmy's face, thereby rendering him more eager and desperate. Round the quarter-deck they came again, just as Mr. R—— was coming up the companion, and Jay, whilst aiming a smart blow at his opponent, sent the wet mop slap in the first lieutenant's face. For an instant the reckless young man shook with laughter at the rueful countenance of the veteran officer; but the sense of the awkward predicament in which he had placed himself rushed upon his mind, and he stood for a moment like a statue, unnerved and speechless, and then rushed forward and down the main-hatchway before the lieutenant had recovered the use of his visual organs. No one had witnessed the transaction but Wright and Lewis, who was accidentally close to the spot where Jay stood; and as the former immediately got out of the way, the only person the lieutenant saw was poor Lewis, who had picked up the mop which Jay had thrown down in his hasty retreat. Mr. R—— looked at the youngster for a moment, and pity seemed to be struggling with mortified pride and indignation, when Captain A—— himself issued from the cabin, and with astonishment and anger saw the bleeding and soiled face of his chief officer. "How, Mr.



R——; what is this, sir? who has dared to use you in that manner?"

"There stands the culprit, sir," replied the lieutenant, with energy, pointing to Lewis, who trembled with apprehension, but determined not to betray his friend; "it was yon milk-sop boy that struck me, though"—and his voice was softened as he looked upon the pale face of the youth—"I do not think it was done designedly."

"Designedly or not, sir, he shall be well punished for it," exclaimed the captain, in anger. "Here, messenger, call the master-at-arms and a boatsun's mate—yet, no, I will not do things in a passion—send him into the gun-room, Mr. R——; put him in irons, and a sentry over him."

Lewis made no excuse; he remained silent, and was conducted to the gun-room (which was used as a school for the boys of the ship), where he was seated on the deck, the shackles were placed round his legs, and the bolt held him fast in this debasing and degrading situation; but still his noble spirit gained an accession of strength as he contemplated the probability of saving his friend.

Now, the cabin on the larboard side abaft was occupied by the second lieutenant and his wife and children; and the kind, affectionate-hearted lady could not refrain from shedding tears when she saw the poor youth thus manacled, and with earnest solicitude she inquired into the cause of such harsh treatment. Poor Lewis narrated the circumstance, substituting his own name for that of Jay, and attributing the occurrence to pure accident, though certainly originating in a gross breach of discipline. From Mrs. H—— he

received that soothing sympathy which women know so well how to bestow. In about a couple of hours he was summoned to the captain's cabin, and Mrs. H—— sought a private interview with the wife of the commander, to plead for the interesting lad. But there was another also who was not idle—Jay, though perplexed and confused at first, had too high a sense of honour to submit to witness the punishment of another for his fault; and, calling the school-master (a young man of colour) to his aid, he penned a penitential letter, exonerating Lewis, and announcing himself as the sole aggressor—at the same time expressing deep contrition for what had taken place, and throwing himself upon the mercy of the captain and Mr. R——, entreating them not to blast his hopes of retrieving the past by stopping his prospects of promotion, and breaking the heart of an indulgent father.

Lewis entered the cabin with downcast looks, and stood before the captain, who sat at his table eyeing the youth with a searching look. “And pray, sir, how did this breach of every necessary duty occur? You look incapable of malice; Mr. R—— has spoken in your favour, and you come with an excellent character from Captain Denton; how is it, sir, that you have thus forgot yourself?”

The youth spoke feebly of its being accidental, but earnestly begged for pardon of Mr. R——, though he admitted that he merited punishment for the offence which caused it.

“And punishment you shall have, young gentleman, be assured,” exclaimed the captain; “though from the respect

I bear to Captain Denton and your previous good conduct, I will neither destroy your future expectations, nor disgrace you in public. Here, quarter-master, seize him up to that gun, and, boasun's mate, take five tails of the cat."

Lewis suffered himself passively to be led to the gun; but his heart sunk within him when he saw in the person of the boatswain's mate one of the old Darlings,—even our friend Bill Buntline, who was hitching up his trousers, fumbling with the cat, scratching his head, biting his quid, and seemingly doing anything but obeying orders. Lewis was seized up, his person exposed—not a murmur escaped him, though the perspiration was rushing out at every pore. "Boasun's mate, give him a dozen," said the captain.

Bill slued round, felt the seizings, took his station, raised the cat, flourished it over his head, but suddenly letting the tails fall by his side, he muttered some unintelligible words.

"Do your duty, boasun's mate," exclaimed the captain, in a voice of anger, "or I'll have *you* seized up in his place."

"Captain A——," returned the veteran, "will your honour allow me, in all humblification, to say a few words—for, setting a case—'cause why, your honour? you are a father, and I have loved this youth as if he wur my own." The captain gazed earnestly upon the speaker, and seemed to be recalling some past event to his memory. "Please your honour," continued the tar, "I'm sartin sure there's some mistake; and mayhap your honour will remember Bill Buntline, though it's many years since I was under your honour's orders in the ould ——."

The captain jumped up. "I do remember you, my man," said he; "you saved my child from death; but I cannot spare this boy, even at your intercession—he must suffer punishment, that it may make him the better officer, should he ever hold a responsible rank. You shall not, however, inflict it. Quarter-master, fetch another boatsun's mate."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the quarter-master, retreating; but Bill was again pleading—"Please your honour, I don't know much o' the matter of 'cessions' or 'sponsibles'—'cause why? I never had any larning; but I'll stake my ould life that this lad is innocent, if your honour will but overhaul the consarn, and try for the right transmogrification of the thing."

"It is impossible," said Captain A——; "he does not deny it—nay, was caught in the fact; but you may retire, my man, here is another boatsun's mate."

A grim-visaged, surly-looking fellow entered the cabin, and advanced to old Bill to receive the implement of flagellation, which the other, however, held fast; and poor Lewis, in an agony of suspense and agitation, was fast sinking into imbecility from delay. At this moment Mr. R—— hurriedly entered the cabin without any announcement, and was instantly followed by Jay, who, stripping off his coat, ran and threw it over his young friend, and then for a moment stood and sobbed like a child.

"Captain A——," said the lieutenant, a tear starting to his eye, "we were unintentionally, and ignorantly, about to commit an act of injustice; that noble-spirited lad is innocent; there is the real culprit," pointing to Jay; "he has

confessed the whole, after writing this letter to you, which he intended to forward; but, hearing of what was taking place, he hastened to me and informed me of the whole."

"I knew it," exclaimed Bill Buntline, snatching the cat away from his brother mate; "I was sartin of it, your honour, though, for the matter o' that, Mr. Jay's as good an officer as ever breathed, barring a bit o' the monkey—and he once saved my life, your honour, in a cutting out consarn, under Hellygoland."

"What you say is indeed strange," said Captain A——, addressing the first lieutenant; "cast the lad loose—but, avast, let me first read this letter." The letter was read; Jay was questioned—he acknowledged all—and, ready to sink with shame that bowed down his daring mind, he declared himself resigned to the punishment intended for his young friend. "But how am I to account for the conduct of the youth, in so readily taking the guilt upon himself?" inquired the captain.

"Please your honour," exclaimed Bill Buntline, giving a tremendous knowing hitch to his trousers, and taking a severe turn with his quid,—“Please your honour, them there young gentlemen were always friends to one another in the ould *Darling*, and every soul fore and aft respected them—they were like a couple o' sister blocks, never apart, and we used to delight in seeing them, your honour—'cause why? they were called 'THE LION AND THE LAMB.'”

"Cast the youngster loose," said the captain, his voice faltering with emotion, and hurrying himself across the cabin to assist in executing his own orders. Poor Lewis

arranged his dress, and then seizing Jay's hand, he earnestly implored the captain to spare his friend. Mr. R—— joined in the entreaty (for Jay was a great favourite with him), and the two ladies entering from the after-cabin united their petitions. Jay was forgiven; and, after a serious admonition from Captain A——, he went below a wiser and a better man.

A few days afterwards the young friends, with several others of the Darlings, were drafted into a smart frigate, under the command of a nobleman, whose daring achievements were the pride and the boast of the British navy; and they were sent to cruise between the north coast of Spain and the south of France—a station requiring vigilance and activity, but which was amply rewarded by lots of prizes. Lord C—— was not long idle; and, what with shore work at the batteries upon the coast, and night duty in the boats, the men were compelled to rest well when opportunity offered, and the slumber was sweet that proceeded from robust health and roughly exercised toil.

One afternoon, it was towards the close of autumn, the beautifully proportioned craft was dodging about snugly under her three top-sails, double reefed, in a fresh breeze, but smooth water—the hammocks had been piped down for the men to repose, or, as the seamen termed it, “to bottle off a little sleep,”—as it was known to be his lordship's intention to stand in for the mouth of the Garonne as soon as it was dark, and the boats were all in readiness for cutting out several armed vessels and *chasse-marées* that were lying at anchor near Royan. The two friends had the watch—Jay

took his proper station on the fore-castle, and Lewis stealthily quitted the lee-side of the quarter-deck to join his cheerful messmate.

“You are to have the pinnace to-night, Jay,” said Lewis; “how I do wish I was going with you!”

“Do you, indeed?” returned Jay, laughing; “why, that pale face of yours, my lady, would make the Frenchmen believe we feed you on pipe-clay. They would find no chicken-heart, however, for you behaved very well in that affair down in the bight of the bay, and I’m sure you’re no coward. Go and ask the gunner for a little of the red paint he rubs round the tompions of the guns, and clap some upon your own muzzle, and then if you can stow yourself away in the bows of the boat, why all well and good, but, remember, I’m to know nothing about it. There’ll be smart work for the eyes, as the monkey said when he caught the cat to shave her, and the doctor will get some good practice before it is over. You may take my pistols—those that I got from the French privateer,—they’ve straight barrels, and go slap to the mark, considering they have smooth bores; and now listen to a piece of advice—when your ladyship uses them, keep a steady hand, and let fly either at the head or the heart, for there’s no use in ‘scotching a snake,’ and it’s best not to mangle a poor creature and let him linger in pain, when you can put him out of his misery at once. Why, Lewis, that look is more fit for the nursery than a king’s ship—well, well, I know what you would say about humanity, but depend upon it I’m right—ask old Bill there if I’m not.”



The veteran boatswain's mate, Will Buntline, who had heard the conversation without presuming to make any observations until spoken to by the young officers, now finding an appeal made to his judgment, slued round his quid, hitched up his trousers, and "It's true enough, Mr. Lewis," said he; "Mr. Jay ounly squares the things by the lifts and braces—'cause why? in the heat of a conflict, such as boarding and cutting out, there's no nice discrimmagement in picking out a fleshy limb, or telling by a random shot whether you disparage your opponent or not; but an eyelet hole in the skull, or an ounce ball in the heart, puts the consarn beyond all dubification—besides, self-preservation teaches it like nat'ral instinct, that in all them there sort of affairs it's either kill or be killed."

"I told you so, my lady," said Jay; "but see there's Mr. Jennings hailing you—bear a hand aft, old girl, or you'll get your neck twisted into grannies' knots."

Lewis obeyed, and, as soon as twilight began to spread its gloom, the frigate's head was hove round towards the land; the courses, top-gallant sails, jib and spanker, were set, and the majestic vessel launched proudly on her way. The night was fine and clear, and, after running through several intricate passages between the sands (which, however, were well known to Lord C——), and having passed those ever-foaming waters that rage incessantly at the base of the Chaseron light-house, the sails were brought in graceful folds to the yards, and the gaskets twined round them; the anchor was let go with a spring upon the cable; the messenger was passed; and the capstan-bars were laid in readiness for

weighing; whilst sharp axes were placed near the bitts, to cut, should necessity require it. The boats were hoisted out from the booms and lowered down from the quarters; to man them with crews well armed occupied but a few minutes; and Lord C——, taking the lead in his long gig, was followed by the launch, the two pinnaces, and a couple of double-banked cutters, in a line astern, their oars muffled and cautiously plied; and thus the flotilla proceeded noiselessly, like dark spirits of the deep, moving on the face of the troubled waters.

“I’m here, Jay,” whispered a voice close by the side of the young officer, who now perceived that the seat next him had just been occupied by Lewis, who had crept aft from the bows. “I’m here, and I hope this night will bring you a commission——.”

“Or death and glory, boy!” said Jay, in the same low tone, interrupting his companion, and giving his hand a friendly pressure. “I love such work as this, lad! Everything favours us; we have the last quarter flood, with the wind dead down the river, and we’ve only to board and cut the cables to bring all the craft out into honest company.”

“But they will be well defended, Jay,” returned Lewis; “they know *we* are on the coast.”

“Come, come, youngster, don’t run away so large in your talk,” remonstrated Jay; “that *we* is a big word from a small mouth. No doubt they will be defended, and well defended too; but so much the better—there will be the greater credit in capturing them.”

“You know, Jay, I intended no allusion to myself when I said *we*,” rejoined Lewis. “I meant the frigate and Lord C——: I’m not so presumptuous as to suppose my efforts can be of any use.”

“Now, that’s what I call lady-like modesty, Lewis,” returned Jay, “and all very ship-shape and proper to your superior officer; but, I can tell you, I’m as happy just now as if I carried a flag. Halloo, who have I got for a coxson—look out, keep in the wake of the launch, the gig is altering her course—mind your helm, boy—but who have I got at the tiller?”

“It’s ould Bill, Mr. Jay,” replied the veteran boatswain’s mate, in an under-tone; “Jem was wounded in that last do, so I just axed the first lertenant to let me make one—’cause why? for the honour of the ould *Darling* and Captain Denton.”

“Bravely done, old boy!” said Jay; “I am glad you are with me to-night, for I mean to win the white lapelles, and his lordship has given me a fair opportunity of doing so. You remember the brig we chased in the other day—she’s a national craft, mounting ten guns, and a crew of seventy men—she’s to be our’s, Lewis, before yon bright planet” (pointing to Jupiter), “gains his meridian altitude, and it wants scarce three-quarters of an hour to the time. The king of the gods is rising—there’s warlike Mars close at his heels, and we’ve old Neptune to steer us”—Bill Buntline’s iron visage relaxed. “What do you think of that, my lady?”

“Is the brig to be attacked the first!” inquired

Lewis. "I thought they were going to make a slap at all."

"And so they are, my boy," returned Jay; "but the brig is for our boat's crew alone; and in another hour old Bill shall be piping all hands to skylark under the lee of the frigate. There'll be some black eyes and bloody noses, no doubt, and I think a fellow's arm looks rather graceful in a sling."

"I know one that thinks differently," said Lewis, in a low whisper, so as to be unheard by all except the individual to whom it was addressed; "and oh, how her little heart would beat if she knew what we are engaged upon at this moment!"

"Hush, Harry! hush!" returned Jay, in the same suppressed tones, "you cannot think that I forget her, even with another mistress in view—glory, boy—glory. Should I fall, Harry, next to my country and the service, your sister shall claim the last throb of my existence. You already have my instructions, and I have yours. You should not have started the subject just now;" and then in a somewhat louder tone, as if to banish unpleasant feelings from the mind, he continued, turning the steersman, "Bill, have you an ensign in the boat?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the veteran, "I brought both ensign and pennant—they're here in the locker—for setting a case—'cause why? we shall want to hoist 'em over Johnny Crapo's consarn."

The boats were now rapidly approaching their intended prey, and had closed nearer together. All was still on

shore, and the armed vessels and their convoy, now distinctly visible, seemed slumbering in tranquil repose. "They must be all asleep, and we shall make an easy conquest," whispered Lewis.

"Not a bit of it, my lady," returned his friend, rising in the stern sheets, and carefully bending his earnest gaze to distinguish the object of his attack; not a bit of it—they're having the black fellow's sleep, depend upon it—one eye shut and the other open. But, there she is, Bill—that's the craft with the taut sticks and the t'-gallant yards crossed, that's our prize, old boy—the moment I tell you, run us slap under the larboard fore-channels—don't stand to wind her, but have a boat-hook abaft here to hold on. Men," he said in a louder voice, "we're for the brig—are there many o' our Darlings in the pinnace?"

"They're all Darlings, sir," answered Bill Buntline, chuckling with pleasure. "I managed that, Mr. Jay—they're all of the ould craft except the jollies, for, in the regard o' the matter o' that, I thought we might just take the shine off the boasting rascals, and I'm blest if we shan't do it this very night of all others—'cause why? that 'ere brig's as safe ours as if she lay alongside the quay in the basin at Portsmouth dock-yard."

"Harry," said Jay, re-seating himself, and taking hold of the youngster's hand, which he pressed with fervour—"Harry, my fine fellow, are your pistols ready?"

"Yes, Charles," replied the youth, returning the pressure of his friend; "I've just renewed the priming."

"That's right!" remember the advice I gave you, continued

Jay, "cover your man well. You know how to use the bayonet with your left hand, so that, as soon as you have done with the barking-irons, drop them, and grasp your cutlass firmly, keeping the bayonet ready either for defence or mischief. Bear in mind that we lead the old Darlings, and don't get far from me in the struggle, Harry—now, do you understand?"

"I do, Charles, and God bless you!" said Lewis; "I'll follow your directions to the very letter—and, whatever happens, don't forget Maria."

A silent squeeze of the hand was the only reply, for the boats were now close to the convoy, and Jay, standing up, was awaiting the signal from Lord C—— to single out his opponent; before, however, it could be made, a tremendous shout arose from all the enemy's vessels; red flames and crashing reports issued from those that were armed, and the whole gave sufficient indications that the visitors were not unexpected or unlooked for. Lord C—— rose in his gig; he waved his hat: a responsive shout was uttered; the boats separated, and Jay, with his brave band, ran alongside the brig. In an instant the fore-channels were filled with British seamen, but the lofty boarding nettings held the daring fellows in check. This, however, had been foreseen; sharp knives went to work, and an opening was made to two of the ports. The first man that entered met his death; but the second, shoving the body in before him, made good his footing on the deck, just as the two friends, with old Bill Buntline and some others, had surmounted the barrier, and came dropping from the rigging. "The old Darling for



ever!" shouted Jay; "the union jack, and down with the tri-colour! Huzza, lads! huzza!"

The party hastily formed, and, with the two young officers leading, rushed aft in pursuit of the retreating Frenchmen. Desperate grew the conflict. "Hard up, and she cracks!" cried Bill, as his cutlass fell upon the head of a handsome French officer, who staggered a few paces from the blow; the blood ran streaming down his face; he clasped his hands to his forehead and fell a corpse; but at the same moment a musket ball pierced the breast of the old man, who had so sternly dealt out death to others. Still he pushed on after the young midshipmen, and the whole were soon involved in the confusion of the *melee*—a confusion that baffles all description. Nearly overpowered by numbers, the British were getting the worst of it,—when loud cheers at no great distance smote on the ears of the French like the voice of succour to their assailants. Jay had fought his way to the taffarel, and Lewis was at his side, whilst old Bill, with undaunted courage—though a bayonet wound in the side had opened a passage for the red stream of life, and he was otherwise much mangled—old Bill still did his work with destructive execution. Again the British charged the enemy, who gave way before them, and again were Jay and his gallant fellows driven back abaft. But the veteran boatswain's mate was now exhausted, and, mustering his last feeble effort, he gave a shout, and crawled between two guns. A French marine approached him, poising his musket high to give the wounded hero the full force of the bayonet. "Ah, do, you lubber!" said the old man, without attempting



defence ; but Jay saw it, and the next moment the marine lay prostrate, but not till the murderous weapon had entered the body of the veteran tar. The comrade of the fallen Frenchman rushed to avenge him on his adversary ; he was in the rear of the young officer ; his bayonet was at the charge ; he pushed desperately forward. Jay was unaware of his approach, and in another instant the cold steel would have passed through his heart ; but some one threw himself between—the blood-stained instrument was foiled of its victim, though the generous fellow who had thus saved the British officer quivered for a moment in one last convulsive struggling death-pang ; Jay turned sharply round, and poor Lewis dropped lifeless into his arms. He laid him on the deck, for mad revenge had stirred up all his vital energies, and, as he was cheering on the men to a renewed attack, he became sensible that a mightier than he now ruled their destiny. A cocked hat was waved high in the air, and the voice of Lord C— was heard above the tumult, as he led on the crew of his gig. Inspired by succour, the British joined the cheer, the Frenchmen were driven below, and the red cross of St. George surmounted the tri-colour.

Jay looked for his commander, to surrender the sword of the *lieutenant de vaisseau*, but he was gone, and the gig was seen pulling to another craft where the struggle still continued. The hatches of the brig were secured ; her cables cut ; the sails one after the other fell from the yards ; and she was walking out to join the frigate, under a smart fire from the batteries ashore. Some of the *chasse-marées* had already taken their departure, and the whole eventually were brought off.

As soon as duty would permit, Jay hastened to the spot where he had left the dead body of his young friend. Old Bill was yet alive, and the assistant surgeon was bending over him to examine his wounds. The veteran had placed the head of the dead youth in his lap, as he sat supporting himself against the side, and had firmly grasped one of the hands of the corpse between his own. "In the regard o' the matter o' life and death, Mr. —," said the expiring seaman, "I know it's all over with me; so, if it makes no difference to you, doctor, I'll thank you to leave off overhauling me—'cause why? it's of no manner o' use whatsoever, and there are others upon their beam-ends that you may set upright again. Ha, Mr. Jay," he smilingly continued, as the youth approached, "you'll be my certificate that I have done my duty, and, as for that lubberly French jolly, whose spoon you stuck in the wall—but I arn't got time to waste upon 'em now—'cause why? I'm outward bound, Mr. Jay, and death is bringing my anchor home like a sou-wester in the Downs. Look here, Mr. Jay," he continued mournfully, and with his wasting strength raising the yet warm hand of poor Lewis, "he received the thrust that was meant for you, and lost his own life in saving yours."

The young officer knelt down, and was about to take the hand which was still retained by the veteran. "No, no, Mr. Jay," said he, "not that hand, if you please. I can't spare it you, for, though the boy—and I loved him as my own flesh and blood, Mr. Jay—but, as I was a saying, though he's got the start o' me, by token that his cable was

cut in a moment, yet I feel the moorings of life are slipping fast from me, and—I shall soon—be in his wake.”

“My excellent old friend,” said Jay (taking the other hand of the dead youth), whilst the tears were streaming from his eyes, “have you any wish to express—anything to communicate?—I will hold your requests most sacred.”

“I know you wull, I know you wull,” replied the wasting veteran, “and, therefore, first, let me have a seamen’s grave—I did hope—” and his voice faltered, so as to be almost inarticulate, but, rallying again, he added, “now, may the God of my country be my strength, and keep me from slipping my manhood afore a conquered enemy! A seaman’s grave, Mr. Jay, and mayhap this fair-haired boy will keep me company.”

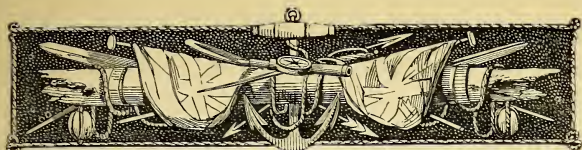
“Have you no relatives, no friends?” inquired Jay.

“None, sir, none,” returned the tar; “but there’s a small matter o’ prize money due to me, besides what will come for the present do—and I meant to have the consarn rigged out the next time we moored at Spithead. Mayhap you wouldn’t think it a trouble, Mr. Jay.” The young officer assured him that his requests should be complied with. “Well, then, you know the spot where the mutineers were buried—don’t interrupt me, for my ground-tackle is loosing fast—. Close by there—is—a small grave with a wooden post—a post at the head—carved with a fowl anchor and a brace of Js, for the babby was named arter—arter its mother—I’m going—I feel I’m—but d’ye mind me, Mr. Jay—there’s a bit o’ paper on my larboard bulwark—near my heart as will splain it all.”—He rallied again: “I know you will do it—

'cause why? just to the memory of ould Bill. Put a head-stone to the grave, and join two Bs to the other letters, with a timber-hitch round 'em, and mayhap, Mr. Jay, if you was to log the memorial of your young messmate upon the same stone—it would please me, and wouldn't—no, I'm thinking it wouldn't be much disparagement to have his name entered by the side of ould Will's, seeing we died—yes, both on us died in the same cause. Ha," he started convulsively, "they're bowing a taut strain—but you'll do it, Mr. Jay—mind, over Jane and the babby. God bless you, sir! Just tell the boasun there's a bad chafe in the—ay, in the fore cat-harpins, and the buoy of the best bower—the buoy wants a spile druv in it—my anchor's away, Mr. Jay—I'm paying round off—" then, making one last effort, he raised himself for an instant, "Hurrah!" he shouted; "hurrah; shipmates, HERE LIES THE SLAUGHTERED LAMB—MAY THE BRITISH LION LIVE—LIVE FOR EVER!"—he fell back, and his noble spirit reluctantly quitted its strong tenement.

Jay got his commission, married the sister of his devoted friend, and the head-stone, I believe, stands to this day, unless modern improvements have swept it away.





## Greenwich Hospital.

"What do you say to get some of the worthy old blues, my messmate,"—(Dick is a pensioner),—"to spin out a yarn or two about the shattered old hulks in Greenwich moorings?"

"Say no more, say no more!" exclaimed I; "it shall be done directly."

"And get 'em printed in one of your periodicals," continued Dick.

"The very thing!—the very thing!"

*Greenwich Hospital: a Series of Naval Sketches.*

AY, there it is!—the grand depository of human fragments—the snug harbour for *docked* remnants—Greenwich Hospital! Who is there that has stood on that fine terrace, when the calm of evening has shed its influence on the spirit, and Nature's pencil, intermingling light and shade, has graced the landscape with its various tints, without feeling delighted at the spectacle? No sound is heard to break the stillness of the hour, save where the sea-boy trills his plaintive ditty, studious to grace the turnings of his song; for it was his mother taught it him, and her he strives to imitate. To him the tide rolls on unheeded; he sees not the tall mast, the drooping sail; ah, no! his heart is in the cottage where he knew his first affection, when, with a smile of infantile delight, he drew his nourishment from that fond bosom lately bedewed with tears at parting. Who is there that has not exulted in the scene, when the proud ship has spread her canvas to the breeze, to carry forth the produce of our country to distant lands; or, when returning

to her own home-shores, laden with the luxuries of foreign climes, the gallant tars have "hailed each well-known object with delight?" Ay, there they stand! the veterans of the ocean, bidding defiance to the frowns of fate, although they are moored in *tiers*. They are critics too—*deep* critics; but they cannot fancy the steam-vessel, with a chimney for a mast, and a long line of smoke for a pendant. These are the men that Smollett pictured—the Jack Rattlins and the Tom Pipes of former years. Ay, those were *rattling* days, and *piping* times! There is no place upon earth except Greenwich in which we can now meet with them, or find the weather-roll or the lee-lurch to perfection. They are all thorough-bred; and a thorough-bred seaman is one of the drollest compounds in existence: a mixture of all that is ludicrous and grave—of undaunted courage and silly fear. I do not mean the every-day sailor, but the bold, daring, intrepid man-of-war's man; him who in the time of action primed his wit and his gun together without a fear of either missing fire. He has a language peculiarly his own, and his figures of rhetoric are perfect reef-knots to the understanding of a landsman. If he speaks of his ship, his eloquence surpasses the orations of a Demosthenes, and he revels in the luxuriance of metaphor. The same powers of elocution, with precisely the same terms, are applied to his wife, and it is a matter of doubt which engrosses the greatest portion of his affection; to him they are both *lady-ships*. Hear him expatiate on his *little barkey*, as he calls his wooden island, though she may be able to carry a hundred and fifty guns, and a crew of a thousand men. "Oh! she



is the fleetest of the fleet—sits on the water like a duck—stands under her canvas as stiff as a crutch—and turns to windward like a witch!” Of his wife he observes, “What a clean run from stem to stern! She carries her t’-gallants through every breeze, and in turning hank for hank never misses stays.” He will point to the bows of his ship, and swear she is as sharp as a wedge, never stops at a sea, but goes smack through all. He looks at his wife, admires her head-gear and bow-lines, compares her eyes to dolphin-strikers, boasts of her fancy and fashion-pieces, and declares that she darts along with all the grace of a bonnetta. When he parts with his wife to go on a cruise, no tear moistens his cheek; there is the honest pressure of the hand, the fervent kiss, and then he claps on the topsail-halliards, or walks round at the capstan to the lively sounds of music. But when he quits his ship, the being he has rigged with his own fingers, that has stood under him in many a dark and trying hour, whilst the wild waves have dashed over them with relentless fury, then—then—the scuppers of his heart are unplugged, and overflow with the soft droppings of sensibility. How often has he stood upon that deck and eyed the swelling sails, lest the breezes of heaven should visit their “face too roughly!” How many hours has he stood at that helm, and watched her coming up and falling off! and when the roaring billows have threatened to engulf her in the bubbling foam of the dark waters, he has eased her to the sea with all the tender anxiety that a mother feels for her darling child. With what pride has he beheld her top the mountain wave, and climb the rolling swell,



while every groan of labour that she gave carried a taut strain upon his own heart-strings!

Place confidence in what he says, and he will use no deception; doubt his word, and he will indulge you with some of the purest rhodomontade that ingenious fancy can invent. He will assure you that he had a messmate who knew the man in the moon, and on one occasion went hand-over-hand up a rainbow to pay him a visit. He himself was once powder-monkey in the Volcano bomb, and he will tell you a story of his falling asleep in the mortar at the bombardment of Toulon, and his body being discharged from its mouth instead of a *carcass*. With all the precision of an engineer, he will describe his evolutions in the air when they fired him off, and the manner in which he was saved from being dashed to pieces in his fall.

All this he repeats without a smile upon his countenance—and he expects you to believe it: but you may soon balance the account; for, tell him what absurdity you will, he receives it with the utmost credulity, and is convinced of its truth. His courage is undoubted, for he will stand on the deck undismayed, amidst the blood and slaughter of battle; yet on shore he is seized with indescribable apprehensions at the sight of a coffin. The wailings of distress find a ready passport to his heart; but, to disguise the real motives which prompt immediate aid, he asserts that the object of his charity does not deserve a copper, yet gives a pound, with only this provision, that the individual relieved does not bother him about gratitude. You may know him from a thousand; for though in his dress conspicuously

neat, and his standing and running rigging in exact order, yet they are arranged with a certain careless ease, as if he had but just come down from reefing topsails. The truck at the mast-head does not sit better than his tarpawling hat, neither does the shoe upon the pea of the anchor fit tighter than his long-quartered pumps. Grog is his ambrosia, his *neck-tar*, and he takes it cold, without sugar, that he may have the full smack of the rum.

And these are the characters at Greenwich Hospital, who, after fighting the battles of their country, are honoured with a palace. Oh, it was a proud display of national gratitude to such brave defenders! England has been compared to a huge marine animal, a sort of lobster, whose ports were its mouths, and whose navy formed its claws. What, then, is Greenwich but a receptacle for superannuated claws? I dearly love to get amongst them—nearly two thousand shattered emblems of Britain's triumphs. Then, to see them strolling about the park, luxuriating on its green mossy banks, or holding strange converse with the deer, they always remind me, in their blue dresses, of bachelor's buttons springing from the sward.

“You were with Nelson then?” said I to a pensioner with whom I had entered into conversation. He was a short, thick-set man, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age; and, as he hobbled along on his wooden leg, he strongly reminded me of a heavy-laden Indiaman, with a *heel* to port, rolling down before the wind from the Cape of Good Hope to Saint Helena. His countenance was one of mild benevolence; and yet there was a daring in his look

that told at once a tale of unsubdued and noble intrepidity ; whilst the deep bronze upon his skin was finely contrasted with the silky white locks which hung straggling on his brow.

“ You were with Nelson ? ” said I.

“ I was, your honour,” he replied ; “ and those were the proudest days of my life. I was with him when he bore up out of the line of Cape St. Vincent, and saved old Jarvis from disgrace. I was in his own ship too—the *Victory*—fighting on the same quarter-deck.”

This was spoken with such an air of triumph that the old man’s features were lighted up with animation ; it called to his remembrance scenes in which he had shared the glory of the day and saved his country. His eye sparkled with delight, as if he again saw the British ensign floating in the breeze, as the proud signal for conquest, or was labouring at the oar, with his darling chief, like a tutelary deity of old, guiding the boat through the yielding element, and leading on to some daring and desperate enterprise. At this moment I felt somewhat of a mischievous inclination to try the veteran’s temper, and therefore remarked, “ Nelson was a brave man, no doubt, but then he was tyrannical and cruel.”

The hoary tar stopped, and looked me full in the face : a storm was gathering in his heart, or rather, like a vessel taken aback in a sudden squall, he stood perplexed which way to scud. But it was only for a moment ; and, as his features relaxed their sternness, he replied, “ No matter, your honour !—no matter ! You have been kind to me and

mine, and I'm no dog to bite the hand that helped me in adversity."

This seemed to be uttered with the mingling emotions of defiance and melancholy; and, to urge him further, I continued:—"But, my friend, what can you say of the treatment poor Caraccioli experienced? You remember that, I suppose?"

"I do, indeed!" he replied. "Poor old man! how earnestly he pleaded for the few short days which nature at the utmost could have allowed him! But, sir," added he, grasping my arm, "do you know what it is to have a fiend at the helm, who, when Humanity cries 'Port!' will clap it hard a-starboard in spite of you?—one who, in loveliness and fascination, is like an angel of light, but whose heart resembles an infernal machine, ready to explode whenever passion touches the secret spring of vengeance?"

I had merely put the question to him by way of joke, little expecting the result; but I had to listen to a tale of horror.

"You give a pretty picture, truly, old friend," said I. "And pray, who may this fiend be?"

"A woman, your honour; one full of smiles and sweetness, but she could gaze with indifference on a deed of blood, and exult over the victim her perfidy betrayed. It is a long story, but I must tell it you, that you may not think Nelson was cruel or unjust. His generous heart was deceived, and brought a stain upon the British flag, which he afterwards washed out with his blood. Obedience is the test of a seaman's duty—to reverence his king, and to fight for his

country. This I have done, and therefore speak without fear, though I know nothing of parliaments and politics. Well, your honour, it was at the time when there was a mutiny among the people at Naples, and prince Caraccioli joined one of the parties against the court; but afterwards a sort of amnesty, or *demnification* I think they call it, was passed, by way of pardon to the rebels, many of whom surrendered, but they were all made prisoners, and numbers of them were executed.

“ Well, one day I was standing at the gangway, getting the barge’s sails ready, when a shore-boat came alongside, full of people who were making a terrible noise. At last they brought a venerable old man up the side; he was dressed as a peasant, and his arms were pinioned so tight behind that he seemed to be suffering considerable pain. As soon as they had all reached the deck, the rabble gathered round him, some cursing, others buffeting, and one wretch, unmindful of his gray hairs, spat upon him. This was too much to see and not to speak about; the man was their prisoner, and they had him secure—the very nature of his situation should have been sufficient protection; so I gave the unmannerly fellow a tap with this little fist”—holding up a hand like a sledge-hammer—“ and sent him flying into the boat again without the aid of a rope. ‘ Well done, Jack!’ exclaimed a young midshipman, who is now a post-captain; ‘ well done, my boy! I owe you a glass of grog for that; it was the best summerset I ever saw in my life.’ ‘ Thank you for your *glass* o’ grog, sir,’ said I; ‘ you see I’ve made a *tumbler* already.’ And indeed, your honour, he spun

head over heels, head over heels, astonishingly clever. I was brought up to the quarter-deck for it, to be sure, because they said I had used the *why-hit-armis*; but I soon convinced them I had only used my fist, and the young officer who saw the transaction stood my friend, and so I got off.

Well, there stood the old man as firm as the rock of Giberaltar, not a single feature betraying the anguish he must have felt. His face was turned away from the quarter-deck, and his head was uncovered in the presence of his enemies. The Neapolitans still kept up an incessant din, which brought the first lieutenant to the gangway; he advanced behind the prisoner, and, pushing aside the abusive rabble, swore at them pretty fiercely for their inhumanity, although, at the same time, seizing the old man roughly, he brought him in his front. ‘What traitor have we here?’ exclaimed the lieutenant; but checking himself on viewing the mild countenance of the prisoner, he gazed more intently upon him. ‘Eh, no—it surely cannot be—and yet it is’—his hat was instantly removed, with every token of respect, as he continued—‘it is the prince!’

“The old man, with calm dignity, bowed his hoary head to the salute, and at this moment Nelson himself, who had been disturbed by the shouting of the captors, came from his cabin to the deck. He advanced quickly to the scene, and called out in his hasty way when vexed, ‘Am I to be eternally annoyed by the confusion these fellows create! What is the matter here?’ But when his eye had caught the time-and-toil-worn features of the prisoner, he sprang forward, and with his own hands commenced unbinding the



cords. 'Monsters!' said he, 'is it thus that age should be treated? Cowards! do you fear a weak and unarmed old man? Honoured prince, I grieve to see you degraded and injured by such baseness, and now,' he added, as the last turn released his arms, 'dear Caraccioli, you are free!' I thought a tear rolled down Nelson's cheek as he cast loose the lashing, which having finished, he took the prince's hand, and they both walked aft together.

"They say the devil knows precisely the *nick* of time when the most mischief is to be done, and so it happened now, for a certain lady followed Nelson to the deck, and approached him with her usual bewitching smile. But oh, your honour, how was that smile changed to the black scowl of a demon when she pierced the disguise of the peasant and recognised the prince, who, on some particular occasion at court, had thwarted her views and treated her with indignity. It had never been forgiven, and now—he was in her power. Forcibly she grasped Nelson by the arm, and led him to the cabin.

"'His doom is sealed,' said one of the lieutenants, conversing in an under-tone with a brother officer; 'no power on earth can save him.' 'On earth!' rejoined the other, 'no, nor in the air, nor in the ocean, for I suspect he will meet his death in the one, and find his grave in the other.' 'Yet surely,' said the surgeon, who came up, 'Nelson will remember his former friendship for the prince, who once served under him. Every sympathetic feeling which is dear to a noble mind must operate to avert his death.' 'All the virtues in your medicine-chest, doctor,' rejoined the first,



‘ would not preserve him many hours from destruction, unless you could pour an opiate on the deadly malignity of ——;’ here he put his finger upon his lip and walked away.

“ Well, your honour, the old man was given up to his bitter foes, who went through the mockery of a court-martial, for they condemned him first and tried him afterwards. In vain he implored for mercy; in vain he pleaded the proclamation, and pointed to his hoary head; in vain he solicited the mediation of Nelson, for a revengeful fury had possession of his better purposes, and dammed the rising tide of generosity in the hero’s soul; in vain he implored the pardon and intercession of ——; but here I follow the example of my officer, and lay my finger on my lip.

“ A few hours more, and the brave old man, the veteran prince, in his eightieth year, hung suspended from the fore-yard-arm of a ship he had once commanded. Never shall I forget the burst of indignation with which the signal-gun was heard by our crew, and a simultaneous execration was uttered fore and aft.

“ Nelson walked the deck with unusual quickness, nay he almost ran, and every limb seemed violently agitated. He heard the half-suppressed murmurs of the men, and a conviction of dishonour seemed to be awakening in his mind. But, O sir! where was pity, where was feminine delicacy and feeling? The lady approached him in the most seducing manner, and attracted his attention: he stopped short, looked at her for a moment with stern severity, and again walked on. ‘ What ails you, Bronté?’ said she; ‘ you appear to be ill!’ and the witchery of her commanding look subdued

the sternness of his features—he gazed upon her and was tranquil. ‘See!’ said she, pointing out at the port to where the body of Caraccioli was still writhing in convulsive agony; ‘see! his mortal struggles will soon be over. Poor prince! I grieve we could not save him. But come, Bronté, man the barge, and let us go and take a parting look at our old friend.’ I shuddered, your honour, and actually looked down at her feet to see if I could make out anything like a cloven hoof. ‘What a fiend she is!’ exclaimed a voice in a half whisper behind me that made me start, for I thought the speaker had certainly made the discovery, but it was only one of the officers giving vent to his pious indignation.

“Well, the barge was manned, and away we pulled, with Nelson and the lady, round the ship where the unfortunate prince was hanging. He had no cap upon his head, nor was his face covered, but his white hair streamed in the breeze above the livid contortions which the last death-pang had left upon his features. The Neapolitans were shouting, and insulting his memory; but they were rank cowards, for the truly brave will never wreak their vengeance on a dead enemy.

“Nelson and the lady conversed in whispers, but it was plain to be seen his spirit was agonized, and his fair but frail companion was employing every art to soothe him. She affected to weep, but there was a glistening pleasure in her eyes, as she looked at the corpse, which had well-nigh made the boat’s crew set all duty at defiance. Nelson—and no man was better acquainted with the characteristics of a sailor—saw this, and ordered to be rowed on board.

She upbraided him for what she called his weakness, but his soul was stirred beyond the power of her influence to control his actions.

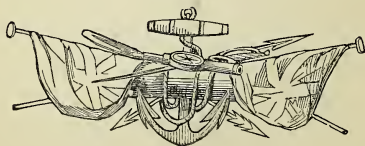
“A few days afterwards, a pleasure party was made up amongst the nobility for an excursion on the water, and the barge, with Nelson and his mistress, took the lead. It was a beautiful sight to see the gilded galleys, with their silken canopies and pennons flashing in the sun, and reflecting their glittering beauties on the smooth surface of the clear blue waters, whilst the measured sweep of the oars kept time with the sweet sounds of music. Not a cloud veiled the sky, not a breath curled the transparent crest of the gentle billow; all was gaiety and mirth.

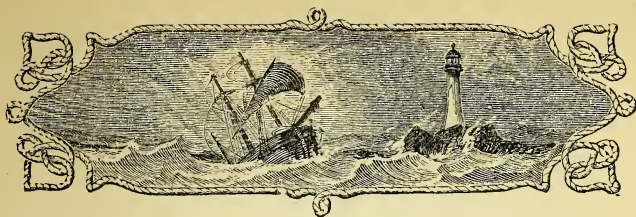
“After pulling for some miles to the entrance of the bay, we were returning towards the shore, when a dark object, resembling a bale of goods, appeared floating ahead of the barge. The bow men were directed to lay-in their oars and see what it was. They obeyed, and stood ready with their boat-hooks, which, the moment they were near enough, were used in grappling the supposed prize. But in an instant they were loosened again, and ‘a dead body! a dead body!’ was uttered in a suppressed tone by both. The boat held on her way, and, as the corpse passed astern, the face turned upwards, and showed the well-remembered countenance of poor Caraccioli. Yes! as the lieutenant had said, he met his death in the air, and the ocean had been his grave; but that grave had given up its dead, and the lady seldom smiled afterwards.

“Nelson hailed one of the cutters that were in attendance.

and directed that the body should be taken on board, and receive the funeral ceremonies suitable to the rank which the unfortunate prince had held whilst living. The music ceased its joyous sounds for notes of melancholy wailing, and the voice of mirth was changed to lamentation and sadness.

“Years passed away, and Nelson fell in the hour of victory; but the lady! ah, her end was terrible! The murdered prince was ever present to her mind; and as she lay upon her death-bed, like a stranded wreck that would never more spread canvas to the breeze, her groans, her shrieks, were still on Caraccioli. ‘I see him!’ she would cry, ‘there, there!—look at his white locks, and his straining eyeballs! England—England is ungrateful, or this would have been prevented. But I follow—I follow’—and then she would shriek with dismay, and hide herself from sight. But she is gone, your honour, to give in her reckoning to the Judge of all. She died in a foreign land, without one real friend to close her eyes; and she was buried in a stranger’s grave, without one mourner to weep upon the turf which covered her remains.”





## The Red Flag at the Fore.

“ Come, sit thee down by me, love! come, sit thee down by me,  
And I will tell thee many a tale of the dangers of the sea ;  
Of the perils of the deep, love, when the stormy tempests roar,  
And the raging billows wildly dash upon the groaning shore.”

*M.S. Ballad.*

NEVER shall I forget my emotions on first ascending the side of the ship in which I commenced my career as a sailor. It was just about the time when Nelson and the Nile was the universal theme of conversation ; our theatres echoed to the shouts of “ Rule, Britannia,” and the senate-house rang with plaudits for the achievements of naval valour. But, ah ! how few who rejoiced in the triumphs of victory gave one thought to the hardships, privations, and oppressions under which the gallant seaman laboured ! Boy-like, I thought it was a jovial life ; and, when standing on the deck, with the British ensign floating at the peak, and the bull-dogs (cannon) peeping from their port-holes, I felt, “ ay, every inch a hero.” Besides, there was my handsome uniform, with bright gilt buttons bearing the impress of the anchor ; and my dirk, just long enough to spit a partridge, swinging like a cook’s skewer by my side ; and a leathern

belt, with two fierce lions' heads in front; and, that summit of a school-boy's ambition, the cocked hat and gold rosettes. What child of twelve years could resist the temptation? So I e'en kissed my poor mother—who used to compare the rattling of the rain, as it ran down the spout into the water-butt, to the roaring of the waves, and for whom gilded buttons and cocked-up hats had no charms—shook my father by the hand, as he gave me the bill for my outfit, to make me (by calculating the expense) more careful of my clothes—threw my arms round the neck of my weeping sister, whilst she slyly thrust something into my waistcoat-pocket, which I afterwards found was all her own private little store of cash—and away I started, with glory in my eye, to leave “home, sweet home,” far, far behind me.

The ship which I was going to join was a fine dashing frigate, commanded by a friend of my father's friend, to whom I received the most handsome recommendations. I say friend of my father's friend, for such he was represented to me; but the fact is, my worthy dad was a freeman of no contemptible borough, besides holding a considerable influence over a certain number of *independent* voters; and one of the candidates, whilst canvassing for the general election, had declared that “I was cut out for a sailor”—that “he had interest at the Admiralty,” and made no doubt that, by diligence and attention, I should soon carry the “red flag at the fore.” I thought so too; but what the “red flag at the fore” meant, I was just as ignorant as I was of cuckoo-clock-making. Nevertheless it sounded well; the candidate became an M.P., and I was sent on board, a stranger among



strangers, and about as much patronized as a widow's pig upon a village-green.

I had never seen a ship; I had never seen the sea; and when the wide ocean burst upon my view, rolling its mighty billows in majestic grandeur, I began to think that they were not the most pleasant things in life to play with, particularly for such a little fellow as myself; but when the stupendous bulwarks of Britain appeared, as they lay at anchor in the bay, with their shining sides reflected in the waves, and their bright ensigns flashing in the sun, fear gave way to admiration, and I began to sing,—

" I'm a jolly roving tar,  
Fearing neither wound nor scar,  
And many a tightish breeze, then, have I seen."

And although I had seen nothing then, nevertheless, I thought of the "red flag at the fore;" and as the boat lightly skimmed the surface of the dark blue waters, a feeling of honest pride swelled in my little breast—henceforth I was to be devoted to my king and country.

The first lieutenant received me very graciously. The wonders which everywhere presented themselves almost overwhelmed me with astonishment and delight. But, alas! this was not of long duration; for a youngster about my own age accompanied me to the cockpit, where I was to take up my abode. The dark cavern which formed the mess-berth, where a ray of daylight never entered, seemed rather horrible to my imagination, and the motely group of all ages, from ten to twenty-five, that filled it, did not inspire me with much confidence.



At the door stood a stout negro, scarcely visible, except by his white teeth and his rolling eyes, which strongly reminded me of Robinson Crusoe's monster in the cave, and a little sprig of a midshipman was venting imprecations on him for not having the dinner ready. Surrounding a table inside the berth, which was illumined by two *dwarf* candles, that appeared as if they had never reached their proper growth, sat eight or ten small officers employed in various ways. One was playing a difficult piece of music on the flute, with the notes placed before him, propped up by a quart bottle. A companion, to annoy and ridicule him, had put his pocket-comb between two pieces of paper, and, applying it to his mouth, produced a sound more execrable than the bagpipes, yet still endeavouring to imitate the tune. Two youths in the furthest corner had quarrelled, and were settling their dispute in a boxing-match. Another seemed totally abstracted from the scene, and, leaning his elbows on the table, was contemplating the miniature of a fair-haired girl, whose mild blue eyes beamed with love and constancy. On the opposite side of the table, two youngsters, with a treatise on seamanship before them, were arguing in no very gentle terms on their own proficiency in naval tactics. At the head of the table an old master's mate was exercising his authority in preserving peace; but as he was engaged at the same time in mixing a good *stiff* glass of grog, his orders were either disregarded or laughed at. But there was one pale-faced lad, with a countenance full of intellectual expression, whom I shall never forget. He sat by himself, with a small writing-desk before him, and on it

lay a letter, the writer of which, not satisfied with filling up each page with black ink, had crossed the lines with red; and this letter he was endeavouring to answer. The noise had disturbed him, for sheet after sheet had been torn up, and lay in a pile by his side. He looked at the combatants, and a gentle murmur escaped him; he turned to the musicians, and a smile lighted up his features; he cast his eyes towards the youth whose thoughts were with the pole-star of his affections, and a shade of melancholy sat upon his brow. At this moment he caught sight of me, as I stood at the door undetermined whether to advance or to recede, and his hand was instantly extended. He closed his desk, remarking that "his sister must wait another day," and—but why need I recount every particular?—from that hour we were friends.

Ay, how often, when the pale moon at midnight has thrown her silver beams upon the bosom of the wave, or when the star-gemmed canopy of heaven has glistened with its myriads of glories, have we two stood together, holding sweet converse on the past, and picturing bright scenes of future fame! Yes! hand in hand, we have stood like brothers, talking of those sweet spots, endeared by every tie of fond regard, where first we revelled in our infancy. Yet, oh! terrible remembrance!—the vision is even now before me—when I beheld that pale-faced youth struggling in the agonies of death—those features full of mild benevolence, still more deadly in their hue, and hideous in convulsive writhings—the hand, that I had so often pressed with real unabated friendship dyed in the life-stream from his heart

as he worked his fingers in the deep wound that dismissed his noble spirit! It was in action, when rage and vengeance lashed the passions into fury. Yes! there he fell, and the ocean was his grave.

But to return to my introduction. Almost at the same moment that I entered the berth, the quarter-master came down, and inquired if Mr. Moriarty was below. A fine handsome young man, about two and twenty, immediately answered in the affirmative. "Here's a letter for you, sir," said the quarter-master, "with the Admiralty seal on the back, and a direction full of sheep-shanks and long splices in the front."

"Eh, eh, Johnson!" replied the young officer; "the old story, I suppose. The door of promotion is shut, and by-and-by, I daresay, they will send me word that the key's lost. But let us see, you old sea-dragon, and don't stand turning it over and over there, like a Lapland witch at her incantations!"

The veteran was examining the letter with rather an inquisitive eye; for his other eye was on an equally inquisitorial visit to a full bottle of rum that stood upon the table; and he hesitated to give up his charge to the young officer, who, I now perceived, had his right arm in a sling, in consequence, as I afterwards learned, of a wound received in the battle of Aboukir.

"Cantations, or no cantations, sir," replied the old quarter-master; "this here letter weighs heavy, and I've been close-hauled for these two days past; and it's dry work, sir, that tack and half-tack."

“Well, well, Johnson,” rejoined the midshipman; “you want a glass of grog, and you shall have it; so, steward, give him one, d’ye hear? And now hand over the scrawl.”

“Eh, eh, sir!” said Johnson; “and if it arn’t freighted with a pair of white lapelles—put some more rum in, you black angel!—then call old Johnson a lubber, that’s all.” Moriarty laughed; but it was evident he took the letter with some degree of tremor, especially as one of the youngsters jocosely addressed him as “*Lieutenant Moriarty.*”

“Hold your prating, simpleton!” said he; “you won’t find commissions so plentiful when you come to my age, unless you happen to be a stray slip of nobility, or have strong parliamentary interest to back you.”

The old quarter-master had been wrangling with the black steward for another drop, and then, holding up his grog, exclaimed, “Your health, Lieutenant Moriarty! and I hope I shall live to see you carry the ‘red flag at the fore.’”

“With all my heart, Johnson,” replied Moriarty, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, for the letter was now unfolded; “and see here is the first step up the ratlines, sure enough; whether I shall ever reach the mast-head or not is another thing.”

It was an order from the Admiralty to go on shore and receive his commission; and every one crowded round him full of congratulations.

I cannot say but I felt a little jealous about the “red flag at the fore;” for I considered *that* as my exclusive right, though utterly ignorant what it meant. But I was soon enlightened on the subject; for, being naturally communi-

cative, I mentioned my expectations of getting the "red flag at the fore" during dinner, and several of the little midshipmen nearly choked themselves with laughing at me. I then learned that "the red flag at the fore" was the distinction of a vice-admiral of the red,—a station that not more than one officer in five thousand ever attained, and even then only through very distinguished merit or peculiar good fortune. Nevertheless I was nothing daunted, and "the red flag at the fore" urged me on.

We sailed a few days afterwards with a convoy for Bombay and China, but destined to cruise ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. We had not quitted port more than a week when we encountered a very severe gale. It was the first time I had beheld the sea in such commotion, and the spectacle was awfully grand. The noble ship was borne like a weed upon the ocean, at the mercy of the tempest, which howled through the rigging, so as to deaden the shouts of the seamen while furling the heavy sails upon the yards. Billow after billow beat over us; and as the rolling waves dashed up their frothy crests to heaven, roaring in the wildness of their fury, I could not help thinking how different the noise was from the comparison of my poor mother, when she heard the rain patter into the water-butt. The convoy, too, heavy-laden Indiamen and transports with troops, were scattered in every direction; but now and then we could distinguish one or two, as they appeared for a moment on the summit of the foaming surge, like dim specks upon the verge of the horizon.

Night came, and brought its frowning horrors—a pitchy

darkness, which seemed almost palpable to the touch, hung with a funereal gloom above, whilst the wild waves, lashed by the raging tempest into sparkling foam, served but to render the blackness of the heavens more dense and horrible. At the commencement of the gale the wind was dead against us, and the ship was hove-to under a close-reefed main-top-sail; but towards midnight the wind veered in our favour, and we flew through the liquid element with astonishing rapidity. The shifting of the gale had produced a still wilder commotion in the waves, which seemed to be struggling for the mastery. Wave after wave came raging after us, and threatening to engulf the frigate; but, like a bird upon the wing, the gallant vessel lifted to the swell, and rushed down the steep abyss, tracking her path with brilliancy and light.

I cannot say but the spectacle rather terrified me, and I more than once wished the "red flag at the fore" at the—

"Stop!" says the reader, "and do not conclude the sentence."

But really, gentle reader, I must—for I was merely going to say that I wished the "red flag at the fore" at the mast-head, and myself snug in my own little bed-room, with my poor mother to tie my night-cap, and to tuck me in.

Ossian, or Byron, I forget which, says: "Once more upon the waters, yet once more, and the waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider;" but I found a vast deal of difference between mounting the speckled waves and riding my own pretty little pie-bald pony

Morning at length appeared; the wind had again changed,



and the ship was once more hove-to. But, if the gale of the preceding night had been furious, it now came with redoubled violence, and the stately vessel, which had so lately steered her course in majesty and pride, lay writhing and groaning between the billows, like the soul of the mighty struggling with the last pangs of mortality.

Orders were given to furl the fore-sail, and about sixty of the best seamen sprang aloft to execute the command. Already had they extended themselves upon the yard, and were gathering up the folds of the heavy canvass, when a tremendous sea came, like an Alpine mountain, rushing towards us. As the poor wretch, when the fierce eye of some famished beast of prey is glaring on him, stands fixed and immovable, so did the seamen suspend their labours when they saw the waters of destruction approaching. No human voice could warn them of their danger, no hand could be outstretched to save. There seemed to be a momentary stillness in the storm, and a shuddering instinct crept through every spirit—a horrible dread of they knew not what.

Still onward rolled the wave—it struck the vessel on the bows, and threw its ponderous burden on the deck. A crash, mingled with a wild, tumultuous yell, ensued, and when the spray had cleared, it was found that the fore-mast had been swept away, and upwards of fifty brave fellows were buried in the waves. Some still remained entangled in the rigging, but man after man was washed away, till one alone was left. We could see him—we could speak to him—but only that Power who holds the tempests in his



THE STORM



THE STORM



hand could rescue him from death. There he struggled—blank despair in every feature, as his strong limbs writhed round the shattered mast, and with convulsive agony he buffeted the waves. Of what avail was human strength in such an hour of peril? His hold relaxed—it became weaker, and slowly he settled in his watery grave.

I need not describe the effects which such a scene produced upon the mind of a boy not thirteen years of age; and even at this moment, so strong are first impressions, the crash, the yell, and the agonized contortions of that drowning man, are present to my mind in all their horrors.

The wreck was cleared, the storm abated. A jury-mast was erected, and once more the stately frigate held her way upon the glassy surface of the azure wave. The first duty was to collect the convoy, and heavy forebodings of their fate were whispered among the crew. One by one, however, they gathered round us, showing manifest indications of the recent storm.

There is something peculiarly interesting to a seaman in the assembling of ships after a gale of wind. It occasions a sensation which a landman can never feel, unless it is that sort of melancholy satisfaction when friends meet who have surmounted adversity together, but with the apprehension of similar calamity still before them. Several of the convoy were yet undiscovered, and as the evening was closing in, the heavy report of a distant gun came booming on the waters. Another and another followed in rapid succession, and the frigate's course was directed towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded.

The sun went down in glory—its radiance tinged the bosom of the liquid element, but it never rose again on those whose signals of distress we heard. They must have seen his last beams arching the heavens with their golden brightness, and light and hope must have expired to them for ever.

The wind opposed our progress, and the swell still rolled against us, though now it was only the heaving of the sea, without its breaking violence. Still we approached nearer to the object of our search, as the noise of the guns was more distinct, and the flashes were plainly visible. At length, about midnight, by the help of glasses, a dismayed ship was distinguished rolling like a log upon the waters. Every nerve was strained, every effort was made to intimate that assistance was at hand, and the boats were prepared to give succour, or to snatch from destruction. The sight was eagerly bent towards the spot where the clear horizon was broken by the dark object of our good intentions. Suddenly the curve appeared connected—in vain the eye sought the vessel in distress, for nothing obstructed the union of sky and ocean, and “She’s gone! she’s gone!” was simultaneously exclaimed by officers and men.

Yes, she was gone; and the gallant ship that had endured the fury of the tempest sunk when its wrath was spent. But that tempest had doubtless shaken her stout frame, and rent her joints asunder. Yet it was hard to perish almost within the grasp of safety.

Hopes were still entertained that some, if not all, had escaped in the boats. Our own were hoisted out, and having

neared the supposed spot, were immediately despatched. The morning dawned in magnificence and splendour—the sun rose in glorious majesty, but his earliest beams glanced on a scattered wreck that told a tale of death. The boats were actively employed in passing to and fro, but no appearance of a human being could be discerned. The launch was discovered bottom upwards, and another boat broken nearly in two. The truth was soon disclosed, for the name *ATLAS* on the stern of the launch informed us that nearly two hundred victims had perished in the deep. How the catastrophe had happened could only be matter of conjecture.

One of our boats fell in with some floating spars, which were lashed together so as to form a kind of floating raft; and, on turning them over, a scene presented itself that filled every soul with anguish. A young female, apparently about twenty-two, with an infant fastened round her body, had been secured to the timber—perhaps the last sad office of a tender husband, who, in the affectionate solicitude of his heart, had vainly hoped to rescue them from death. They were taken on board the frigate, sewed up in a hammock, and again consigned to that element at once their destruction and their grave.

One other ship was still missing: what became of her I never heard; but, after waiting a proper time, we pursued our way to the island of St. Jago, the place of rendezvous. A succession of fine weather soon deadened the remembrance of the past, and by the time of our reaching the Cape de Verds, the “red flag at the fore” had once more gained the



ascendancy. The novelties which presented themselves at Port Praya—the oranges, the cocoa-nuts, and, above all, the monkeys, sporting in their native cunning, unrestrained, among the green foliage—were delightful; whilst the waters in the bay were so clear and transparent, that fish could be distinctly seen at the depth of from thirty to forty feet, swimming above the silver sand that covered the bottom.

Having refitted and watered, the anchor was once more weighed, and we again directed our course to the place of destination. At the latitude appointed we parted from our convoy, and then were left alone. Days, weeks passed on, and no sail ever appeared in sight to change the dull monotony. It was still the same unvaried scene of sky and ocean, and not unfrequently severe and boisterous weather. At the end of five weeks we were gratified by the sight of a ship steering towards us, and in a few hours had retaken a fine Indiaman, prize to a French frigate. No time was lost in securing her; but the irreparable devastation among our crew rendered it necessary to proceed with our recapture to Madras; and thither we hastened.

On our arrival, fresh scenes, that appeared like enchantment, opened upon me. The natives on their catamarans, formed of three or four logs lashed together, dashing without dismay through the tremendous surf that rolled upon the beach with everlasting roar, and the manners and habits of the people, filled my young mind with wonder and admiration. I regret that my first letter to my poor mother is not forthcoming: in fact, the worthy soul considered it such a concentration of genius and talent—I much question



whether there was not some little exaggeration in my descriptions—that she wore it completely out by carrying it in her pocket to show to all her friends and neighbours.

We remained three years in the East Indies without anything material occurring, and then the cry was, “Huzza, for old England!” But it would be an almost endless task were I to enumerate all my adventures, perilous and humorous, and sometimes a combination of both, in my strenuous endeavours to attain to the “red flag at the fore.” Before my six years had expired I had been in seven different engagements, received three wounds (one of them severe), been once shipwrecked, and once taken prisoner, but escaped. Storms I had weathered many; had visited the coast of Africa, South America, and New South Wales; but still I endured everything for the sake of the “red flag at the fore.”

At the expiration of six years I passed my examination for lieutenant, and received my certificate of qualification, which, after waiting a modest time, I forwarded with a memorial to my patron, who had been elevated to the house of peers. His answer was, that “things were materially changed since I first went to sea; the same individuals were not now in office, and he much questioned whether he could obtain my promotion; indeed, he hinted that it would be better for me to quit the service and apply myself to some other profession.” I cannot describe my disappointment and vexation. Through the representations of this man I had given up the sweets of childhood to endure the severest hardships and privations. I had toiled unflinchingly in my duty; I had fought the battles of my country, and could

show my honourable scars ; and thus to have the "red flag at the fore" torn down by the hand I expected to raise me ! —my pride and every feeling of my heart revolted against it. I was determined to persevere.

Other six years passed away, in which I was a partaker of some of the most brilliant achievements of the war, when I was honoured, after thirteen years' servitude, with a lieutenant's commission. But even then it was not gained by any desperate act of valour, or by those feats which are dear and precious to every British sailor's heart ; but simply by obtaining (through the present of a handsome Cashmere shawl) the interest of a fair lady highly esteemed by the first lord of the Admiralty. However, I got the white lapelles ; and that was, as Moriarty observed, "the first step up the ratlines" towards the "red flag at the fore."

After this, things went on tolerably ill, among some sharp fighting and many hard knocks. My poor mother slipt her cable for the blessed haven of eternal rest. My sister got married to a pirate, who plundered my father's property, and then cast her adrift upon the world. The old gentleman's grey hairs were brought with sorrow to the grave ; my sister's coffin was soon placed upon his breast, and I was left desolate.

Still the "red flag at the fore," like a will-o'-the-wisp, lured me on. I conducted one of the fire-ships at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Road ; had the command of a gun-boat at the storming of Saint Sebastian ; and was with the army at the sortie from Bay-

onne, in which I got a crack on the head—not big enough to jump in, to be sure ; but it set my brains spinning for a month. I commanded a fast-sailing schooner, charged with despatches for Wellington, when he was expected to occupy Bordeaux, and entered the Garonne in the dead of the night, lighted on my way by the flames of a French eighty-gun ship, that had been set on fire to prevent her falling into the hands of the English ; and, having anchored in a secure position, left my vessel in a four-oared boat, passed the batteries undiscovered, and executed my orders, as the brave marshal stood in the great square, with white flags and beauty greeting his arrival.

Peace came : Bonaparte was elbowed off to Elba ; and the “ red flag at the fore ” was as far off as ever. My vessel was paid off, and after many years of activity I entered upon a life of indolence. But, as Dr. Watts very wisely observes, in one of the hymns which I was compelled to learn at school when a child,—

“ Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do ”—

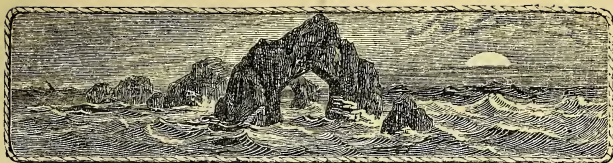
so I e’en got married. The fair lady (she is now peeping over my shoulder) attracted my attention at church by the broad and bright red ribands that graced the front of her bonnet. They reminded me of the “ red flag at the fore,” and an inglorious sigh escaped. Now, everybody knows that a sigh is the beginning of love, for Byron says,—

“ Oh, love! what is it in this world of ours  
That makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why  
With cypress dost thou wreath thy bowers,  
And make thy best interpreter a sigh? ”

Well, but to make short of it, I got married ; but, no sooner had Napoleon returned from Elba than I was again at my duty. I was sent by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then naval commander-in-chief at Ostend, with a party of seamen, to man the great guns in the army under Wellington on the plains of Waterloo, and the "red flag at the fore" once more opened on my view. It was on the very morning after the decisive battle that, between Brussels and Bruges, I met the first detachment of prisoners coming down, and was ordered to take charge of them to Ostend. There were about two thousand, officers and men, most of them wounded, and without a single application or dressing to the mangled parts ; yet their devotion to Napoleon was unabated ; and with their stiffened limbs sore with laceration, and their bodies gashed and scored with sabre-cuts, they still shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The battle of Waterloo ended the war, Bonaparte was despatched to St. Helena, and all prospects of promotion are over. My noble patron has accomplished the number of his days, and no "red flag at the fore" will ever fall to my lot, unless, indeed, I include a certain Bardolphian tinge to the most prominent feature of my face, which has been "*red at the fore*" for some years past ; but, excepting the half-pay of a lieutenant, a small remnant of prize-money, and a wife and seven children, I am as poor as a church-warden's charity-box.





## The Delicate Point.

“ In companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke in love,  
There must needs be a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.”

IN one of the beautiful marine villas that skirt the coast of the British Channel on the Isle of Wight formerly resided Lieutenant-General Sir Capsicum Absolute, a veteran who, in earlier life, had been inured to hard service, and whose last appointment was that of Governor of a West India island, over which he had exercised unlimited control—that is, in his own way. His figure was tall, and would have been majestic but for a certain stiffness he had acquired when adjutant of a regiment, and which, notwithstanding the lassitude incident to the atmosphere of a sugar colony, never forsook him. The common expression of his countenance was mild benevolence, especially when he was fast asleep; but it must be owned that there were times—and I am sorry to say they were rather frequent—when, like the cloth over the table-land at the Cape of Good Hope, his brow and face assumed an aspect of darkness, through which the lightning of his eyes darted in vivid flashes. The veteran's disposition was, on the whole, humane and gene-

rous ; but it cannot be denied that his temper, by its fiery irritability, too often frightened his disposition into compliance with its humours and demands : in fact, a more hasty and passionate old gentleman never held the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army, or flogged a nigger in the far West for wearing his master's clothes. He possessed an ample fortune, and was fond of displaying the luxuries of life, but never indulged to excess ; and, though himself despising personal assistance, he kept up a large and handsome establishment, for the purpose of exercising his propensity for rigid discipline. With him, order was ever looked upon as "heaven's first law ;" and certainly it would have been a difficult matter to discover a more thorough practical expounder of the celestial statute.

Sir Capsicum was a widower. By what means he had contrived to persuade or induce any one to marry him must remain among those mysteries that puzzle the brains of philosophers : at all events, he did get married to a kind and gentle being, who humoured her husband's peculiarities, and managed to live tolerably happy with him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their natural characters ; nay, more—she held a strong influence over his mind through her constant and unerring obedience to command. But the unhealthy climate of the West Indies, operating upon a delicate frame, gradually destroyed health and ultimately life ; a female child of tender years being left to suffer by her death.

It was at first supposed by many of the colonists that Sir Capsicum, whose affliction at the loss of his lady was



very great, would resign his command, and return to England; but those who thought so knew very little of the tough material of which he was composed: it is true, resignation did follow the decease of his wife, but it was resignation to circumstances, and not the throwing up of his command, for he became a stricter disciplinarian than ever. But it is undeniable that the Governor deeply mourned his bereavement; and he was frequently heard to declare that "upon every 'delicate point' her ladyship set an example of subordination to the whole garrison." Still he exhibited no open manifestations of sorrow, but sternly concealed it within his own breast, except at those periods when, in the stillness of night, he bent over the couch and gazed upon his sleeping child: then Nature triumphed, and the strong man wept.

Emma inherited the best qualities of her mother, mingled with a few pungent and caustic spices of her father's temper. She was too young to feel much deprivation from her mother's death: the West Indies is not a place in which to indulge much feeling beyond that of selfishness. European ladies soon become enervated and helpless; and the overpowering heat and tormenting mosquitoes absorb all the better faculties connected with domestic enjoyment: even thinking becomes a trouble, except when memory is busy picturing scenes of home—that is, England; for, wherever an Englishman's lot is cast, he still calls the place of his nativity home. Emma had always experienced the utmost solicitude and tenderness from her maternal parent; nor was her father deficient in anxious wishes and kind exertions

for her comfort and welfare; but, whilst with the former good counsel and care were administered with judgment, the General in his treatment of his daughter unceasingly adhered to his military principle, that "obedience is the best test of duty."

Her mother's illness had prevented the necessary attention to the daughter, who was left to the unskilful management of a French governess, and the debasing influences of negress slaves, who indulged the fair girl in every wish that she expressed, in order that they might in turn do just as they liked. The demise of the lady speedily brought a change: the General was acutely alive to the facts; and though so fervently attached to his child as to feel a strong desire to keep her with him, yet he saw the probable consequences of her remaining; and at once, with his accustomed promptitude, he resolved on sending her to England, to a maternal aunt, who had recently become a widow; her husband, Sir Frederick Thomond, the gallant captain of a frigate, having died from the effects of severe wounds received during a sanguinary contest with an enemy's ship which he captured.

It was during one of the sharpest periods of the war with France that the General came to this determination, and he was sorely puzzled as to the best mode of carrying his design into execution. The republican cruisers and privateers were constantly on the alert; and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English ships of war, they made many valuable captures, so that merchantmen and even packets were exposed to the risk of being taken. Reports were also rife that a French fleet was then in the West Indies, watching

a suitable opportunity to make a descent upon those islands which had been wrested from the possession of the enemy by British valour.

It so happened that, while the General was in this dilemma, the *Diomede* of fifty guns, commanded by the Honourable Captain Montgomery, anchored in the roads, under orders for England; and as the Governor and he had been old schoolfellows, they now very naturally renewed former friendship. The difficulty of sending Emma home was soon obviated: Captain Montgomery readily offered to undertake the charge of her, and the offer was gladly accepted.

On the day previous to embarkation, the Captain brought with him to the Government House a fine, handsome youth, about two years the senior of Emma, whom he introduced as his son, one of the "young gentlemen" of his ship; and the gallant little midshipman, having in his intercourse with society rubbed off the bashfulness of the school-boy, tried to make himself agreeable to the Governor's daughter, whom, however, he looked upon as a helpless, spoiled darling, about to be separated from her only parent. He strove to draw her into conversation; spoke of the noble accommodations of the ship she was to sail in, of her qualities as a sea-boat, and the pleasure he should enjoy in contributing to her satisfaction and amusement whilst she remained on board. He next described the beauties of English scenery and society, of which Emma remembered nothing, and continued his endeavours to remove as much as possible the painful sensations which, as he supposed,

must be excited by the thoughts of leaving her father. But though he cheerfully persevered for some time in his generous intentions, the fair girl could not be induced to utter more than monosyllables, and even those were evidently constrained: the fact was, that her black attendants had filled her heart with pride, and persuaded her that she would degrade herself by associating with "piccaninny midshipmen." Young Augustus Montgomery, finding that his efforts to please were unavailing, desisted; and Emma, who was really pleased at his attentions, experienced a disappointment that not only made her angry, but actually rendered her imperious and insolent to the youth, who merely bowed, and withdrew to converse with an officer of the staff well known for his suavity of manners and general intelligence.

On the following morning the embarkation took place. The anchor was hove up, the sails were set; the General gave his daughter a farewell embrace, and entered his barge as the first gun of a parting salute was fired; but the stern old warrior valued it not: his feelings as a bereaved father prevailed over all others, and the ceremony seemed a mockery of his distress. Emma watched the boat till it touched the shore. The tears were trickling down her pale face: she had no one to whom she could communicate her sorrows, for the attendants were too busy about their own concerns to heed her expressions of regret; Captain Montgomery was engaged in navigating his ship; every officer was at his proper station; and the fair mourner felt a desolation and a want of friendly greeting in her very soul.

She could no longer see her former residence; the island itself was rapidly fading away in the distance; and, burying her face in her hands, she sobbed convulsively. It was at this moment that a gentle pressure of the arm aroused her, and, raising her head, she beheld the mild and commiserating look of Augustus Montgomery fixed earnestly upon her. His eyes too were suffused with tears, which he dashed hastily away, and, bending down, impressed a kiss upon the cheek of the sorrowing child. Never did encouragement come more gratefully to the human breast in the period of affliction than that which thrilled through the fair girl at this unlooked-for kindness from one whom she had treated with disrespect. She indulged in no resentment for the familiarity—it was a pure and holy offering; and, throwing her arms round his neck, in the sudden impulse of one in tribulation who has unexpectedly found a dear friend, she clung to him as the only being in existence who seemed to care for her.

Augustus had been sent by his father into the after-cabin for a chart, and beheld what has already been narrated; but a sudden recollection of his duty returned, and, pressing her to his heart and promising to return, he hurried away to the quarter-deck, and, having executed his commission, requested and obtained leave to cheer the loneliness of the Governor's daughter. And well did he execute the task he had undertaken; for he soothed her distress, brought smiles upon her features, and Emma, if not altogether happy, felt relieved by the acquisition she had made in the brotherly regard of the young midshipman. During the voyage home,

their frequent companionship endeared them more and more to each other; and when, on the ship's arrival at Portsmouth, they were about to separate, deep and heartfelt was the regret of both.

Lady Thomond strongly resembled her deceased sister in mildness and amiability: she most willingly received her niece; the General exercised the utmost liberality in his remittances; the Cottage in the Isle of Wight was taken; suitable teachers were engaged; and, having no family of her own, the worthy lady directed all her energies to advance the education and improvement of her niece, both of which had not only been much neglected, but Emma had also to unlearn the false tastes and imperious habits which she had acquired. At first, this was rather irksome; but her natural sweetness of disposition, aided by the judicious management of Lady Thomond, in time subdued her repugnance to manners and customs so widely differing from those which she had been used to as a Governor's daughter in a slave colony; and she eventually became contented and happy, increasing in loveliness, goodness, and truth. Augustus Montgomery embraced every favourable opportunity of visiting the Cottage; his affection for the fair girl grew stronger and stronger; and, though but little was said upon the subject, each felt the full effects of that deathless passion which sweetens the cup of human existence.

Years passed away, and the Honourable Captain Montgomery was gathered to the tomb of his titled ancestors, leaving his gallant son a few hundred pounds and a lieutenant's commission; the latter having, however, been gained



by active service and daring acts of bravery. But, though the young man bore an unblemished reputation, and stood high in the respect and estimation of all who knew him, his noble relatives scarcely ever noticed him personally; and in no instance did the heads of this extremely wealthy family proffer to assist him in his glorious career. They were proud to associate his name and actions with their own; but, though aware that he had nothing but his pay to rely upon, no one stood forward as his friend. Lady Thomond could not be insensible to the growing attachment of the young couple, but she saw no just reasons to check it; and Augustus was always a welcome guest at the Cottage whenever leisure admitted of a temporary absence from duty; and, as the Lieutenant was appointed to a channel cruiser, the opportunities were more numerous than they could otherwise have been. Even when he was not at Spithead, they could on many occasions still hold communion, for the ship was often seen from the island. Emma was well acquainted with her appearance; a summer-house on the Cliff and an excellent Dollond facilitated operations. Augustus had taught her the use of signals; and though he could not venture to show any flags from the vessel, yet he managed a code of his own, and the glasses were often in requisition.

Thus affairs stood when the Governor was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and ordered home to England. He arrived safely at the Cottage, was greatly delighted with the improvement of his daughter, and earnestly expressed his gratitude to Lady Thomond for her motherly attention and kindness to the child of his heart. Augustus

came, and the veteran warmly declared his gratification at seeing him whenever he could get ashore; nay, more—he promised to act as a father to him, in lieu of the one he had lost. All this was delightful to the young officer, and bright prospects of future happiness danced before his mental vision—Emma, the pride, the joy of his very soul, would be his own; fair and honourable patronage, added to his personal exertions, would open to him the way to speedy promotion. He resolved upon the line of conduct he would pursue to win a glorious name, which, he flattered himself, would be taken as an equivalent for worldly wealth. It is true, the thoughts of his poverty brought a keen pang, such as he had never felt before, but it did not last long; the open, candid, and generous behaviour of the Lieutenant-General calmed his apprehensions, and his breast swelled with fervent gratitude.

The arrival of Sir Capsicum brought many visitors to the Cottage, and numerous suitors to Emma, whose beauty and supposed fortune were great attractions. Several eligible offers were made, but, to the surprise and sometimes the anger of the General, she declined them all. Among others who came was Lord Frederick Milford, a nobleman of polished exterior and manners, heir to an earldom and one of the finest estates in England, and already Lieutenant-Colonel of a crack regiment of light dragoons. He also made proposals for the hand of the fair Emma; and so unexceptionable appeared to be his person and deportment, that the beautiful girl was not a little gratified and fascinated by his addresses: but the delusion soon vanished; the

remembrance of her true-hearted sailor returned with stronger energy, and real love gained the victory. Lord Frederick received a polite refusal. But the nobleman was not to be so easily repulsed; his self-esteem was wounded; his character as valued by the fair sex was at stake. He wormed himself into the entire confidence of the General, who sanctioned his persevering in his suit, and peremptorily commanded his daughter to look upon his lordship as her future husband. Emma considered Lord Frederick's conduct, as well as her father's mandate, with grief and indignation; the proud and impetuous spirit inherited from her sire was aroused within her, and, but for her kind aunt, open rebellion would have been the consequence. Lady Thomond, aware of her niece's partiality for Augustus Montgomery, endeavoured to propitiate matters by delay, hoping that time would give a favourable turn to the young Lieutenant's views and wishes; she therefore persuaded Emma to appear to acquiesce in some measure in her father's injunction, so as not to draw down upon herself his vehement anger; and meanwhile the good lady proposed to embrace every opportunity to appease the General, and try to reconcile him to that which now appeared inevitable. As to Sir Capsicum himself, he never for a moment entertained a thought that the affections of his daughter were pre-engaged.

The fair girl had, with the candour of her nature, confided to her aunt every thing that had won her affections for Augustus. It is true that he had made her no offer, nor had the warmth of passion led him at any period to make an open declaration of his regard; but the position in which

they were placed was so well understood between them, that neither the one nor the other doubted for a moment the love which both so fervently cherished.

The Earl of Bestwood, Lord Frederick's father, was considerably advanced in life; he was a proud, austere, avaricious man; and, though his wealth was immense, he still coveted more, and impressed earnestly upon his two sons the advantages of marrying large fortunes, to support the pomp and magnificence which had for ages characterized the family. Nor were the young men backward in following his instructions; the younger seeking personal aggrandizement as well as property; the elder, certain of rank, looking for a large fortune to unite with his own, that he might the better indulge in extravagance and dissipation; for his bland and gentle demeanour was but assumed, the better to carry on his designs. The General had known the Earl from the days of boyhood; this had led to a renewal of intimacy on the return of the Governor to his native land, and hence arose the visit of Lord Frederick; both father and son being fully apprised of the great *value* (in cash and expectations) of the heiress. His lordship had heard nothing of her qualifications, either personal or mental; it was sufficient for him that she would be extremely rich on the demise of Sir Capsicum, and that he would be enabled to gratify his love of splendour, and to indulge the extravagant tastes which had been carefully concealed from the penetration of his father. As a commanding officer, he was a perfect martinet, torturing the men by a discipline as harsh as it was unnecessary and cruel, and keeping his sub-

ordinates in constant hot water by a system of espionage upon their actions, which was as subversive of confidence and respect as it was mean and paltry. Yet he was high in favour at Court; and the casual glance of royalty pronounced him to be a good officer and an exemplary young man, who well merited the station which he occupied.

But when Lord Frederick arrived at the Cottage, and beheld the beautiful girl whom he had previously felt sure of making his wife, stronger feelings than those prompted by avarice came over him, and, though vain of his own handsome appearance, a few doubts arose in his mind with respect to his rendering himself at once acceptable; but he never contemplated a total failure of success. After conversing with her, and finding that she possessed a cultivated mind, his line of conduct was quickly marked out and steadily pursued, so as to dazzle the object of his ambition; and proud was he at the progress which he had made. The attainment of his hopes seemed certain; judge then of his surprise, when offering his hand and rank, on receiving a decided but respectful refusal. The old Earl, who understood that everything was going on swimmingly, was more than astonished—he was enraged—that his son should be rejected, and immediately wrote the General, imploring his good offices in behalf of the future possessor of one of the oldest titles in the peerage. Lord Frederick acted up to his father's counsels in persisting to force his proffered regards on the fair Emma, who, following the advice of her aunt, reluctantly and distantly submitted to the infiction.

Augustus had been absent several months, on account of the removal of his ship to a more distant station, when intelligence arrived of her having fought a gallant and determined action with a superior force, in which the captain had been killed, and the command had devolved upon Montgomery as the next senior officer. The event, after a desperate struggle, was in favour of the British flag. The French surrendered; but their fire had so shattered their diminutive conqueror that it was found impossible to keep her afloat; and, on the second day after the battle, she went down, the officers and crew barely escaping with their lives to the prize, in which, however, they had safely arrived at Portsmouth. Montgomery was promoted to the rank of commander, and appointed to a fine eighteen gun brig, then newly launched, and nearly ready for sea.

The news filled Emma with a delight which she could not disguise; all the fondest emotions of her heart were called into play, and the unrepressed gratification that sparkled in her full and brilliant eyes opened to Lord Frederick, who witnessed all, a new solution to the enigma of his first rejection; but he experienced no anger, and displayed no resentment. He now considered himself as the accepted of the fair girl, though in good truth her coldness to his advances rather chilled his admiration; and, but for the promised honey, he probably would have quitted the hive. A suspected rival in the field, however, roused his self-estimation; he had now an additional stimulus to exertion, and he resolved to come off victorious.

In the full and free indulgence of every noble sentiment



that actuates an honest, upright, and manly heart, Augustus visited the Cottage. On entering the grounds, he was met by her on whom the thoughts of his soul had so ardently dwelt, with Lord Frederick Milford walking by her side. They did not appear to see him; and, before a recognition took place, he had time to observe that his lordship was speaking in the language of persuasion, and his companion seemed to be attentively listening. An acute and unaccustomed thrill of vexation pained the young seaman for an instant, but it was soon forgotten, when Emma, having caught sight of her lover, promptly quitted the side of Lord Frederick and bounded towards Montgomery, with her hand extended, and every feature of her countenance glowing with animated pleasure, which she did not strive to repress.

The gentlemen approached each other: Montgomery's look was expressive of mortified surprise; his lordship's indicated the pride of triumph. A distant salutation passed between them, though it was evident, from the manner of both, that this was not the first moment of their acquaintance. Restraint, however, with Augustus had no long duration; he was too happy to be near the almost worshipped Emma to yield to the domination of unpleasant feelings, and their mutual cordial greetings were warmly given and as warmly received. Even his lordship relaxed, and tendered his congratulations to Captain Montgomery on his good fortune in action and subsequent promotion; which the other coldly acknowledged, and Emma was completely mystified.

The General welcomed the young naval hero with enthu-

siasm. All his latent remembrances of fights and battle-fields were revived, and taking the youthful commander by the arm, he insisted upon his sitting down at once and recounting every particular of the engagement that had won him his step; and Augustus, anxious to secure the veteran's good opinion, readily complied. Lord Frederick proposed a further walk to Emma, but this she declined, and was supported by the authority of her father, who directed her to be seated near her old shipmate and friend till his narrative was concluded. The young noble withdrew, on pretence that he had letters to write; and shortly afterwards he mounted his horse and rode to Newport, the headquarters of his regiment.

As soon as decorum would permit, Augustus and Emma wandered through the grounds alone, and after a pleasant conversation on past enjoyments, he inquired, "how long Lord Frederick had been at the Cottage?"

"He is an occasional visitor," replied the rather embarrassed girl; "he frequently rides over and passes a day or two with us here; in fact——," and she stopped.

"What were you about to say, Emma?" asked the young seaman, who conjectured what was likely to follow; he then quickly added—"But no, my love, I have no right to question you; the same spotless integrity that has ever characterized your conduct assures me that you remain unchanged."

"Indeed, indeed, Augustus, I know of nothing that merits severe reprehension," responded she, "unless it is a little deception that has been practised; and even that had its

origin in——” Once more she ceased, for delicacy forbade her to add “my affection for you.” But she promptly continued, after a short pause—“in an earnest wish not to vex the General——. Another time I will tell you all about it, if my aunt does not anticipate me, and I would rather that she should.”

“As you please, Emma,” returned the Captain; “but may I ask whether you—that is, I mean the General—is much attached to the society of my cousin?”

“Of your cousin, Augustus!” repeated his companion, with some degree of surprise; “I really cannot inform you; I was not aware that he was acquainted with any cousin of yours.”

Montgomery gazed earnestly upon the countenance of the young lady; for a moment he was incredulous; but the calm serenity that sat upon her features assured him that, however strange it might appear, she was uttering the truth.

“And do you not know,” said he, “that Lord Frederick is my cousin?—that my father, whom you must remember, was brother to the Earl of Bestwood? though he was not an earl when you came over to England in the *Diomedé*. Surely some one must have told you?”

“I was not aware of it, Augustus, till this moment,” replied Emma; “but, if this is the case, why are you, as relatives, so distant to each other?”

“It is a long story, Emma, if related in detail,” answered Augustus, mournfully; “it embraces mental suffering and bodily affliction; but it may also be briefly told. When I

lost my revered father, I was left alone in the world." The fair girl looked at him reproachfully, and he comprehended the reproof. "Well, well! not exactly alone, Emma, for, young as you were at the time, you were then, as you have ever been, the chief solace and delight of my existence. Oh, that I could at once declare the unbounded love that is cherished in my inmost soul for you! But, Emma, I am now, as I was before, poor, wretchedly poor! My pay and some little prize-money are all that I can call my own; it is barely sufficient for my expenses. I cannot keep company with my brother officers, for I must and will be just before I am extravagant, or even generous. Emma, my dearest and best love, you know not, you cannot conceive, what it has been my lot to endure;" and bitter recollections caused him to cover his face with his hands.

The language of her lover thrilled with agony through the heart of his fair companion; but it was quickly succeeded by pleasurable emotions at his declaration with regard to herself. She already knew that she was beloved by him; she had often felt surprised that he was not more explicit in his avowals; but now the whole truth flashed upon her mind—it was his poverty that had deterred him, and, come what might, she was determined to share it with him, should her father refuse his consent to their union.

"You have disclosed, Augustus, within these few minutes, circumstances that have hitherto greatly puzzled me," said she; "but tell me—for I am deeply interested in the matter—tell me what cause of difference exists between you and Lord Frederick Milford?"

“I have already informed you, Emma,” replied he, “that my father, at his decease, was unable to make any future provision for me. I was almost destitute; my noble relatives would have left me to struggle with every difficulty; in fact they did so; nay, more—the earl refused to make over a small estate, that ought to have belonged by right to my father, because there were some imperfections in the deed under which he claimed it. There are other circumstances, Emma, which I will not shock your ears by mentioning, especially as no proof can be adduced—at least, none has been discovered—of the real facts of the case. Lord Frederick is wild and dissolute, proud and revengeful; but, dearest, I heed them not; the dread of losing you is the all-engrossing subject that fills my mind.”

“But why should you lose me, Augustus?” affectionately inquired the agitated girl. “And if Lord Frederick is what you represent him to be, I will have nothing more to say to him, but discard him at once.”

“Discard him, Emma!” exclaimed the young officer, looking perplexedly in her face; “discard, dearest, is an authoritative word. What does it mean? surely he has not presumed—and yet, why should he not do so? He has rank, however it may have been attained; he has riches in possession, and large additions in prospect. All must admire and esteem you, Emma; but,” he added, dejectedly, “I cannot endure the thought of your becoming his wife.”

“Nor will I ever be so, Augustus,” replied she firmly; “oh, why do you think so contemptibly of me?” and she burst into tears.

Montgomery pressed her to his really aching heart. He was unacquainted with the extent of what had passed while he was away, but longed to hear from her own lips all that had occurred; nor was he disappointed; she candidly told him everything, and an oppressive weight was removed from his spirit. But with returning consciousness of her unaltered regard came also painful apprehensions that the General would never receive him as a son-in-law. Still hope sustained him; he was in the service of his sovereign, and had been rewarded by him for bravery; his reputation was unblemished; the struggles with a gallant enemy opened the path to distinction, honour, and glory; he resolved that nothing should be wanting on his part to achieve all three; and, though he despaired of being rich, yet he did not contemplate a life of wretched poverty. These alternate lights and shades were placed in full review before the General's daughter; and, before they returned to the Cottage, solemn pledges of love and constancy had been mutually given.

Several days passed on in the sweet interchange of affectionate solicitude and thought. Augustus would have spoken at once to Sir Capsicum upon the subject; but Lady Thomond advised the exercise of patience and perfect reliance on each other, especially as the fiery governor had manifested symptoms of suspicion, for, in fact, Lord Frederick had anonymously intimated by letter the true position of affairs.

"I am thinking, Lady Thomond," said the General, shortly after receiving the epistle, which he made no secret of—"I am thinking that it is time for Emma to come to



some decision respecting Milford. I do not understand this shilly-shally work; my way has been to storm where the parties would not capitulate or surrender; and she shall have him before long, or I'll know the reason why. Do you think, my lady, legal commands are to be thus trifled with?"

"But, if there is no real attachment between the young couple, Sir Capsicum, I trust you would not press a marriage against poor Emma's inclination."

"There—there you go with your 'real attachments' and your 'inclinations,' as if a young and dutiful child, like Emma, was privileged to cherish either the one or the other in defiance of the orders—ay, written orders, too—of a fond father. Nonsense, my lady; nature revolts at the idea. I have provided her a handsome young fellow—a lord, too; and, though it is rather a delicate point insisting upon the thing, I say she *shall* be his wife."

"I fear it will never come to pass," answered the lady; "I have every reason to suppose that her affections are pre-engaged."

"Pre-engaged!" uttered the General, with vehemence. "Pre-and-fiddlestick! my lady—pre-engaged, indeed! the thing is impossible, utterly impossible; it would be sheer disobedience. And, pray, who do you imagine has dared to venture upon so hazardous an experiment?"

"I will not positively assert the conjecture as a fact, Sir Capsicum," answered Lady Thomond, "but there is a young man to whose society she has been accustomed from the period of her leaving the West Indies."

“Oh, is that all?” said the General, ironically; “but I tell you again and again it is all nonsense; and, though they have been so much together, which is certainly a delicate point, they would not dare to fall in love without orders. Besides, Montgomery has nothing but his pay, and Emma will be entitled—that is, if she behaves herself handsomely—yes, she will be entitled to a splendid fortune. No, no, Lord Frederick must be her husband.”

“Have you no other objections to Augustus than his poverty?” inquired the lady.

“None—none whatever,” answered the ex-Governor; “he is a bold, hearty, manly fellow, and I hope I shall live to see him an Admiral—shan’t want for my help, either—but as for marrying my daughter without a gilder in the world to bless himself—no, no, it would never do.”

“Oh, that a little dross, that we can neither bring into the world nor carry out with us, should separate hearts that are fondly attached!” ejaculated the lady. “You have ample means for both, Sir Capsicum. Emma is averse to his Lordship, but she loves Augustus.”

“I will not believe it, Lady Thomond,” responded the General; “it would be a breach of discipline that I could never pardon.”

“But, my dear Sir Capsicum, have you not indirectly encouraged their attachment by sanctioning their repeated interviews?”

“That’s a delicate point, truly, Lady Thomond,” replied the veteran—“a very delicate point, but not sufficient warrant to excuse a breach of discipline; but I do not believe a

word of it, and, *à propos*, here they come to answer for themselves."

This, however, was anything but *à propos* for the young couple or for Lady Thomond, as Augustus and Emma entered the room from the lawn through a glazed door, and were instantly addressed by Sir Capsicum. "So, Captain Montgomery, there's a pretty report made against you to head-quarters—nothing short of mutiny, sir; and you, too, Emma, are implicated in the affair. But I know there is no truth in it; however, you shall have an opportunity of denying it yourself."

"I am not aware to what your allusions tend, General," replied the perplexed Augustus, "but shall deeply regret if I have said or done anything to forfeit your good opinion."

"Right—right! I am well convinced of it, my boy," said the veteran, with pleased self-complacency; "I knew it was all a farce; you have never dared to fall in love, as they call it, with Emma? say so frankly and at once, and then Lady Thomond will be satisfied."

Augustus was silent, and the young lady, much embarrassed, looked inquiringly to her aunt, who smiled, but gave no other indication of understanding her meaning. Not a word was spoken for upwards of a minute, when the General again vociferated, somewhat more sternly than before: "Well, Captain Montgomery, I am awaiting your reply; have you presumed to love my daughter, or have you not?"

The young officer was rather confused by the sudden-

ness of the question; but he resolved neither to deny nor to equivocate; and he felt that it would be the best, or, at least, the most honourable course, to make a candid disclosure.

“I am sensible, Sir Capsicum,” said he, deliberately, “that it must be presumption in me to love Miss Emma, whose worth so far exceeds my poor deserts.”

“A delicate point, and nicely distinguished,” said the General. “Augustus, you are a worthy and sensible fellow—orders must be obeyed.”

“But,” continued Montgomery, scarcely waiting for the veteran to finish his disjointed sentences—“but it would be utterly impossible to associate with one so good and excellent without loving her; and, if to love her is a crime, it is one which I can never repent committing.”

“Eh!—what! Young man, this to my face!” exclaimed the mortified and exasperated Governor, “treason under my very nose, in my own house, ay, my garrison, as I may call it! And you, miss—what have you to say for yourself?—come, quick, and mind the word of command.”

“I will confess the truth, my dear father,” replied the beautiful girl, as the blushes suffused her cheeks, and the tears started to her eyes, “I will conceal nothing; Augustus and I have long loved each other—”

“And your sanction, General,” said Montgomery, as he took the young lady’s hand, and both bent the knee—“your sanction, General, is all that we require to render our happiness complete.”

The rage of the veteran was smothered for a moment, to burst forth with redoubled vehemence. "Out of my sight both of you!" roared he; "a most delicate point, truly! As for you, miss, the black hole and bread and water for a month, or till you marry Lord Frederick—"

"At the risk of incurring your greater displeasure, General," said the Captain, "I must appeal to your better feelings against so harsh a decree. I can never cease to love your daughter—"

"And," continued Emma, taking up the thread with a spirit worthy of the ex-Governor himself, "that daughter would die rather than give her hand to Lord Frederick Milford."

This was worse than all. Had a dozen shells exploded before the General he would have stood unshrinking and unmoved; but to be thus addressed by his daughter was beyond the endurance of human nerves. He stood dumb with astonishment and passion; his authority was set at naught, and a defiance hurled in his teeth in the heart of his citadel; his orders had proved to be no more than so much wasted breath. Had lightning struck him he could not have been more shocked; with a hasty bound or two, he sprang through the unclosed door, his lips quivering, and his face livid with rage.

"You must leave us, Augustus, instantly," said Lady Thomond, deprecatingly. "Trust to each other's truth, and I will carefully watch over the interests and welfare of both; but, indeed, Augustus, you must take your departure; to remain would only irritate him beyond all bounds; and,

Emma, bear in mind, my love, that Sir Capsicum is your father."

Augustus would have opposed this request; but Emma, who well knew the implacability of her parent when labouring under contradiction or disappointment, joined in the entreaty of her aunt; and Montgomery, made sensible that no advantage could be gained by remaining under existing circumstances, pressed the fair girl to his heart, and, after a renewal of their solemn pledge, left the Cottage. Unfortunately, he met Lord Frederick at the outer gate, and, in the vexation of the moment, taunted him upon his unmanliness in persecuting a lady, who, he was well aware, had not one atom of regard for him. This produced a retort equally discourteous; but, as the young nobleman was cool, he had the advantage over his naval cousin, who, wrung with vexation and anguish, seemed to have utterly lost his usual evenness of temper. He reviled his Lordship; and the words "dastard" and "coward" slipping out, swords were promptly drawn, and a few passes made, without injury to either, except a scratch on the wrist of Lord Frederick, who suddenly put spurs to his horse and rode off, leaving Montgomery master of the field.

We must now pass over an interval of several months, during which Augustus greatly signalized himself, and his gallantry met with further reward. Lord Frederick persisted in his devoirs to Emma, who treated him with cold contempt. The General had relaxed in his austerity, and again indulged his daughter kindly; when, unexpectedly, orders arrived for his Lordship's regiment to embark with-



out delay for Spain, and Sir Capsicum, to his great delight, was appointed to the command of a division of the army under Lord Wellington. All was instantly bustle; for not only did the General resolve to embark forthwith, but he determined that Emma should accompany him; and, as Lady Thomond was desirous of being near her niece, she was also included. In a few days all was ready, and they set out for Portsmouth, where they were received on board a large transport, carrying the band and staff of Lord Frederick's regiment. A fine eight-and-thirty gun frigate took the troop-ships under convoy; with a fair breeze they quitted the harbour, and in a few hours were running down the British Channel.

The Bay of Biscay was gained, but the weather, which had hitherto been fine, became stormy. The wind chopped round dead against them, and hurried down in fitful gusts; there was every appearance of an approaching gale, and preparations were promptly made for meeting its fury. The frigate had kept her accustomed station pretty regularly, and, as the transport in which the General and his daughter had embarked sailed well, she was ordered to keep near the Commodore. But she was extremely crowded, and her accommodations were very little better than those usual in such ships (and what they were at the period of which I am writing many brave officers can well remember); so that, though the passengers were distinguished, yet but small comfort could be obtained. The General seemed to care nothing about it as far as he himself was concerned; but the ladies and their servants suffered terribly; and often did

the veteran look at the beautiful frigate and wish they were on board of her. Nor was his wish long ungratified, for, while the gale was showing its teeth previously to a thorough set-to, a handsome barge came alongside with a polite message from the captain of the man-of-war, offering his cabin to the use of Sir Capsicum and the ladies. With his accustomed quickness and decision, the General accepted it; some baggage was hastily stowed in the boat; the General's party, including Lord Frederick, who, though not invited, chose to consider himself a member of the family—followed, and in a short half hour they were all safe on board the frigate. The Captain was not on deck when they arrived, but he ascended shortly afterwards, and respectfully uncovering his head to the General, presented to him the noble and manly countenance of Augustus Montgomery. A flush of anger passed over the veteran's cheeks, and old resentments were kindling in his heart; a generous feeling, nevertheless, struggled with it, when he called to mind the unkind treatment which Augustus had experienced at his hands, and compared it with the generous action of giving up his cabin for their comfort and convenience; he returned Montgomery's salute rather stiffly, but the next minute his hand was extended.

“Well, well, Augustus!—that is, Captain Montgomery,” said he, “I thank you for your kind consideration—it is a delicate point, too—perhaps, had I known who commanded—but there—there; you have acted nobly, and I forgive you; delicate as the point is, Emma will be glad to see an old acquaintance.”

Glad!—if the delight that was sparkling in her eyes could be taken as an evidence of gladness, her heart must indeed have been full of it; especially when Augustus respectfully offered the support of his arm, and she felt a gentle pressure of her own that thrilled through every vein. Lady Thomond was gratified beyond measure, for she loved the young man as if he had been her own son. Lord Frederick appeared to be much embarrassed: a formal salute passed between the two cousins; but, while Montgomery stood firm upon his sea-legs, yielding to the motion of his gallant ship, the young noble, affected by it, could not stand without the aid of a seaman. The Captain conducted the party below, where a pleasing comparison was drawn between the confined and nauseous space which they had quitted, and the capacious and airy cabin of a fine frigate. Arrangements had already been made for every one, or there would have been but short time for them, as down came the gale with tremendous fury, and the fierce war of elements began—the proud ship riding triumphantly amidst the battle, as if appointed umpire of the strife.

The first care of Montgomery was for his frigate, which, by the efforts of his fine crew, was soon under snug canvas, and lifting over the billows like a pintado bird off the stormy Cape. The transports obeyed the signals and evolutions of the Commodore; and, though some of them were evidently making bad weather of it, yet on the whole they were in pretty good order; and Montgomery, having done his utmost to preserve it, issued his directions to his officers and then paid a visit to his passengers. The General had

crossed the ocean too often to suffer much from the effects of the gale; but Emma and Lady Thomond were labouring under that utter incapability of self-exertion which sea sickness mostly produces; nor was Lord Frederick much better than the ladies. All that kindness and maritime skill could devise was put in practice by the Captain to alleviate their distress, while the anxious but impetuous father could not but be struck by the coolness and intrepidity of the sailor, as compared with what he had himself witnessed in the conduct of his titled cousin; admiration was growing into warm respect, and respect promised to ripen to esteem. Several times he was heard muttering to himself, "He is a fine fellow, a brave youth, that Augustus. 'Tis a delicate point—a very delicate point—wish he was rich and had a title."

The day was succeeded by a dark and dreary night. The conflict between the winds and waves grew more and more terrible as each in wrath poured out the increasing strength of their mighty power. The beautiful frigate, though buoyant as a petrel, frequently trembled and quivered beneath the raging seas that broke relentlessly over her; the giant spars bent like twigs, as the weather-roll brought them in fiercer combat with the roaring winds; and thus for three days did the tempest continue unabated in its passion, the ship driving down into the Bay upon the Spanish coast. The transports were all dispersed—not a vessel of the convoy was to be seen; but shattered pieces of wreck, as they drifted past, told a tale of destruction and death.

THE DELICATE POINT.









On the fourth day, the gale appeared to be breaking, when a large ship of war was discovered amidst the haze, about three miles under their lee, and the frigate, on edging towards her, ascertained that she was of a similar class to herself: from not displaying her ensign, or responding to signals, she was at once pronounced to be an enemy; and, amidst the elemental strife, preparations were made for attacking her. But the stranger manifested no desire for a nearer acquaintance, as she too kept away, having friendly ports of shelter to leeward. Eager to frustrate this attempt to escape, Captain Montgomery ordered sail to be made, and the noble craft staggered and reeled under its pressure. About noon the sky became clearer, and the high land of the coast of Spain was visible, not three leagues distant, and they found themselves at the opening of a deep bay near to Cape Ortegal. But this did not daunt the daring spirit of Montgomery; he was well aware that to leave so powerful a foe in the vicinity of his scattered convoy was extremely hazardous to their safety, and, therefore, he boldly pushed on after the retreating ship, upon which he was gaining fast; and, in little more than an hour, when they were close in upon the rocks, he got alongside and opened a brisk fire from every gun he could bring to bear. The stranger had hoisted French colours and rounded-to for the purpose of engaging; but, as she hauled up and felt the heavy pressure of the wind, her mainmast went over the side, dragging with it the foretopmast and jib-boom. Again she put away before it; but no port appeared to leeward except a narrow entrance between two lofty ridges of

craggy mountains, into which she could hardly hope to enter; her head, nevertheless, was standing for it. Montgomery ran across her forefoot and raked her—the wreck of the masts encumbered her progress—down came the colours: but the English frigate was too near that iron bound shore to take possession. Montgomery had fulfilled his duty by disabling his opponent, (who soon afterward drifted on the rocks), and now turned all his best energies to get out of the difficulty and peril which he had so gallantly incurred.

The veteran General had been witness to the whole: Lord Frederick was sick, and could not make his appearance.

“Bravo, Augustus!” bellowed Sir Capsicum close to the Captain’s ear, “you did that well. Yes, yes, it was well done: pity you could not bring the fellow out—sure of knighthood then; now the point will be delicate, very delicate, indeed. However, you have my best wishes, and shall have my earnest recommendation; that is, provided we get safe out of this.”

“I will use my best endeavours, General,” returned the Captain; “the ship has always behaved well, and we should *never despair*.”

This last was uttered with an emphasis which seemed to make some impression on the veteran; and, in fact, their situation was of so perilous a nature as to require considerable talent and strong nerve to extricate them. In the eagerness of pursuit and attack, the frigate had got deeply embayed; and, as the gale rather increased than diminished,

the whole line of coast, about a cable's length to leeward, presented one continued range of creamy foam. The only chance of escape was to weather the westernmost point of the bay; and this could be done by no other means than carrying a broad spread of canvas. The courses, a close-reefed main-top-sail, try-sail, and fore-stay-sail, were set upon the starboard tack; her lee broadside was under water, and she dashed through whole seas that covered her decks.

She neared the spot of greatest danger—a mass of craggy rocks, over which the breakers were beating fearfully. It was a moment of intense anxiety to all; for it was evident that, if she cleared the rocks, it would be only by very close shaving. The sun was going down amidst an angry glare of clouds that crimsoned the horizon and threw its ruddy tints upon the boiling surge. Nearly three hundred living souls, encompassed within those wooden walls, might in a single instant be hurled into eternity; and there the sturdy seamen stood, awaiting in stern silence the result of their Captain's skill. The General was thinking of his daughter with all the feelings of a father.

“Will she do it, Augustus? will she weather it?” he asked. “We do not open it: it is a delicate point indeed.”

“But it is steep-to, sir,” answered the Captain; “and if our sticks and canvas will but hold, I have yet hopes.”

At this moment, a heavy broken sea came in over the

starboard quarter, and rent the stern of the boat that was hanging at the after-davits clean away. Still onward dashed the noble ship; and, had but a tack, or a sheet, or a mast, been carried away, her bones would very soon have been picked up in small pieces along-shore. At length they were close to the rocks; and, according to the General's phraseology, a truly "delicate point" it was. The broken and bubbling waters came hissing and dashing over them. For several minutes it was a matter of doubt whether she would accomplish the hazardous undertaking. Death, in the most horrible form, was under their lee, whilst, half a cable's length ahead, all was clear and open, and they could see a stranger on the weather bow (to whom the colours were hoisted) in perfect safety, going away free.\*

The point was gained; all stood in breathless attention—a man might have easily pitched a biscuit and hit the rock—the raging surge was bursting over them; but Augustus knew the admirable qualities of his ship, and that the recoil was in her favour, though it buried her in spray. She did not wait to surmount the waves, but clave them in twain, till the danger was weathered; and then, as the helm was put up, like a fine water-dog, she shook herself from the seas, and bore away to the open ocean. A shout of delight would probably have arisen, but the people looked at their Captain,

---

\* This is the moment which my worthy friend, E. Duncan, has selected for his admirable picture.—THE OLD SAILOR.

whose hands were clasped together in fervent gratitude to Heaven.

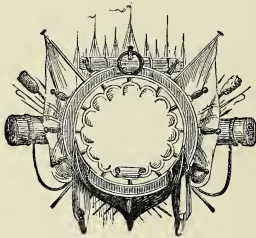
“You have done it, Augustus, you have done it!” exclaimed the General, seizing the Captain’s arm. “It has been a severe struggle—but the delicate point is mastered, and she’s your own, my boy—she’s your own!”

“I am happy to have gained your approbation, General,” said the Captain; “the frigate, under the blessing of Heaven, is now our own.”

“No, no,” eagerly responded the veteran; “I do not mean the frigate, but Emma: yes, Emma is your own; you shall have her, boy—you shall have her; for you are worthy of her. I have had my misgivings ever since Lord Frederick ran away from you at the Cottage gate: but it was a delicate point, my good fellow—a very delicate point. That is all over now. Go and tell her what I say, and let her know that we are in safety There—there—no acknowledgments; away with you—away.”

“Need I say anything of the happiness of two attached hearts, thus sanctioned in their love? No; it is not necessary for me to add more than that the gale abated; the convoy, though much damaged, were collected together; the port was ultimately gained; a regimental chaplain united Augustus and Emma; the General assumed his command, whilst Lord Frederick’s health was so much deranged by the voyage, that he was compelled to be sent home just on the eve of a

great battle. Malicious rumours arose which spoke of another cause for leaving the army at so important a moment; but it would be hazardous to mention them, because speaking after other people is always "a delicate point."







## Morris's Islands.

“ Oh, Love! true Love! what alters thee? Not all  
The changes that flit o'er the heart of man!  
Thou art the fruit that ripens—not to fall;  
The flower that lives beyond the summer's span.”

MAGNIFICENT, truly magnificent, is the harbour of Rio de Janeiro; and, perhaps, there is not more splendid panoramic scenery in the whole world than is presented to the eye from the place of anchorage between the city of St. Sebastian on the south, and the pretty island of Braganza on the north. The entrance to this place is spacious, with almost perpendicular mountains on either hand, one of which, from its peculiar form, is called the Sugar Loaf. To the westward, in the distance, are innumerable small islands, just dotting the surface of the broad river, assuming a rich purple tint at the rising and setting of the sun. Behind the city, the mountains, covered with eternal verdure, rise sublimely grand, climbing up into the very heavens; while, on the Braganza, rise others not less stupendous, mantled with gigantic trees down to the water's edge, and broken occasionally at the base by small bays of silvery sand, that glisten and sparkle in the bright rays of the sun, delightfully contrasting with the delicious green of the wide-spreading

foliage that hangs clustering above, and from which here and there are seen the white convent, or the chapel, breaking through the mass of branches, like a coy virgin peeping from the shade. The city, with its spacious monasteries and churches, its palaces and luxurious gardens, looked temptingly from ship-board, and the whole awakened in the breasts of Englishmen that veneration and worship for romantic scenery which has ever been a characteristic of my countrymen.

And yet how fallen, how degraded, were those on whom Providence had conferred such innumerable blessings; and how strange it is, that, in a country where the precious metals were as common for household purposes as earthenware in England, so much real poverty, ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, should prevail! I have seen the ingots of gold and silver in piles eight feet high, arranged with scrupulous care to the amount of millions in value beneath the regent's palace, in vaults resembling a blacksmith's forge,—yet the court was poor, and the people wretched, because they trusted to the perishing dross, instead of exerting their own industry in the cultivation of the soil and the extension of commerce. It was England that reaped the abundant harvest; and it is worthy of notice, that the enterprise, ingenuity, and skill of my countrymen have profited most in those parts of the world where wealth particularly abounded.

I was at Rio with the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, when he conveyed the royal family of Portugal from their own home-shores to this delightful region; and, had Don John pos-



HARBOUR OF RIO JANEIRO



sessed common sense, and a moderate stock of intellect, he might have rendered his dominion in the South American provinces far more valuable to himself and more formidable to his enemies than the slice of continent which he left behind in Europe. But Don John was an ignorant bigot; yet it is not to him that my tale relates: the circumstances occurred long, long before he had being; and though the priesthood, even when I was at Rio, held unbounded influence over the minds of the sovereign and people, so as to compel the royal family to be bearers of a silken canopy over the pampered bishop, yet that was nothing to the days when the "Anathema Maranatha" sealed the fate of thousands, and men rushed to untimely death through fear of denunciation from the Church.

One of the most pleasant places in the neighbourhood of the city of San Sebastian is the Bahia da Gloria, or, in English, Glory Bay; and refreshing is the sea-breeze as it sweeps over the surface of the waters to cool the temperature of the air. I was sitting one lovely afternoon in the balcony of a pretty residence on the shores of the bay; my companion was an officer in the Portuguese service, who had passed a considerable portion of his time in travelling, had resided many months in England, and could speak both French and my native tongue with considerable accuracy. He had picked up and treasured a great fund of information, and was particularly fond of collecting romantic legends, of which he had a stock sufficient to form a tolerable circulating library. Nor was he sparing or backward in narrating the intelligence he had gained, when he thought it would be

amusing to the parties with whom he might happen to be. We had been conversing on the legendary lore of England, which he declared to be more extensive than that of any other country in the world ; and in the course of discussion we very naturally reverted to the region we were then in. Before us, right in the centre of the passage into the harbour, lay the rocky island of Villegagnon,\* with its low fort, in which some French invaders had been compelled to shelter themselves when driven from the city, and they held the battery for a long time, in defiance of the force that was brought against it. From that subject we passed to a cluster of small islands, three or four miles outside the harbour, called Morris's Islands. They were nearly circular in form, and thickly covered down to the verge of the sea with trees in perpetual verdure. I had noticed them when we first made the land, and wondered that such apparently beautiful spots should be left to slumber in their loneliness upon the ocean.

“What a delightful residence one might have on the largest of those islands,” said I, “away from the turmoil and care of the world! There is plenty of fish and turtle; a small space might be cleared for a garden, a few poultry to breed, and a cow to give milk, or even goats, would do.”

My companion shook his head. “You would soon grow weary of it,” said he; “it is all very pretty in imagination, but quite another thing when reduced to practice. Fish and

---

\* It was thus named after the leader of the French party, a man of undoubted courage, who, in 1556, conveyed Queen Mary from Scotland to France.



turtle you might occasionally get, but for the rest, it would require great labour, and no little expense, to supply your wants."

"But would it not be gratifying to the mind to live in pleasant retirement," urged I, "away from the excitements that rouse the passions, and disturb our peace?"

"You mistake the thing," argued he; "man is a domesticated being. The Creator has ordained that he should be so, and the perpetual solitude of those islands would but ill accord with that expansive benevolence which is implanted within us for the best and wisest of purposes. The recluse who shuts himself up from intercourse with his fellow-creatures wilfully sacrifices the choicest pleasures of existence."

"But I would not be entirely alone," observed I; "it is not necessary. I would have a dear and amiable companion."

"Of the feminine gender, of course," interrupted he, laughingly, as he laid his hand upon my arm.

"As a matter of course," returned I, full of delight at the thoughts I had conjured up.

"And what woman do you suppose would bury herself alive, merely because you wished it?" asked he: "women are too worldly for that; they worship the fashions, and if you only procured her a new dress of seal-skins by your own hunting of the animal, she would long to make a public display of it. Besides, my dear friend, it would be impossible to run out of doors and fetch the nurse and the doctor when you wanted them. Fancy and reality are two widely different things."

Now these latter were affairs upon which I had not calculated, but the mere mention of them brought me down from my romantic stilts. "And yet," said I, "it would be pleasant for a while."

"If you are in the humour for a story," said he, "there is one connected with that very island you have been speaking of, that may serve to illustrate our subject. The hero was a countryman of yours. I have been at some pains in collecting the particulars, and believe that I have obtained them pretty correctly. Have I your sanction?"

"Oh, most certainly," responded I, for I always loved a good yarn, and knew he was no bad hand at spinning one; "it will afford me much pleasure to listen."

"Then we will have another bottle of this delicious claret," said he; "it is as cool as in the mountains of the Gironde—the first pressure of the grape, rich to the palate, and purifying to the blood. Here, boy ——"

An old negro of sixty made his appearance with a "Si, signor," and then stopped at a deferential distance to await orders.

"Another bottle from the same case, daddy," commanded the officer, returning him that which had been emptied. "Be careful not to shake it; and let us have clean glasses and fresh cigars."

"Si, signor," replied the enduring black, as he withdrew; and in a few minutes he re-appeared with the articles required, which he placed on a stand before us, and then retired.

"National prejudice," said my companion, as he lighted

his cigar, "national prejudice very naturally places individuals of the land of our birth among the most profound scholars, statesmen, and warriors of the times. But I have been too long a citizen of the world to give undue preference to my countrymen; and it certainly must be admitted, that the viceroys who formerly governed this colony were not the most remarkable for their learning and knowledge."

"I am aware of that," assented I, with some degree of pride. "When Captain Cook put in here in his voyage round the world, he stated the object of his enterprise to be the making of observations on the transit of Venus; but the viceroy and his court could make nothing of it but the north star taking a trip to the South Pole."

"Malice! sheer malice!" returned he, composedly, though it was evident that this citizen of the world was every inch a Portuguese, and did not like the reflection upon the ignorance of his countrymen. "Slander is current in all parts of the globe, but detraction has ever turned out to be base metal. However, to my tale."

I cannot fix the precise date, but it was many years ago, probably in the reign of your second Charles, when profligacy at court could be maintained only by extraordinary exactions, that licenses were granted to private armed ships to go round to the western coast of this continent to trade—that is, to force contraband dealings, and to fight the *guardacostas*, should they presume to interfere in the traffic. It is true that instructions were given to the English men-of-war to seize, take, burn, and destroy all buccaneers; but

this was a sort of legalized marauding, that smoothed down an uneasy conscience, should blood be shed in carrying it on. Oh, there is nothing like a royal privilege for sacrilege and plunder! and many a church altar was cleared of its plate during the darkness of the night in a most unaccountable way, not a single trace remaining on the following morning of the picaroons, though an ominous white speck might be seen lifting on the verge of the horizon out at sea, like a gull dipping the extremity of its wings, as it sportively played over the coom of a billow.

It was somewhere about this period that a handsome and well-appointed ship, commanded by a Captain Morris—I have seen it spelt Marice, but that is not an English name—anchored off Lisbon to procure a supply of wine. She was admirably manned and well armed, and as her avowed destination was Rio Janeiro, for which place, it was stated, she had a valuable cargo, Don Jose etcetera etcetera Ferreira, who had been appointed as superintendent of the gold mines of San Paulo, as well as governor of that district, was desirous of taking a passage in her. Morris at first respectfully declined the venture, lest his real destination should be detected—for he was bound round Cape Horn—and the Spaniards should be apprized of his intention. But Don Jose invited the captain to his house, and introduced him to his wife and daughter, who were to share with him the perils of crossing the ocean.

Your countrymen, signor, are like tinder beneath the sparkling eye of a pretty woman; they catch in an instant; and Don Jose's daughter was, I understand, more than is

implied by the term pretty. She was very lovely; and, if Don Jose had not been more intent upon his own aggrandizement than the chances in favour of an attachment to the bold Englishman, he would have reasoned cautiously upon the ready assent of the captain to receive him on board, although he had only a short time before positively refused to take any passengers. But, signor, there's no accounting for these things; and in a week from that time, the future governor of San Paulo embarked in the *Swallow*, with his family and household gods, and the following day they left the Tagus under a cloud of canvas, and the vessel was speeding her way, like her namesake, upon the open ocean.

At first the ladies were sea-sick, and this afforded Morris an opportunity of assisting that utter helplessness which this malady is sure to bring on. Donna Inez, the mother, had a share of his attention; but his whole soul seemed devoted to Donna Clara, the daughter, who, suffering in the extreme under the distressing and debilitating symptoms, clung to him with the same eagerness that a drowning wretch would do to his preserver. Now, though sea-sickness is no great heightener of female beauty, yet there is a delightful feeling attendant upon the conviction that the being who is under its influence is, in a manner, dependent upon you as a refuge in affliction; and it is sweet to cherish the thought that you are rendering service to one who, without your aid, would suffer in hopeless wretchedness. We love to have the weaker sex reclining on our stronger nature, and we never feel more firmly attached to one dear object than when her whole reliance is placed upon our

honour. And yet, signor, how many thousands perish through that very reliance !

Donna Clara was young, artless, and inexperienced—she was not eighteen. Morris was the noble, handsome-looking seaman of five-and-twenty ; and, therefore, it can excite no wonder if, shut up within the wooden walls of a ship, the one weak and confiding, the other affording gentle protection, gratitude and generosity should form a mutual attachment. Captain Morris had resigned his own state-room to Clara, and had a temporary accommodation erected for himself next to it forward, so that only a slight bulk-head parted them. But, whilst the sea-sickness lasted, he was both night and day unremitting in his kind attentions to the suffering lady.

At length, use to the motion of the vessel and fine weather overcame the indisposition, and the passengers assembled on the deck to enjoy the cool and invigorating breeze, which, in the increased heat of the atmosphere, was rendered most grateful. You know what it is, signor, to gaze upon the moon-lit waters while the vessel gallantly cleaves the ocean, and the sky and sea, in their subdued brilliancy and beauty, harmonize with the pensive feelings of the heart. A bewitching hour is that of evening, when stillness reigns throughout the ship, and not a sound is heard but the whispering of the waves, as the bold craft divides them hither and thither. Oh, how the generous emotions of the breast expand, and thoughts of home and those beloved steal upon the mind in all the varying shades of joy and sorrow ! But you, probably, have never experienced what



it was at such a period to have a fair and exquisitely-formed arm passed through your own, and leaning upon it for support, while eyes that rivalled the sparkling gems of the billow were looking in your face with the full expression of innocent delight. Oh! there is, there must be, a soul-thrilling pleasure at such moments; for, though much may be said of the glowing evenings in the palazzos of Italy, or the Bay of Naples, yet, for perfect felicity in love, nothing can equal the sweet embrace upon the wide ocean, where fond attachment fears no rival to awaken jealousy, and all the mental energies are concentrated in peace, and joy, and confidence.

Morris and Donna Clara felt all this; but, as affection grew stronger and stronger within, so did outward caution more powerfully prevail for the purpose of preventing their secret from becoming known. They loved, passionately loved each other, but both were well aware that, if suspicion of the truth entered the mind of Don Jose, the father, or Donna Inez, his lady, all future communications would be prohibited: nor were they the only parties who excited fear; there were both male and female attendants on board; and though the former seldom interfered with the cabin arrangements except at meal-times, the latter were mostly associated with the ladies, and slept in the standing bed-places of the great cabin. One of these, Marietta, was a pretty black-eyed girl, of unexceptionable figure and smart address; and from the time of her embarkation she had admired the handsome captain, which admiration progressively increased, till she became perfectly enamoured of his person, and sought

numerous opportunities to convince him of the fact. But Morris was insensible to her blandishments, for his heart was pre-engaged; still he was fully mindful that the disappointed girl would, in all probability, conjecture the cause, and keep a watchful eye upon his actions, to ascertain whether her conjectures were correct. Hence arose a necessity for the utmost precaution on the part of the lovers, who, notwithstanding their strong affection, were compelled to act with reserve and distant respect when together. It was in the evenings, the delightful tropical evenings, that they had opportunity to hold sweet converse, while leaning over the bulwark of the high quarter-deck, and gazing apparently on the wide expanse of waters. But this was only for short intervals; and at last even these became few and far between, so that, had suspicion been excited, the apparent indifference of the captain to Donna Clara, and of Donna Clara to the captain, must have very soon removed it.

But you will ask, Were the lovers really insensible to each other? No, signor, they were more firmly, more fondly, more devotedly attached than ever; but their interviews were stolen when all besides were wrapt in slumber; and though their conversations were low and brief, yet Morris could fold her in his arms, could press her to his heart, and she would recline her head upon his breast, and sleep in happy security. The fact was, signor, the captain had contrived a shifting panel in the bulk-head that divided his cabin from that of Donna Clara, and they passed many unobstructed hours together.

Thus matters stood when they made Cape Frio, and ran

down with a fine breeze off the land towards those islands to which Morris was subsequently to give his name. Don Jose and his partner rejoiced at the prospect of a speedy termination to their voyage; but their daughter beheld in it a painful separation from one whom she enthusiastically loved, and she mourned over it with heaviness of spirit. It was sunset—a glorious sunset—as the vessel lay becalmed off the islands, and the towering Sugarloaf, darkened into intense blue at its watery base, but gleaming in the golden sky of the west, received upon its summit the last rays of the declining luminary. Morris gazed upon each well-remembered object (for he had been here before), but a dejection had crept over him; he, too, was contemplating the hour of parting with melancholy forebodings of future loneliness in the prosecution of his voyage to the South Atlantic, and debating with himself whether he should not seize some coasting vessel, in which to put Don Jose and his suite, so as to send them into the harbour, whilst he continued his course with Donna Clara to the River Plate. It is true, he wanted water for his ship, and, individually, he would have endured any hardship to keep his affianced with him; but his generosity triumphed over selfish persuasions; the health of his crew demanded his care, and he determined to risk his own happiness rather than that they should suffer privation or distress.

That night, the last they could truly call their own, was passed in anguish and bitterness of heart. Morris, indeed, was determined not so easily to resign his prize, for he had contemplated plans of carrying off Donna Clara as soon as

his vessel was again ready for sea ; and though he knew the difficulty he should have in persuading her to leave her parents, and was well assured of the great danger of the undertaking, as well as the certainty of death if detected and unsuccessful, yet he hoped, by skilful management and unflinching courage, to prevail over all. Donna Clara had no such stay to sustain her in the approaching trial ; hers was deep and hopeless despondency ; and, while her wet cheek was pressed to his, she saw before her an immense void, which fancy was filling up with pictures of perpetual misery. They could not converse ; for they feared that the expectations of the morrow might deprive some of the inmates of the great cabin of sleep, and to be discovered would at once put an end to future casual interviews.

Never had daylight been a more unwelcome visitor to aching hearts, for it fixed the barbed arrow deeper ; and never was agony more excruciating than that which wrung the bosom of Donna Clara, as the faint beams grew into stronger light, and warned the lovers to part. Morris could scarcely free himself from the grasp of the despairing girl ; and when he at length retired to his cot, he solemnly swore never to love another, and that, ultimately, nothing but death should divide them.

The sun rose in splendour, and his fierce rays poured down upon the ship, as she still lay becalmed near the islands, to which they had been drifted by the current so close as to be within a cable's length. The foliage looked gorgeous, as well as refreshing to the eye, and Morris thought how happily he could pass his days on such a spot,

with Donna Clara to sweeten the cup of existence. I—ay, and thousands of others—have cherished the same idea, signor; but, believe me, it would not stand the test of practice.

Don Jose and his family remained below, preparing for disembarkation, and Donna Clara was late before she quitted her cabin, because the overpowering heat of the sun, which had risen high in the heavens, deterred her from ascending to the deck. But the truth was, that she durst not venture to be near Morris, lest she should betray the grief which was almost overwhelming her. You have been in a calm outside, and know what it is to be sinking under the lassitude arising from an overheated atmosphere; you must have felt a faintness creeping over both your mental and physical energies, a heavy weight that oppresses the vital functions, a relaxation of the system, which seems to be the precursor of the dissolution of nature. You must remember, also, that the ocean lies like a dead sea, mirroring the ethereal blue of a cloudless sky, and reflecting its radiant splendour with dazzling brightness, as from a plate of polished steel. Suddenly the horizon to the eastward darkens to a deep and intense blue; the line advances, continues to approach, leaving its ruffling effects upon the space which it has traversed. The sleeping sails, that hung listlessly down the masts, begin to shake and tremble; the breeze—the sea-breeze—is coming, bringing with it refreshment and relief from torture; it comes with delicious coolness, bracing the nerves, and dissipating languor; every fibre acquires its proper tension; sickness departs, and cheerful health re-

sumes its sway: is it not, then, most appropriately termed "the doctor?"

The *Swallow* caught the sea-breeze, her canvas was trimmed, and onward she sped past the lofty Sugarloaf, saluting the heavy battery of Santa Cruz, and boldly steering for the anchorage near the island Da Cobra, where she brought up. The boats were manned, and Captain Morris conducted his passengers ashore to the viceregal palace. Here he left them, and, after transacting some business, returned to his ship. Oh, how desolate did that cabin appear, which had been so recently tenanted by one whom he ardently loved! They had passed together nearly three months, a considerable portion of which they had been inseparable, and now he was alone and sad.

In a day or two, Morris received an invitation to visit Don Jose at a pretty house, which he had taken on the shores of this bay; it stood, signor, upon yon promontory that rises from the sea, and near the chapel which, you now see, forms a prominent feature in the landscape. It was surrounded by a walled garden, in excellent cultivation, and full of the delicious fruits that grow so profusely in this climate. The boundary-wall of the place still remains, but the garden has been renewed, and a more modern edifice erected. You may judge for yourself that it is a beautiful spot. Well, thither went Morris on horseback, preferring the journey by land, that he might not expose his after-intentions of removing Donna Clara by means of his boats. His reception was cordial and kind, and compunctious visitings stole over him as he thought of the injury which



he purposed to bring upon the devoted parents. Donna Clara, though she strove to be guarded, could not sufficiently restrain the warm gush of impulse when the captain approached. The glow upon her cheeks, the bright flashing of her full-orbed eyes, the tumultuous swellings of her bosom, manifested her rapturous delight; and, but that her parents attributed it to her excess of generous feeling, she would have stood convicted before them. In fact, they themselves were warm admirers of the captain, who had treated them, whilst on board, with every attention and respect; so that, in the exercise of their own grateful feelings, they made allowance for those of their daughter.

But there was one who silently looked on, and was not to be so easily deluded. The gnawing worm of blighted hope and disappointed affection had cankered the heart of Marietta, who, with woman's intuitive quickness, saw in the conduct of her young mistress the cause of the neglect and coldness which she had experienced from Captain Morris. For a minute or two, she felt as if the blood had ceased to circulate through her veins; then came a sudden reaction—a deep scarlet subdued the paleness of her cheeks and brow; her heart swelled almost to bursting; jealousy gnawed at her very vitals; and falling on her knees as soon as she was alone, she uttered a fearful oath that she would have revenge.

The lovers were unconscious of this, and, in the evening, in the privacy of the pleasant garden, they renewed their vows of eternal fidelity and love. The time they were thus together was but short; it sufficed, however, to restore

greater tranquillity to both. Oh, how much would their alarm and uneasiness have increased, had they been aware that the lynx-eyed watch of demoniac jealousy was upon them! Marietta, availing herself of the umbrageous foliage, had contrived to steal upon them, and, though she could not hear what passed, yet she beheld the Englishman press the yielding Clara to his breast, and imprint impassioned kisses on her lips. Every bad and malignant passion was excited; her suspicions were fully confirmed; and, in the maddening certainty, she gave herself up with infernal hate to meditate deeds of vengeance.

Morris from this time frequently visited at Don Jose's, and on these occasions he opened to Donna Clara his plan for elopement; but, devoted as she was to the Englishman, she nevertheless shuddered at the proposal of abandoning her parents, and drawing down their imprecations on her head: but she did not positively reject the plan, for she shrunk from the thought of making her lover wretched. To a union with Morris she was convinced her father would never consent, for the latter, being a rigid Catholic, looked upon a Protestant as a heretic, beyond the pale of salvation; besides, Don Jose prided himself too much on the antiquity and nobility of his ancestors, to sanction so disproportionate a match between the daughter of a grandee and a roving English adventurer.

The captain's scheme was to quit the harbour as soon as he was ready for sea, and to bring up for the night out of reach of the batteries. He intended then to return in a light skiff to a little bay beneath the promontory on which

the residence of Don Jose stood. Clara was to join him outside the garden, and they were to embark together in the *Swallow*, which, once under way, with the land-breeze to blow them along, would soon be safe from pursuit. To this arrangement Clara assented; for though she was reluctant to leave her parents, yet if she remained it would be at the expense of an eternal farewell to Morris.

Marietta was aware that something was in progress, but she could not fathom what it was. Still, judging by herself, she supposed that her young mistress would find means to accompany the captain to sea; and, as the ship was nearly ready for sailing, she very naturally assumed that there was no time to be lost in preventing it. Marietta, therefore, at the confessional, artfully denounced the lovers to the priest. A conclave was held, to consult on the best means of punishing the base, heretical captain, and of compelling the rebellious lady to pass the remainder of her days within the walls of a nunnery. A deputation waited on the astonished Don Jose, and, with great circumlocution and innumerable denunciations, represented the whole affair, heightened by exaggerations that were calculated to terrify advancing age. They insisted that a convent was the only place for Donna Clara, who was summoned before them and ordered to prepare herself for the terrible change. The beautiful girl was ready to expire, when she found that her love for the Englishman was known; and dreadful was her horror at the prospect of being separated for life from all that was precious and desirable. In the meantime, she was closely confined to her apartment; Marietta was appointed by

ecclesiastical authority as her jailer; and, trusting to the watchfulness of the latter, the priests thought themselves secure.

That evening Morris came as usual, but met with a chilling repulse. Marietta, in the name of Don Jose, informed him that his visits must be discontinued, and that henceforth it would be dangerous to approach his residence, as his duplicity had been discovered and his vile schemes thwarted. A spiteful, mischievous devil lurked in the eye of the waiting-woman as she delivered her message: she yielded to the full indulgence of malignity, and, for the moment, exulted in the wretchedness which she had caused. But it was only for the moment—the passion which she had cherished for Morris was not eradicated; and, when she saw him turn despondingly away, her strong regard returned with full force, and she would willingly have fallen at his feet, and implored his pardon, if only to have gained a smile of favour. But it was too late; for the captain, afraid of involving Donna Clara if he should attempt to thrust himself into the presence of her father, had manifested indignation at the insult offered, and returned to the city.

Among the followers of Don Jose was a youth, to whom Captain Morris had been particularly kind during the voyage out; and, in one instance, while fishing for an enormous shark, had caught him when falling overboard, and, in all human probability, saved his life. The youth was much attached to Donna Clara, and grateful to the captain; he therefore readily became the means of communication between them; and as Morris, fearing that detection might

take place, had arranged to come at night in his boat to the little sandy bay at the foot of the promontory, he kept his word, and there had an interview with his young friend, who had scaled the walls of the garden when all had retired to bed, and, descending the rock, was waiting to receive him. Both spoke the French language fluently, and therefore they were enabled to converse with freedom; and now it was that Morris learned the exact position in which Donna Clara was placed, and the intention of immuring her for life in a convent.

Half distracted with passion, Morris threatened to bring an armed band to attack the house and carry off his mistress; and, had his ship been fully equipped for sea, it is not improbable that he would have done so, and thereby caused great injury to his countrymen who should thereafter visit the place. But, happily, he was not prepared for sailing, and consequently he saw the impolicy and futility of rashness. By the messenger he sent the strongest professions to the lady, and promised to be in the same place on each succeeding night, under a hope that vigilance might be relaxed through his seeming indifference, and that Donna Clara might be induced, if it was in any way possible, to meet him there. Accordingly, on the following night, he again repaired in his boat to the spot appointed, taking with him a rope ladder, which had been made by the seamen, to assist Donna Clara in surmounting the enclosure, should they not be successful in obtaining the key of the gate. Long and anxiously did he wait, but no one came; and, impatient at the occurrence, the captain climbed the rock,

and at all hazards entered the grounds, but everything was still and tranquil. There was a lamp burning in Marietta's room, and this assured him that she was still an inmate of the house. After watching for some time in the shrubbery, he became convinced that it would be both useless and hazardous to remain longer, and therefore, with a heavy heart, he regained his boat, having concealed the ladder, as agreed upon, in a nook of the rock, where the youth might find it.

Arduous were the exertions of Morris on the succeeding day to prepare for his departure; but obstacles were thrown in his way: he no longer met with courtesy from the authorities, and it became evident to him that the tide of influence was against him. Whether this arose from what had passed at Don Jose's, or from suspicion being excited as to the real character of the *Swallow*, he could not tell; but it determined him to be off, at all hazards, as early as was at all practicable.

No sooner had thick darkness veiled the sky, than his little boat was again in motion, and in a short time he was once more at the rendezvous, where he had not waited long before he was joined by the youth, who had discovered and secured the ladder. He learned that Donna Clara was still guarded with great strictness, and, it was expected, would be removed in a day or two; that, in fact, it was only owing to the entreaties of her parents that she had been suffered to stay, as the bishop had issued his decree for her safe custody, as one that was contumacious to the Church. Morris would have again entered the garden, but was dis-



sueded from his purpose, as no benefit whatever could be derived from it; and the chances were that much mischief might ensue, as it was impossible for him to see, much less speak to, the idol of his affections, whose regard he was assured continued undiminished and unchanged.

For two successive nights after this, he was in the bay, but had to return each time without obtaining intelligence, as the messenger never made his appearance; and doubt and uncertainty racked his mind, so that he resolved on the next occasion to accomplish his purpose, or perish in the attempt. But on the third night, he had been but a few moments on the beach, when the youth approached, accompanied by a second person, who was instantly pressed in the impassioned embrace of the captain—it was Donna Clara. Half yielding, half reluctant, the poor girl was conveyed to the boat. A heavy purse rewarded the youth; and in a few minutes the light skiff was dancing on the waters at some distance from the shore, and drifting out of the harbour with the ebbing tide.

An arduous task now devolved upon Morris, who, though his heart thrilled with delight, as he sat with his arm encircling Donna Clara, while she reclined her head upon his shoulder, yet felt all the danger of his situation. To take her on board the *Swallow* would, he was well aware, be exposing both to discovery and most probably to death. He knew that, under one pretext or other, his ship would be rigidly searched, not only while in the harbour, but also when passing out under the guns of Santa Cruz, one discharge from which, in case of not bringing-to, must sink

him. There was only one alternative—to land, and leave his companion on one of the islands outside, where he might pick her up in running out to sea. This he proposed to Clara, who was ready to assent to anything that might save her from the convent, which she was to have entered the next day. Thither, then, they directed their course; every instant was precious, and the trembling girl was landed to pass the remainder of the night and the succeeding day alone—the only human being on that desolate spot—without shelter and without food, excepting a few biscuits and some fresh water.

But what will not woman's love endure for the object of her regard! Oh, signor, they may talk of the fortitude of man, but what is to be compared with the patient suffering of woman, who will brave every trial, every peril, for the individual on whom her heart's best and dearest affections have been placed? Donna Clara, the high-born and well-attended girl, submitted without a murmur; and Morris, after promising to visit her as soon as darkness should again cover the waters, rowed back with all speed to his ship, which he had not reached more than a quarter of an hour when she was boarded by the guard-boat; and, under pretence of searching for deserters, every part was subjected to a rigid examination. But it was without avail, and they discovered nothing that could implicate the captain in the abduction of the lady; for, no doubt, that was the main object they had in view. In fact, Morris assumed such an open frankness of manner that even suspicion was lulled to rest.

The return of night, however, again saw Morris afloat in his small boat; and this time he went prepared with necessaries, to render the detention of Donna Clara more comfortable. He found the terrified girl anxiously expecting him; and great was her joy at his arrival. The seamen promptly set to work, and, with the sails they had brought, very soon erected a commodious tent; branches of trees were piled up, on which a mattress was spread, and a well-filled basket of provisions furnished a supply for the cravings of nature; whilst, to add to her gratification, the captain informed her that the next day but one he should quit the harbour, and take her on board again, but that he would not fail to come the night previous to see her.

What the feelings of Donna Clara were during the solitude which she passed, it is not easy to say. No doubt, thoughts of her parents and the home she had quitted for ever weighed heavily on her mind; and, though she ardently loved the Englishman, still there was before her a dark future, which it was utterly impossible to penetrate. That evening the *Swallow* was nearly ready for sea; and the captain, in the fulfilment of his promise, set out to encourage and cheer the lady of the isle. But he never returned; the boat was discovered the following morning upset near the rocks off Fort Villegagnon; the oars and a man's hat were floating on the water, whence it was supposed that every soul had perished; but, though search was made for the bodies, they were never found. The *Swallow* was detained for several days in order to have the matter investigated: the mate assumed the command, and no

further intelligence being obtained, he sailed upon his cruise.

Whether the mate was acquainted with the fact of Donna Clara having been conveyed to the island is unknown. The probability is, that only the seamen who accompanied the captain were in the secret; though, perhaps, the mate, supposing the captain might have been saved, and ambitious of his new power, had forborne to explore the place, lest he should be superseded. Be this as it may, the *Swallow* sailed, and every one believed that Morris and his men were drowned.

It was nearly twenty years after this event that an English frigate put into Rio, on her passage out to India; and one day, as her boat lay off the palace stairs, an old and wretched-looking man presented himself to the officer in charge, and earnestly requested to be taken on board. He declared that he was a native of England, and claimed the protection of the British flag. The captain of the frigate, coming down to embark, granted the poor fellow's request; and nothing could exceed his delight when he again found himself among his countrymen. He was supplied with food and clothing; and then, being summoned to the quarter-deck, he gave the following account of himself. He stated that he had been a seaman in the *Swallow* free trader, and was one of those who accompanied Captain Morris in his excursions to Donna Clara. On the last night of their visits, while lying in a small cove at the island, waiting for their commander, who was up at the tent with the lady, a Portuguese barge with muffled oars ran into the same place,

gagged and bound the two English seamen without noise, and, throwing them into the barge, took the small boat in tow, and pulled away, leaving Morris and Donna Clara behind. When they had got into the harbour, the small boat was purposely capsized and abandoned, and he and his shipmate were landed in Gloria Bay, whence they were hurried into a cart, and escorted to a convent several miles in the interior, where they were interrogated, and suffered great torture, to compel them to confess the whole of the proceedings. They were then sent in secrecy to the mines, in the neighbourhood of San Paulo, as state prisoners, and buried under ground, scarcely ever beholding a gleam of daylight. His shipmate had died in the fourth year of their captivity, and since then he had been compelled to toil unceasingly, until, after repeated trials, he at length effected his escape, and was fortunate enough to get on board the frigate. Of the fate of Morris and the lady he was utterly ignorant, but thought it very likely that both had been murdered.

Captain Gwatkin, who commanded the frigate, made it a point to institute inquiry into the truth of this statement; but he could glean very little information on shore, although numbers remembered the boat being found bottom up, and so far the tale of the poor fellow was corroborated. Both Don Jose and his wife were déad, but a female who had lived in the family was a Sister of Charity at one of the public hospitals. Thither Captain Gwatkin repaired; the sister readily attended. It was Marietta; and from her he learned, amidst tears and lamentations, the part which she

had been induced to act in the tragic drama. She expressed her conviction that her young mistress and her lover had fallen victims to the vengeance of the priests, but of their actual fate she knew nothing, except that they had never been seen since. The seaman was confronted with her, and mutual recognition took place. The whole of the circumstances seemed so strange and romantic that Captain Gwatkin determined to visit the island, and ascertain if any clue remained to the fate of the unfortunate couple. The viceroy, an intelligent man, offered to accompany him, and a party was made up more for a pleasant excursion and curiosity than from any other motive.

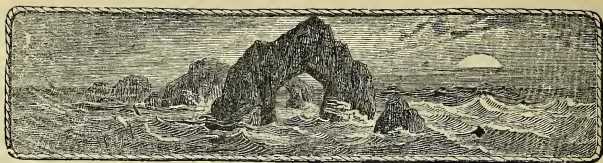
The viceroy's state-barge was manned; the frigate's boats were also in attendance; and on a splendid morning the procession, with gay streamers flying, and a well-dressed company beneath the awnings, pulled out of the harbour, and, guided by the seaman of the *Swallow*, the viceroy's barge entered the cove, and the party were soon landed. The man led the way up the rising ground, till they came within sight of a flat, where the trees grew in great luxuriance, and the thick foliage darkened all beneath it. But the sun was shining brightly, and his rays penetrated through the leaves; so that everything, though dim, was yet discernible. The ends of two or three ropes hung from the branches; and on the ground lay the tattered remnants of a sail. This the man declared to be the spot on which they had erected the tent; and the singularly romantic history of the unhappy pair, rushing upon the minds of all present, caused a deep silence, as the party halted at a short distance with something like reverence.



At length Captain Gwatkin and the viceroy advanced, followed by as many as the space would admit. The seaman laid hold of the remnant of the sail, and drew it on one side. A shuddering thrill ran through the spectators, which was succeeded by deep groans and piercing shrieks, the females starting back in horror ; for there, at a short distance from each other, lay the perishing relics of two human beings, in the last stages of decay. That these were the remains of the lovers was speedily confirmed by the discovery of some imperishable articles that were identified by the seaman, and the certainty was that they had died from starvation. Oh, signor, what must have been their agony, when they saw the *Swallow* pass and put out no boat to take them off! with what horrible anguish must they have watched the receding ship as she diminished in the distance, and then disappeared!

The bones were gathered together, and, on the following day, a grave was dug on the very spot where they were found. Captain Gwatkin, with several of his officers, and surrounded by the brave crew of his barge, read the funeral service, as they committed all that was left of the ill-fated lovers to the earth. From that time these insular mounds have been called MORRIS'S ISLANDS.





## The Hermit of the Rock.

It was shortly after the battle of the Nile (in which, young as I was, I had the honour of being one), the old *Goliath*, under the command of Captain T. Foley, was ordered from Aboukir Bay to look after a large felucca that had been cruising near St. Jean d'Acre, and, though under Turkish colours, made free with the vessels of all nations that fell in her way; in short, there was every reason to believe that she was a pirate, holding respect for nothing but superior force, which it had been the captain's good fortune to escape from or to avoid; and in either case he was greatly aided by a swift-sailing craft and his own peculiar skill in her management. The felucca had frequently been chased, and, sometimes trusting to the fleetness of her heels, had suffered the pursuers to approach within gunshot, and then, suddenly making sail, was soon lost sight of in the distance. As a matter of course, our destination and its object being known to the ship's company, stories, either fabulously invented by sheer imagination or founded upon a pin's point of fact that rumour had spread abroad, were rife amongst them.

“Turk or no Turk,” exclaimed a seaman to his shipmate on the forecastle, “I’ve haarde from them as ought to know somut of the jogmigraphy of the thing from having been close aboard of his starn gallery, and he coils away a precious long tail in the slack of his trousers abaft, and when he’s angry, it runs out as stiff as the spanker-boom over the ship’s taffrail ; but, when he’s pleased, it riggles about, and is as restless as the vane of the mast-head in a stark calm.”

“And I’ve been told by one of his own men who once sailed with him,” said another, “that when he onkivers his tuppenny loaf, there’s a couple of bumkins—ay, regular bumkins, messmates—as sprouts out from his bows ; and they run tapering away to the eend, for all the world like marlinspikes, and as sharp as a sail-maker’s needle.”

“Exactly so,” uttered a strange and apparently unearthly voice, in a tone of solemnity that operated powerfully on the ears of the simple listeners, who looked eagerly around to discover whence the words had proceeded ; but, with the exception of the three or four in their own immediate circle, there was nobody near to them. The fourth lieutenant, with his spyglass in his hand, was scanning the horizon before the sun disappeared below it ; but he seemed to be too much engaged in his own necessary duty to heed or even to hear the conversation of the tars.

“Which of you was it as spoke ?” inquired he who had been the first to address them. All denied having opened their lips. “Well, to my thinking, there’s a sort of a strangeness about it, if so be as not none of you had nothing to say. But it’s gammon you’re pitching, for whosomever

haarde such a thing as a voice without there being a mouth to it?"

"Unless," said a third, looking suspiciously around, "the genelman as you were talking about and overhauling his ugly—;" a whizzing noise, like the flapping of wings, was heard over their heads; and the seaman, instantly changing his tone, continued—"I means, handsome fashion-pieces, has hauled his wind this here way, and has got alongside of us onseen."

"You're right, my man," uttered the solemn, mysterious voice again, seeming at this time to ascend from the very deck on which they were all seated; "quite right."

Once more the worthy tars looked at each other with wonder, but not a soul attempted to remove; although most probably desirous that an example should be set them for the purpose of avoiding the hateful proximity to a deadly enemy, yet no one stirred to take the lead. I was on my feet, leaning against the foremast; and, as I distinctly heard all that passed, I must own that a secret and undefined dread was creeping over my senses, even in defiance of my better judgment, which induced me to suppose that one of the party was practising a trick upon the rest, but in what manner it was accomplished, I could not comprehend. The oldest of the tars turned an inquiring gaze on me, as if suspecting that I was the cause of their dilemma, but he muttered to himself, "No, no; it warn't the young genelman; not by no manner o' means; his breath never came out in that onnatral way, like a blacksmith's bellows with a fit of assmer. I tell you what it is, shipmates—I'm blest if it

is not that 'ere lubberly, pickarooning wagabone, Davy Jones !”

“Right again, Jack Wilson; I'm here, sure enough,” uttered the voice once more, but now it was right in the midst of them, and much louder than before. The man who had been named, in the suddenness of hearing himself hailed, clapped one hand upon the deck and was about to spring up; but, quietly resuming his former attitude, he clenched his fists, as if to clear for action should he be attacked, and exclaimed, “I defies you, Davy Jones, or no Davy Jones!—yes, I defies you out and out! What harm, you lubberly father of all mischief, did you ever know of Jack Wilson?”

“It wouldn't be proper or ship-shape for one friend to tell of another,” returned the voice. “But ask Dick Welsh, as he sits beside you, who it was that prigged the captain's bottle of rum after the engagement in Aboukir Bay. Oh, Jack, Jack! you see I know you, and we shall be better acquainted by-and-by.”

Notwithstanding the utter bewilderment in which the seamen had been thrown, a burst of noisy laughter followed this personal allusion, to the great annoyance of Jack Wilson, who, however, merely replied, “Ay, ay, everybody as knows anything knows as you're a false ould scamp, and won't stand for the disparagement of the cha-rackter of the honestest man as lives, and so it's of no manner o' use mind-ing you.”

“It's true enough though what he says,” slowly remarked Dick Welsh in an audible whisper, “and nobody knowed a word of it but you and I, Jack—that's certain.”

“Silence here forud!” shouted the fourth lieutenant, aroused by the noisy contention; “you’re kicking up such a bobbery amongst you that I cannot hold my glass steady. Less confusion and more vigilance, my lads! Keep your mouths shut and your eyes open, if you wish to catch the Turkish rover.”

Old Jack rose, and, touching the rim of his tarpaulin hat, “I should be sorry, sir, to disobey orders or sail on a different tack to any of my officers; but I sadly misdoubts, sir, as we shall ever catch a craft that is commanded by Davy Jones himself, let her cruise under Turkish colours or whatsoever colours she may. Give me a real substanccheon ényemy of right arnest flesh and blood, and Jack Wilson is not the man to shrink from facing him; but it arn’t in natur, sir, to run alongside an invisible foe, who can carry his craft right slap into a thunder-cloud; and, to my thinking, sir, that’s just the way this here buccaneering chap has escaped from captur.”

“Precisely, Jack,” said the voice, so close to the veteran’s ear that he actually put up his hard, horny hand for the purpose of driving his tormentor away; and an oath slipped out, as he anathematized him for a “shabby, sneaking ould blaggard.”

“What do you mean by that, sir?” asked the lieutenant angrily, under an impression that the language had been addressed to him. “This is insubordination to your superior, sir; it is rank mutiny, and I shall instantly report it to the captain.”

“Pitch it again, Jack,” whispered the voice, within a



few inches of the side of his head; "never mind, my hearty!"

"I *will* pitch it again, you ondeckorous, baboon-wisaged scamp!" roared Jack in a rage, to the amazement of the collecting tars, who now crowded the forecastle without knowing the cause of his irritation. They were all of them well acquainted with the general placid and obedient demeanour of the veteran, and imagined that he must have been seized with sudden madness to use such abusive epithets to an officer who was universally esteemed.

"This is horrible insolence," exclaimed the lieutenant; "and yet surely the man cannot be in his right senses—he never behaved so before."

"Please your honour, it arn't you, sir, as I'm speaking to," said old Jack: "I only wish I could see him in front of me, but he is bam-bagering about out of sight."

"Go it, Jack Wilson!" whispered the voice, apparently in mischievous glee; "I'm skipper of the felucca and general agent for prize-money down below."

"I wish you was down below now," vociferated the enraged veteran. "But," touching his hat again to the lieutenant, "I hopes your honour don't never go for to think I was using such ambigerous language to you. It's in regard of the captain of the Turk—that is no Turk, after all—and yet we are in chase of him."

"Really this is inexplicable; I can make nothing of it," said the lieutenant. "Poor fellow! his brain must be affected. Take him below to the sick bay, men; the doctor will most likely shave his head and clap a blister on."

“ Hurrah, Jack !” whispered the voice, “ blistered, and bled ; gruel and sago, and not a drop of grog.”

“ Howld your nonsensical confabulation, do !” sung out the seaman, and then, continuing to the officer he exclaimed, “ Shaved and blistered, your honour ! No, no ; you carn’t never go for to mean that : why, I’m as onsensibly in my right mind as any man fore and aft. But it’s completely bothered I am with voices, and skippers, and feluccas, pirate’s craft, and all the rest ; my brains—what few I’ve got—are jammed hard and fast, and my thoughts haven’t never got no room to steer, stay, or wear. But I won’t speak another word, except to observe, in the most obedient and obstropelous manner, as I’m very sure no doctor in creation shall shave my head !”

The lieutenant walked aft to the quarter-deck, and I was almost as much puzzled as Jack Wilson to account for what had passed. The story, however, very soon got spread over the ship, and, together with other marvellous yarns, occupied the hours of the night-watches, till a conviction began to prevail that there must be witchcraft in the matter, and all dreaded yet longed to fall in with the pirate. Nor were they disappointed ; for, two days afterwards, we got sight of a vessel exactly answering her description, and every stitch of broadcloth was extended in pursuit. The breeze, at first only light and variable, gradually freshened, and the swelling canvas bore us proudly along ; but, though we got within a certain distance of the felucca, yet we could not shorten it between us, and, as evening came on, she walked away from us altogether, and we lost sight of her. During the chase,

every part of the ship that commanded a view of the supposed pirate was crowded with eager spectators, and none kept a more rigid look-out than the gallant veteran, Jack Wilson; and, when the enemy disappeared in the gloom, he shrugged his shoulders, bit his quid, and hitching up his trousers with his wrists, exclaimed to his messmate, "There the beggar goes!—just as I expected he would, Dick. Oh, the babbling, sheep-shanked, cow-hoofed, ugly ould monster, as takes the con when he wants men to sin; and, after carrying 'em right slap into the bight of trouble to suit his own purposes, over-hauls a range of mischief to bring us up and betray us!—oh, he's a precious sinner!"

"I was afeard the lieutenant would have heard about the captain's rum when the fellow split upon us," said Dick.

"But how pat he had the story, shipmate!—one might have supposed that he had been in at the drinking of it."

"And so I was, Dick," plainly sounded in the ears of the seamen, who started, stared around them, and then quickly separated.

For several days we were occasionally tantalized with the sight of the felucca, but could not get near to her; and, as a matter of course, she did not come within hail of us.

"It is in vain, England, to chase this creature of the wind," said Captain Foley, as he sat on the poop, to his senior lieutenant, as brave and worthy a little fellow as ever wore the royal uniform; "she is all legs and wings—and yet, I do not like to be laughed at."

"The best plan would be, sir," returned Mr. England in his quiet way, "to pick up some vessel that would decoy

her. We might put a crew of picked hands, a party of marines, and a long gun aboard of her ; and, my life for it, they would soon render a fair account of the marauder."

"We'll try it, England—we'll try it," observed the captain. "Look over the watch-lists and select a crew. Let Mr. Jennings (fourth lieutenant) hold himself in readiness to take the command. The subordinates I leave to your decision. We shall not be long in finding a suitable craft: and whereabouts would be the best to trap him?"

"I have heard, sir, that he is accustomed to run for the island of Cyprus," answered Mr. England. "We must get out of the way, as if we had quitted the ground; and Jennings is shrewd, keen, and cautious, so that every trust may be safely reposed in him."

"It shall be done—the plan is a good one; and unless he is indeed what the people fancy him to be, we shall soon have the fellow alongside."

Such was the response of the captain, and the first lieutenant lost no time in making arrangements according to the orders he had received. Mr. Jennings, with a master's-mate, two midshipmen and sixty blue-jackets, a lieutenant of marines, with fourteen of that class, and an assistant surgeon, were to form the intended crew. The *Goliath* stretched away to sea, and, in a few days, we fell in with a smart little brig under English colours, bound to Tripoli on speculation. Captain Foley had the master on board, and pointing out to him the certainty of his being captured and plundered if he pursued his course, offered to pay him handsomely if he would place the vessel for hire in the service. A bargain

was soon struck, and Mr. Jennings, with his chosen men, was quickly transferred to the *Peggy Bawn* of Dundee. Arms, provisions, stores, ammunition, and a long twenty-four-pounder were supplied; and, with three cheers from the old Goliaths, we parted company.

From some cause or other, I had become a bit of a favourite with Mr. Jennings, and he selected me to accompany him as his aid-de-camp: Jack Wilson and Dick Welsh were also of the party, both having volunteered, in order, as Jack said, "to see the eend of it; for it never should be tould that he feared such a cantankerous lubber as Davy Jones."

We stood, as preconcerted, for the island of Cyprus, and during our progress, Long Tom (as they called the twenty-four-pounder) was mounted. Though the brig was much crowded by our numbers, yet the prospect of taking the felucca made atonement for inconvenience, and, the weather being delightfully fine, the awnings were spread, and the men took their meals upon deck. We had a jovial time of it, for the battle of the Nile had cemented the bond of brotherhood, and the particular duty we were all engaged upon relaxed the strictness of discipline. Many a laugh was raised at the expense of Jack Wilson, who persisted that "Davy Jones still attended upon him, and spun him a yarn that nobody could hear but himself; but he scorned to flinch, and hoped to get hand to hand with the wagabone, so as he might teach him better manners."

Nearly a fortnight had elapsed, when, one lovely morning, we made the land, and sure enough there was the

felucca, her white sails showing like polished silver against the dark back-ground, as she lay about midway between the brig and the shore. Every man, except three or four, was ordered below, the long gun was carefully concealed by tarpaulins, and means were adopted to lead to a belief that our brig was nothing more than a trader. Still the pirate was wary; and Jack Wilson, who was at the helm of the *Peggy Bawn*, shook his head doubtfully as to the chance of catching the pirate.

“What makes you think he will escape us, Jack?” asked the lieutenant, who had divested himself of his uniform, and appeared in a blue jacket and duck trousers; “we shall soon have him within reach of our shot.”

“I am greatly misdubersome of that, sir,” replied the seaman; “them no-man’s-land sort of craft play all manners of imperent tricks, and it’s just as easy for him to kick up a fog-bank and slip into it, as it ud be for me to drink a glass of grog, if so be as I could get one.”

“Exactly so,” uttered the well-remembered voice close to his ear; “recollect the captain’s bottle of rum.”

Jack shook his head, in much the same way as a horse would do with a sting-fly tickling his nose. “I wants to have no sort of confab with you,” said he.

“Oh, very well!” exclaimed the lieutenant, as if he had been addressed; “but mind your helm, Wilson, or perhaps I shall have a little confab with you.”

“I sees as it’s of no use trying to argyfy the matter, sir,” returned the seaman solemnly, “but he’s close alongside of me now. Yet it’s onpossible to grab hold of a consarn as



is no more than a voice, and about as much substance as comes to nothing ; and what he can want with me is more than all my learning can display ; but I'll serve him out yet."

By the manœuvring of the felucca, it was evident that the commander was cautious not to commit himself ; and, therefore, without taking any further notice of her than a display of our colours, we continued our course towards the island, Jack declaring we " might just as well run after the moonshine as chase such a craft as that."

The day wore rapidly away ; the wind was light ; but though the object we had in view hoisted Turkish colours and kept us company, yet it was at a respectful distance, which induced Mr. Jennings to believe that a night attack was intended, and for this he made every preparation. The men were in a state of the greatest excitement, for they had no notion of being stowed away in secrecy and inaction in sight of a single vessel, especially after having so recently banged the French fleet, and many half-hints were given that " it warn't by no manner of means Nelson-fashion to be clapped under hatches in the presence of an enemy." But all was lost on the lieutenant, who steadily kept on, as if he had been sent there for any other purpose than ridding the seas of a dangerous buccaneer.

Night came, and we were within a league of the island, whose dark summits showed distinctly against the still bright sky, whilst a hazy mistiness spread itself over the surface of the waters. A vigilant look-out was ordered to be kept, the men lay down ready armed, and the officers

took their stations abaft, to watch and wait for whatever might happen. It was nearly midnight, and all around us was perfectly calm, when we distinctly heard the wash of oars as they dipped in the water, and not a doubt was entertained that it was the felucca rowing towards us.

“Stand by, my lads; be cool and steady,” said the lieutenant; “every man of you knows your duty. Let there be no noise; listen attentively for the word, and, the moment it is given, dash on them, and we shall see what Davy Jones is made of.”

“Jack, Jack Wilson!” muttered one of the men, “if your owld friend should come to visit you afore we gets fairly alongside, just hand us down the eend of his tail, and we’ll pass it along, so as all hands may clap on and rouse aboard the main-tack with it.”

But Jack Wilson said nothing, though he kept clutching his cutlass and handling his pistol, as if eager for the fray. His shipmates passed their jokes upon him, but he did not heed them, his thoughts being apparently wholly absorbed by the coming contest, and his mind confused by what he fully believed to be supernatural agency.

Mr. Jennings was the first to detect the felucca emerging from the gloom, as she swept rapidly towards us, and curled up the sparkling waters beneath her bows; and, notwithstanding the accustomed coolness of British seamen when meeting the foe, it must be owned that great excitement prevailed: for there were many who had laughed at Jack Wilson that were strongly tinctured by similar feelings, though they would not acknowledge it. Still everything

was silent ; not a sound was to be heard in the brig—all seemed to be tranquilly sleeping, and onward came the enemy, stealing along like the wily snake, to dart upon its prey.

And there lay the *Peggy Bawn*, uncontrolled by helm or canvas, for there was not the slightest breath of wind to aid the efforts of the mariner in keeping her head the right way. This was rather awkward for us, as the felucca would be enabled to take us on any point she pleased ; but, trusting to the well-tryed courage and devotion of his people, the lieutenant betrayed no apprehension, and the only sign of impatience was an occasional low whistle, to attract the breeze, which, however, refused “to obey the voice of the charmer, let him charm ever so wisely.”

The twenty-four pounder was, as I have already said, covered over with tarpaulins, beneath which were also concealed a sufficient number of men to handle it, and between whom and Mr. Jennings snatches of conversation passed in low tones, as he apprised them of the situation of the felucca, that was nearing us fast ; but, when about two cables' length off, she ceased rowing, and soon lay motionless on the surface of the still waters. The long gun well directed might at once have sent her to the bottom, but the lieutenant was desirous of carrying his trophy into port ; besides, he was not actually aware of her real character, and therefore refrained from firing.

The moon was just commencing her last quarter, and now rose to illumine both land and sea ; and, though there was a haze below, yet all overhead was bright, and clear, and shin-

ing. A small boat from the felucca pulled towards us, and our lieutenant gave orders for the people to huddle together as close as possible, and not to utter a word. In a short time the boat was within hail, and Mr. Jennings inquired what they wanted. The answer was that the felucca was a free trader, or, in other words, a smuggler, and wished to purchase any contraband that the brig might have on board. The boat was permitted to come alongside, and out of it came a man tastefully attired in a costume partly Turkish and partly Italian: he had a scarlet turban on his head, and loose white trousers below, drawn round the ankle; a blue fancy jacket, trimmed with gold lace, was on his body; and a crimson silk scarf was bound round his waist. His features were particularly handsome, and betokened either Italian birth or Italian origin, but the former seemed the more probable, as his voice corresponded with the supposition.

The lieutenant received him with the rough politeness of a seaman, and the other responded with ease approaching to elegance, and for about the space of half an hour they walked the quarter-deck, conversing with seeming freedom. It was no difficult matter, however, to see that the stranger was restless and frequently gave an earnest gaze at the covered gun, while Mr. Jennings watched his every action, more than ever convinced of his real character. As for Jack Wilson, it was with great difficulty they could keep him quiet, as he said it was none other than the foul fiend himself, and "in good right he ought to have a slap at him." His excitement was greatly increased when Mr. Jennings and

the officer of the felucca parted, apparently the best friends in the world, and the boat rowed away from the brig.

“Well, to my thinking, your honour,” said Wilson, as he ascended to the deck and addressed the lieutenant, “to my thinking, that ere was eather Davy Jones hisself, or one of his relations.”

“You’re right, Jack,” uttered the well-remembered voice close to his ear; “and what a fool you was for letting me slip through your fingers. But never mind, I will be alongside of you again presently.”

“And so you really believe that was old Davy, eh, Wilson?” asked the lieutenant good-humouredly.

“I am sartin of it, your honour, for he’s just tould me so hisself; and the wagabone says he’ll be aboard again directly,” responded Jack.

“In that I will be voucher for his intentions,” said Mr. Jennings with sternness; and then, going to the hatch-way, he spoke in an under-tone to the officers and men below: “A few minutes, my lads, will bring us into action; the captain of the felucca” (“The devil!” mumbled Wilson) “has paid me a visit, and will shortly sweep down to us to *trade*. Be ready, my boys; and Jack” (turning to Wilson), “you shall man-handle your old friend.”

“That is, if you can catch him, Jack,” said the voice the moment the lieutenant had finished.

“I ounly wishes I could get my grappin-irons on you,” retorted the seaman; “but I’m thinking you’re too wise to come within my grip.”

It was rather more than half an hour when the felucca

was again in motion ; but it soon became evident that, instead of pulling towards us, her head was in a contrary direction, and that she was rapidly receding from us.

“I knew it, your honour,” exclaimed Jack Wilson ; “the fellow daren’t face us, arter all.”

“Uncover the gun, my lads,” shouted Mr. Jennings ; “look smart, but keep yourselves cool ;” and he himself instantly took the lead in accomplishing his own orders. The twenty-four-pounder was promptly in readiness ; the lieutenant pointed it, the match was applied, and away flew the shot, but without our being able to perceive the effect produced. To load and fire as expeditiously as possible was now our only course, but there was no wind to blow away the smoke that settled down upon the waters, so as at times entirely to obscure the felucca from our view. Nor was the enemy idle with her guns, as the shot rattled about us, but without doing any material injury.

The lieutenant was exceedingly mortified, as he feared that the pirate must escape him. The gun was well plied ; a breeze sprang up, every stitch of canvas that would draw was packed upon the brig, and the *Peggy Bawn*, as if awaking from a refreshing rest, danced over the sea with renewed swiftness. But the spread of sail, aided by the oars, gave the felucca a decided advantage, and she was walking off two feet to our one, when a shot brought down her main-sail, which fell among the rowers and prevented their exertions.

Daylight came upon us, one of those lovely mornings that are often witnessed in the Mediterranean, but never appear so beautiful in any other part of the world. By the help of



the glasses, we could now plainly discover that our shot had caused considerable havoc on board the felucca; and, though the sweeps were still worked with energy, yet it was in seeming desperation that wasted its own strength. The *Peggy Bawn* was a good sailer, and the freshening wind carried her along faster than ever she had been known to travel before; but this Jack Wilson attributed to Davy Jones having "a concealed tow-line by which he was dragging 'em all to destruction."

The felucca was making for the lee-side of the island of Cyprus, under the hope, as Mr. Jennings believed, of getting into some nook or hole, where she might lie concealed, or where the crew, by abandoning the vessel, might endeavour to find on shore safety from capture. Our long gun, however, was admirably served, and, as the water was smooth, scarcely a shot was thrown away; and thus we continued till the felucca's fore-sail came down, and, cutting away the wreck, they pulled in directly for the land. But even this did not last long: it was evident that she had been struck between wind and water, and the chances were that, in the confused and exhausted state of the crew, she would sink and every soul perish; whilst, to add to the peril of their condition, the men were deserting their oars. We could see the commander of the felucca ranging about the decks, and by blows and entreaties trying to recall them to a sense of duty; but his efforts were employed in vain: terror seemed to have taken possession of their faculties; many were on their knees, others tearing their hair, and a few labouring in dogged stubbornness.

“Cease firing,” exclaimed Mr. Jennings; “she must be ours if she will but float a little longer.”

And true enough, we were soon alongside. The lieutenant, through his trumpet, ordered them to surrender; but their chief, with pistol in each hand, stationed himself at the ensign halliards, and none were found hardy enough to approach him for the purpose of striking the colours. We were on his weather-beam—not a moment was to be lost.

“Up helm!” commanded the lieutenant, and he was instantly obeyed. “Boarders, away!” and the gallant seamen stood all ready with their half-pikes and cutlasses. “Luff to and lay him alongside,” was the next order, which was cleverly performed; and, headed by Mr. Jennings in his uniform, a brave band poured upon the rover’s deck. There was but little resistance, except from the daring and resolute chief, who seemed determined to defy us to the last; and Jack Wilson would most probably have settled his business, but Mr. Jennings sprang between and saved him. This noble act made a deeper impression on the pirate’s mind than any dread of death could do; he dropped the point of his sword (for he had already discharged his pistols and thrown them away) and instantly surrendered. Not another shot was fired, and no other blow was struck; the colours were hauled down; the felucca was indeed our own; and, while one party secured the prisoners, another diligently strove to stop the leak, and pump out the water from the hold. These objects were speedily accomplished: a suitable crew was put on board the prize; we hauled to leeward of Cape Cormachitti, where we anchored, got

jury-masts upon the felucca, and landed a portion of her crew. In two days more we were again under way for Aboukir Bay; but, falling in with the *Goliath* in our passage, the brig was dismissed, and Lieutenant Jennings received orders to accompany the seventy-four to Naples, to join the squadron under Lord Nelson.

From the moment that the piratical captain surrendered, no further animosity existed between the lieutenant and him—in fact, there was something so superior in the manners and address of the rover, that it was impossible not to come to the conclusion that he was no ordinary being; and one evening when in confidential conversation with Mr. Jennings, he communicated the following particulars.

“Signor,” said he, “you see me here by your side a prisoner, rendered so more by your generosity than by any love of life. I am by birth a Genoese, and was born to title and to fortune in the Strada Nuova, where the palazzo of my father stood, and where I was nursed and brought up in luxurious ease. But as I grew older, though still a youth, a spirit of manhood, united with the love of chivalrous adventure, filled my breast. I could not endure an inactive existence; I longed, like my countrymen of yore, to discover and explore new regions; and, before I was eighteen, I had accomplished several voyages, and amongst other parts of Europe had visited England, and learned to love your nation. I also traversed France, and was a witness to many of the horrors and atrocities of the Revolution. Freedom was my idol, signor. In your country, I found it governed only by reason and wholesome laws; in France, under the name of

Liberty, the people were slaves; they pretended to worship the image whilst they yielded to the fetters forged by their own wild and lawless passions; they offered human sacrifice to the goddess of freedom, and gorged her with the blood of their fellow-citizens. I loathed their very name.

“Continuing my career, I became an expert and skilful seaman. It was to me a source of delight to brave the tempest in its fury, and to mount the ocean billows in their rage. I had left my home with all its soft indulgences, to encounter a life of hardship and privation, and I gloried in it. My visits to other shores had opened to me sources of practical information that I could never have obtained by remaining at the palazzo in indolence; and I had acquired a daring and hardihood that rendered me honoured and respected by my countrymen. It was a rare spectacle to witness one of their nobles voluntarily encountering all the perils of a sea-life, to gain knowledge and lay the foundation of future fame. I was projecting another voyage of longer duration and more distant than any I had yet taken, when intelligence reached us that the French army under General Buonaparte, having crossed the Alps, had invaded Italy, and were threatening our territory. This was enough to delay my project. I took up arms on land instead of crossing the ocean, and, my active disposition pointing me out as suited to command, the small navy of the republic was placed at my disposal. I was not long in raising a band of sailors; but there was more to be done on shore than there was at sea, and so I took my brave fellows and joined the Austrians under General de Vins, but was soon afterwards recalled,

and served under your own intrepid admiral, Nelson, in surveying and strengthening the western coast of the Gulf of Genoa, from the great city to Nice.

“Signor, I blush for the pusillanimity of my countrymen; they sold themselves to France, and became worse than midnight robbers. French privateers were allowed to harbour in Genoese ports, whence they sallied forth to perpetrate depredations on our only friends, and returned unmolested by the authorities, who received bribes to blind them to their duty. Often, in concert with the English boats, have I engaged these desperadoes, and more than once or twice was honoured by the commendations of your heroic admiral. But, signor, these affairs were not to continue long: the treacherous Austrians betrayed a cause in which they had never heartily engaged, and, like cowardly poltroons, took to their heels the moment they saw the French. In fact, signor, there were thousands that never met them at all; they were defeated by fear—rascally fear. Still I adhered to my country, and fought her battles till Genoa yielded to French rule; and, on account of my hostility to the measure, I was denounced, my possessions were declared forfeited, a high reward was offered for my head, and I was driven into exile by those in whose cause I had so freely shed my blood.

“Thus situated, I secretly raised all the money I possibly could, and at the island of Capraja I purchased the felucca, manned her as well as I was able, procured arms and ammunition at every opportunity, and, without commission or warrant, I cruised close in shore upon the French coast, and now and then visited the Genoese ports, where I dis-

posed of my prizes, paid my men handsomely, and provided myself with every requisite for either attack or defence. My successes procured me an excellent crew for the work I required, and, when Spain joined France, and declared war against England, I also declared war against Spain, and several of their richly-freighted vessels fell into my hands. Yet, notwithstanding this, my wealth did not greatly increase; for I took care to divide ample funds among my people, in order to encourage them to undertake any enterprise that I might plan, and truly they were not few.

“And now, signor,” continued he, “if your patience is not exhausted, I must revert to a subject that brings to my heart the extremes of pain and pleasure. Ardent as I was in temperament, it can hardly be supposed that I was insensible to female beauty; and, in truth, signor, I did love with an eager warmth of feeling that was closely allied to my nature. The lady was young, amiable, and lovely, and related to the first families in Genoa. Her devotion to me was as strong as was mine to her, and we enjoyed each other’s confidence in all things, so that, when I became a proscribed outcast, not a single doubt of her fidelity ever crossed my mind. But I could not divest myself of fears for her safety; I knew the character of our conquerors too well not to dread the wreaking of their vengeance upon the helpless; and I resolved, at all hazards, to bring her away from the city to a more tranquil spot. By dint of perseverance and large payments, I was enabled to accomplish this: she forsook all to share my fortunes, and I obtained an asylum for her in the island of Cyprus. It was a



lovely place, signor ; and, but for my restless desire to recover my name, and rank, and property, I might have lived a life of calm, dispassionate pleasure : but, having provided for the object of my soul's regard, I once more launched upon the ocean to pursue my hazardous achievements, which gained me an infernal notoriety, that galled my spirit, though it soothed my pride. I have been at war with every flag but that of England, and it is by the British ensign I am torn from all that is delightful, and am now a prisoner. It is true that I at first took you for a Portuguese, and I honestly confess I should have had no hesitation in helping myself to anything I might have wanted ; but, on approaching nearer, doubts arose, which your colours, when you showed them, greatly increased. It was to gain an accurate knowledge that I boarded you in my little boat ; and, when I discovered that you were indeed English, and probably pretty well armed, I left you as rapidly as my vessel could go ; but it was not till your shot came on board of us that I guessed, by the weight of the metal, that a trap had been laid for my capture. However, it is the fortune of predatory warfare, and I am here, though, if Nelson still bears me in remembrance, and my tale of wrong can move his sympathy, I have no fear for my life."

Thus he ended his narrative, which I well recollect operated powerfully on my boyish sensibility (for, being too young to be considered of consequence, I had remained close to the lieutenant during the recital), and more than once I felt the moisture gathering in my eyes.

"It must be owned," said Mr. Jennings, "that the reports

of your exploits have raised you a not very enviable fame, and there are many of my men whom it would be almost impossible to persuade into the belief that you are not in reality an evil spirit. It is true, for the sake of amusement, I have somewhat aided in the deception by a curious power of utterance which I possess, and which has so bothered one of my poor fellows, that he imagines himself bewitched; and I observe he never looks at you without a malicious grin, that plainly indicates what he would do if he durst."

"Indeed!" returned the rover; "I should like to be friends with that man, as well as to learn the mode by which you have practised on his credulity."

We were seated near the taffrail during this conversation, and it happened that Jack Wilson was at the helm. In an instant, I heard the voice that had caused so much perplexity to the seamen exclaim, "Have a care, Jack, my eye is upon you."

"I know it, you wagabone," vociferated the tar; "don't think to gammon me as you've done my officer; and I'm thinking he'll make but a bad day's work on it in the long run."

"Mind your helm, Wilson," said the lieutenant; "keep her full-and-by; you'll be bringing her aback if you hug the wind so close."

"I ax pardon, your honour, but it's onpossible to stand here like a mummy, whilst ould Davy—though he's but a young un as has brought up alongside of you—yet I'm saying it arn't in natur to stand quiet here whilst the enemy of sowls is practising his tricks upon me. Ounly say the

word, and give me fair play, and I'm his match any day."

In fact, Mr. Jennings was a capital ventriloquist, and he called Jack to him, in order to explain the nature of his talent; but the seaman remained incredulous: superstition was stronger than any other influence; and, when we joined the *Goliath*, he preferred a request to return to his ship, as he declared "no good could come of sailing with Davy Jones for a consort." His wish was complied with; but, to the great chagrin of the worthy seaman, the very individual he had so vehemently defied was removed to the seventy-four with him, and poor Jack was almost at his wit's end.

Whoever has visited the Bay of Naples cannot fail to remember the beautiful panoramic spectacle that is everywhere presented to the sight, beneath a lovely sky, clear and resplendent, whose face is not concealed by the silver-hued, gauzy clouds, that resemble the pinions and drapery of unseen angels sportively playing in the balmy breeze. The scenery alone is quite sufficient to excite the most ardent admiration, earth, ocean, air, harmonizing with exquisite grace, and displaying the glories and wonders of creation, delicately toned by those rich tints of natural brilliancy which the painter loves to portray whilst striving at the choicest cultivation of his art. But when, to the gratification derived from contemplating the picturesque in its most delightful garb of mingled simplicity and grandeur, is superadded a knowledge of ancient historic lore connected with the locality, and vivid imagination con-

jures up bright visions of former magnificence and greatness—

“ When Rome, the mistress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle-wings unfurled,”

and spread them over the empire that bowed beneath her powerful sway—then, indeed, is the pleasure heightened to an elevation that produces sublime emotions, and the mind roams freely over the mountains and valleys of the romance of life associated with classic recollections.

There, too, stands the gorgeous city, reviving pleasant memorials of the Neapolitan poet of old, who sang of the early architect in strains as melodious as hers who chose the site and raised the structure:—

“ Built by sweete Siren; said to be built by  
Sterne Phaleris: his Empire's happy glory.  
Called the rare hortyard of faire Cyprades:  
Called the new field of valiant Hercules;  
Called the fat soile of Ceres, crowned with corne;  
Called the rich vineyard of the God unshorne.  
No marvell; for no city like to thine  
For sweetnesse, empire, beauty, strength, corne, wine.”

After a quick passage we entered this superb bay, where we found the *Vanguard*, the *Alexander*, and the *Culloden*; and, soon after anchoring, the rover was transferred to the flag-ship. The felucca was condemned, and we quitted her for the *Goliath*, which was ordered back to Alexandria.

I must now pass over an interval of several years, during which Mr. Jennings was made a commander, and I obtained my commission as a lieutenant. The turmoils of war were at an end. Napoleon had resigned the imperial crown, to take upon himself the sovereignty of Elba, and a squadron

of English frigates was stationed in his neighbourhood to watch his proceedings. I was then second lieutenant of a fine eight-and-thirty, cruising on the western shores of Italy, enjoying all the delights of the climate and the gaiety of the different places we visited, among which was Naples; and here we remained some time, for it was the season of the Carnival.

From my early years I had been partial to reading old books of voyages and travels, so as to gain information of former events and collect the views and opinions of ancient writers. In accordance with the locality, I had been perusing the work of George Sandys, published in 1621, and was highly amused with his descriptions of the Holy Land and Italy, particularly of the neighbourhood in which we then were; and I resolved to solicit permission to take one of the cutters and examine the Grot of Pausilype, with other wonders adjacent to it. My request was complied with; and, with eight stout hands and well provisioned, we started. The wind was light but favourable, and a few hours brought us to our destination, which we (for I took one of the midshipmen with me) explored in every direction. Thence we proceeded to Puteoli, and, in rounding the point that forms the eastern extreme of the bay, I was much struck by seeing a beautifully-wrought marble figure, which, with body inclined and extended arm, was pointing towards the projecting land of Pausilippo. On a rock, lying at a short distance from the base of the eminence on which the statue was placed, the rough trunk of a tree was fixed, from the extremity of which a basket was suspended.

Here then was food for the romantic mind to feed upon; and, laying the cutter's head to the land, I and my young companion were soon on shore: and, after inspecting the figure, we entered an ancient ruin that was close by, and discovered a venerable man clothed in a white garment, with a beard and scattered hair singularly blanched.

"What seek you with THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK?" asked he in a voice that I fancied I had heard before.

"We can only apologize for intruding," answered I; "but I must assure you that I had no idea any human being inhabited the place."

"You are English," added he, "and they are always welcome. I have loved your countrymen, though they have done me injury. But it is not for a worm like me to complain."

"You have chosen a lonely dwelling," remarked I; "may I presume upon your favour to make me acquainted with its history?"

"What it was in ancient days I am unable to inform you," answered he; "but, as it respects myself, it has connection with a mournful tale, evidencing the fallibility of human happiness. Would you wish to hear it?"

Such a question was readily replied to, and he commenced his narrative with the words,—

"I am by birth a Genoese, and was born to title and fortune in the Strada Nuova, where the palazzo of my father stood, and where I was nursed and brought up in luxurious ease—"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed I, as memory exerted all her





THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.



powers; "why, those are the very words uttered by the commander of a felucca we captured, when relating his history." I looked steadily and keenly at him, and though his head was silvered and his beard descended to his chest, there was no mistaking the features. "You are—you must be—the very man of whom I'm speaking, that was captured by an English brig off the island of Cyprus."

He appeared to be greatly agitated for more than a minute, and then replied, "You are right, signor; that wretched man is now before you."

I was not long in reminding him of my identity with the youngster who shared in that enterprise, and I requested him to inform me of what had occurred after our separation. He was by no means averse to communicate, and he continued: "When I landed at Naples, a prisoner, I sought and obtained an interview with Nelson, to whom I told the story of my wrongs, and vowed revenge upon the French. He listened attentively to all I had to say, and not only granted me my liberty, but, through the intercession of Lady Hamilton, I obtained a commission in the Neapolitan marine, with the command of a division of gun-boats, and once more I was employed against my enemies—the French. But my heart's best affections were at Cyprus; my capture must be well known there; and oh, what agony would she suffer till apprised of my fate! As day succeeded day, so did my anxiety and longing desire to be near her increase. Tormenting fears for her safety constantly assailed me; till, at length, I obtained leave of absence, and having hired a

vessel, I sailed for the island. There I found her, still faithful, and mourning my loss.

“The effects I had accumulated in that spot were of considerable value, and it occupied a day or two to get them embarked; and, this effected, I took my departure from Cyprus with her I loved, purposing to return to the Bay of Naples. Fortune seemed to be propitious: we had delightful weather and pleasant breezes till we made the island of Capri, when one of those sudden gales common to the Mediterranean came on, and our frail vessel could ill withstand its fury. We were driven at its mercy across the opening of the bay to Point Miseno, when the wind shifted, without abating its strength, and we dropped down upon Baiæ, where we tried to anchor, but the storm was too powerful for the anchors to hold. The sea came rolling in like moving mountains, and we were forced to cut and try to weather this point of Puteoli, against which the breakers were dashing higher than our mast-heads. The pilot assured me there were no hidden dangers, but that the shore was steep, and, could we once get to windward of it, we might find a port of refuge. Earnestly did I labour to attain this end; all my qualifications as a seaman were called into exercise, and having close-reefed the sails, I myself took the helm.

“All my worldly property—even the treasure that was most dear to my soul—was with me in the same craft, and it was with pride I found that the vessel behaved well under the pressure of difficulty: she sprang to the wind—the tide was in our favour—the point was opening broad upon our lee-bow—the breakers were roaring as if enraged to lose their prey,

and my heart exulted in the prospect of safety. Alas, signor, the pilot had deceived me : a huge curling billow broke over us—the next instant we struck upon a sunken rock—our timbers were rent to pieces. I had only time to clasp Imogene in one arm, whilst with the other I clung to a spar, when the vessel went down in deep water, and we were dashed towards the shore. Hard did I struggle to gain a footing, but the recoil of the sea washed us away again, till we drifted round the point ; then insensibility came over me, and I recollect no more till I recovered consciousness in this very building, with the dead Imogene lying by my side. We were alone, for the worthy people who had dragged us from the breakers and conveyed us hither, fancying that life had quitted both, left us to render aid to others and to gather portions of the wreck. O signor, you may in some degree conjecture what I suffered, but can never know the full extent. All that I possessed, all that I valued in the world, was gone from me for ever—I was deserted, desolate, and despairing.

“I resolved that this ruinous building should henceforth be my home. Imogene lies buried in yonder corner, and above her grave I make my nightly bed. Intelligence reached me that the French had departed from Genoa, and that my estates were again at my disposal. But my spirit was too much bowed down for earthly grandeur to revive ; besides, my resolution had been taken, and I determined to adhere to it. At great expense I purchased, from the governor of Capri, the figure which you saw upon the point. The outstretched arm directs to the spot where lies



the concealed rock ; and in the dark hours of the night a brilliant lamp burns beneath the figure to warn the mariner of his danger. It is my voluntary task to trim this lamp, and render aid to vessels in distress. The fishermen and boatmen are not ungrateful ; the basket suspended from the pole receives their offerings ; and as they pass my dwelling, upon their bended knees they breathe a prayer and thanksgiving for THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.







## The Grabestone without a Name.

“They raised a pillar o'er her grave,  
A simple mass of naked stone,  
Hewn with such art as sorrow gave,  
Ere haughty sculpture yet was known.”

FOR neat rural villages and pretty cottages there is, perhaps, no county in England that surpasses the county of Kent. The same remark will apply to its village churches, as they rear their antique heads above the dwellings of honest industry; and, while the finger of the ancient steeple-clock tells of the rapid flight of time on earth, the humble spire, pointing to the bright and glorious heavens, directs the mind to those mansions of the blest within the boundless round of an Eternity.

I dearly love a country ramble, away from the noise and bustle of the busy town; my heart never expands with more benevolence towards all created beings than when standing on some green eminence, with a prospect all around of woods and streams, and sunny vales and spots of rustic beauty: it is then delightful to feel the irrepressible stirrings of nature in the breast; the soul swells with gratitude and praise to the Creator, and the sweet bond of union is expressed,—“*My FATHER, OUR FATHER, made them all!*”

It is now some few years since duty required my departure from the metropolis, to attend "on his majesty's service" at that famed key to the Continent, the town of Dover; but, as the business did not require haste, I determined to "chance the road," walk when I felt inclined, and get a lift when I was weary. The weather was most delightful for the undertaking; it was neither too sultry nor too cold; there was warmth enough to be pleasant, but not sufficient to be oppressive; and thus, meeting with many curious adventures, I pilgrimaged as far as the city of Canterbury; and, after a night of refreshing sleep, sweetened by healthy toil, the early morning saw me traversing away from the main road by a cross-country route towards Waldershare Park, the seat of the Earl of Guilford—a charming place, endeared to me by old remembrances, which cannot even now, though blunted and deadened by time and circumstances, be wholly effaced from the mind. I had passed many happy hours there: hours on which the memory loves to dwell without any other regret than that they flew away too soon.

The sun had reached its greatest altitude, when I stopped to rest and refresh at a village that seemed to stand apart from all the world—so silent and so retired, that Solitude herself could not have selected a more suitable place for habitation: the cottages were small, and almost hidden amidst foliage and flowers that grew in rich luxuriance, mantling the walls with clematis and roses. There was no inn or public house, but I obtained from a kind-hearted dame a draught of new milk, for which she would accept no

remuneration, and then entered the hallowed precincts of the churchyard. Death had fulfilled his mission even here: the white stones and the green grass mounds all bore witness to the frailty of human existence.

There is, perhaps, no contemplation better calculated to harmonize the mind and to fill it with holy sentiments than that which is held among the habitations of the dead; it is the link which unites Time with Eternity. Here man, while reading the records of mortality, feels humbled in his pride. Here envy, hatred, and malice become powerless; for, who could nurture these against his brethren of the dust, with the certainty before him that all must soon mingle with the clods of the valley? It teaches the importance and value of time; for how many are cut down in youth! It shows the swiftness of its flight; for here are memorials of distant generations, who are buried in one common grave. It instructs us in the principles of love and charity to all our fellow-creatures; for man is like a thing of nought; his days pass away like a shadow, and "the place which once knew him will know him no more for ever." Yes, even in this delightful spot Death had been busy; and a hoary-headed grave-digger was forming another receptacle for the body to moulder into dust, as I walked among the tombs and read the memorials engraven on them. But there was one without a name; it stood in a lone corner, overshadowed by an old elm-tree: there was not even a letter or a date. Yet the turf that covered the remains of those who slept below was not neglected. The odoriferous violet and the pale primrose breathed forth their

sweet perfumes, looking beautiful amidst the verdant grass that trembled with each wind as it lightly swept over its surface like a gentle sigh of sorrow.

“And whose is yon nameless grave?” inquired I, addressing the old man, as he stood resting on his spade; “the tomb-cutter has forgot his duty.”

“Nay! not so,” returned the aged man, mournfully shaking his head; “it was her own request, and the minister complied with it.”

“It was a curious whim to wish for a head-stone without a record on it,” said I.

The old man smiled, but it was a smile of melancholy musing; and, after a short pause, he answered: “You may call it what you please, sir, but it is a long story, and I’ve no time to tell it you, seeing that I have this grave to finish by the afternoon. But the minister knows all about it; and, look, there he is, coming across the stile.”

I looked in the direction pointed out, and saw a venerable man approaching, whose countenance was the very emblem of mildness and meekness. A bow from each was a sufficient introduction: in a few minutes we were deeply engaged in conversation relative to the tenant of the lonely grave; and, perceiving that I took very great interest in the circumstances, he invited me to his residence. After dinner he kindly furnished me with oral information and written memorandums, the result of which I now lay before my readers.

In the romantic village of —, resided a widow lady

with her only daughter; it had been their residence for several years; indeed, Ellen Courtney had known no other home, for, in very early life, the death of her father, and the consequent diminution of income, had induced her mother to retire from the world to this secluded but beautiful spot, and here she grew, like a simple but lovely flower, in purity and in peace. The cottage they inhabited was but of small dimensions, when compared with the mansion in which she had been born; but there was sufficient space for comfort, and they enjoyed that happiness which springs from contentment of mind. An aged domestic, who had lived through a long life in the service of the family, and a maid-servant of younger years, for a considerable length of time made up the whole of their establishment; but when Ellen had attained the sixteenth anniversary of her birth, a maiden aunt (who was reported to possess the gift of second sight), came to take up her abode with them. She was a tall, gaunt figure, but with a mild expression of countenance betokening benevolence; and it was only on certain occasions that her features underwent a change at once terrible and terrifying: her eyes assumed a flashing wildness; her cheeks were wrinkled up, as if withered by a sudden blast; her mouth was distended, and showed the decayed teeth, which more resembled the tusks of some carnivorous animal than seemed to belong to a human being. Her cap, thrown off, displayed her long grey hair, descending over her face and shoulders; and the constant variations of look and manner made the spectator shudder as his imagination deemed her to be the creature of a world unknown, or some

wretched maniac escaped from the custody of her keepers. She had been well educated ; her understanding was richly stored with knowledge, and in all but one thing Ellen found a most able and willing instructress. This was her story :—

In her eighteenth year she became acquainted with a young man of splendid acquirements and of unexceptionable person. To her young mind he appeared the model of perfection ; his speech was ever in praise of virtue ; his conduct was respectful, but affectionate ; without pretending to learning or talent, he constantly displayed both ; and he seemed to take great pleasure in imparting by the most diffident manner information and instruction to all who listened to him. Margaret de Vere knew that he had been educated for the Church, and, a Protestant herself, she thought of no other Church than that established by the law of the land. They were much together ; and as Margaret was then in the full vigour of youth and beauty, a mutual attachment very soon grew into that deep, strong, deathless passion which lasts a whole existence.

Still Albert Hammond spoke not of love, though his looks betrayed how deeply it was rooted in his heart. Thus stood affairs when the devoted maiden ascertained that the object of her soul's regard was of the Catholic faith, and destined to the service of his Creator ; that in a short time he should be wedded to his celestial bride ; and that even now it was impious on his part to indulge in thoughts, wishes, or sentiments that were not connected with the sacred office to which he aspired. Bitter was her distress,



and heartfelt was her agony, as she beheld the bright structure which fond fancy had raised and hope had sweetly smiled upon, at once and for ever crushed, and its fragments scattered by the winds of disappointment. Yet she felt that she was beloved, and she nourished the certainty, as a kind mother would her illegitimate offspring, when deserted by all the world.

Albert, too, indulged in somewhat similar feelings; but he was incapable of the high resolves, the determined conduct, which marked the affection of poor Margaret. She knew that Albert had high expectations in his Church, and, though she would have gladly shared an humble cottage with him as her husband, yet she resolutely resigned all desires of worldly enjoyment so that she might witness the elevation of the man she loved, and be enabled to look up to him as the guide of her future existence. She felt that his love for her was equal to her own for him; but there was the conviction that, though she could not be *his* wife, yet he was debarred from every other union; and, therefore, she resolved to devote her whole existence to prove the strength of her affection. Her first step was to abjure the creed of her fathers, and to embrace the Catholic faith; and when Albert became a priest, she entered a nunnery where he often visited, and to which he at length became confessor.

At his death, which happened when he was under thirty years of age, the tie to the religion she had chosen was broken, and she wished once more to return within the pale of the Protestant Church; but the superior, becoming

acquainted with the fact, at first used gentle persuasions, and finding them of no avail, resorted to coercion, and Margaret was confined in a noxious dungeon which a ray of light never entered. Reader, this was not in England, for Albert had gone to Rome, and thither had Margaret followed him. It was during this confinement that her intellect became somewhat disordered, and she was supposed to have acquired that spirit of divination which was subsequently exercised in so remarkable a manner as to induce a belief of supernatural agency. At length she escaped; and, when her relatives had long considered her as the inmate of a grave, she once more appeared among them—but oh, how changed! Such was the being who, at the expiration of several years, became the companion and instructress of Ellen Courtney.

I must now carry the imagination of my readers to a beautiful summer evening, when the eastern horizon, with its gloomy twilight, offered a striking contrast to the glorious glowing tints of vermilion and gold that flushed the western sky. It was one of those realities in scenery in which the poet and the painter love to luxuriate; and never was there a spot, even in the bright and rosy clime of Italy, better adapted to the enjoyment of such an evening, than that on which Ellen Courtney resided, and more particularly the small alcove that formed the entrance to the garden at the back part of the cottage, clustering with flowers that wantonly flung their fragrance to the passing winds.

And there stood Ellen, her delicate and finely-proportioned

hand resting on the shoulder of a manly-looking youth of some twenty years of age, whose strong arm was twined round the slender waist of the fair girl, their eyes beaming more and more with the delight of ardent affection, as the deepening shades gradually grew darker and darker to screen them from each other's observation. Nor was the interview less dear in its interests from being a stolen one. Edmund Foster was a noble-looking fellow, one on whom Nature would have conferred an exalted title in her peerage, were she accustomed to make those honorary distinctions. His countenance bespoke the hardy seaman, and, though the expression was that of open candour and benevolence, yet there was at times a look of such fixed determination and scorn of danger, as made him rather the object of reverence than love. His dress was scrupulously neat; the snow-white trousers and waistcoat, the blue surtout, and the black neckerchief, knotted over a fine linen shirt; in short, all displayed marks of taste that assumed a careless ease; and his manners and knowledge manifested a superior education.

But who was Edmund Foster? Of his connections and situation in life Ellen was wholly ignorant; he had rendered her an important service by a timely rescue from the hands of a gang of smugglers, running their crop from the coast. Ellen had strayed far from home to an eminence that commanded a view of the distant sea: here she had lingered, watching the setting sun, as he cooled his fervid beams in the azure wave, gorgeously blending the intense blue with his golden rays. Evening hurried on—a rich autumnal

evening—the white sails on the bosom of the ocean gradually disappeared in the thickening gloom. The Foreland was throwing its dazzling watch-light far over the waters, to guide the course of the adventurous mariner amidst those restless sands, the death-bed of thousands. Still Ellen lingered, for now imagination peopled the vacant space with objects of her mind's creation. She thought that the moon would soon rise, and that she should enjoy her walk back to the cottage, lighted by its pale lustre, which would shed a pleasing influence on her ardent spirit. She knew not the prognostics of the weather; she was not aware that the red glare of the heavens on which she had gazed with admiration foretold the coming storm; she was unconscious that the rapid breeze, as it danced with fitful gusts over the rolling swell, gave warning to the seaman that ere long it would burst with fury on his head, and lash the billows into maddened rage.

The moon rose, and Ellen returned on her path to the peaceful cottage; but the howlings of the rushing tempest were in the air; the lightnings played with fearful splendour among the blackened clouds; the pale luminary of night was shrouded in funereal darkness; the rain began to fall in heavy drops; the way was dark and dreary; and Ellen was alone. Agitated and alarmed, the maiden approached a barn-like building, which she had often passed unheeded, but which now seemed to offer a kindly shelter from the storm. The door, however, defied her efforts to open it, and she was near sinking with affright, when the noise of horses' feet upon the road attracted her attention. Hope revived

her courage, but it was to sink her into deeper terror and distress, when a band of armed men surrounded the spot where she was standing, and one, abruptly flinging himself from the back of his strong animal, clutched the lovely girl by the arm.

“How now?” said he; “who have we here? What! turning spy, my lass? ’Twere pity but you’d a better calling.”

“’Tis some poor gipsy wanderer,” exclaimed another; “and it would be misfortunate to harm her, Ned, seeing that them cattle can read the book of fate.”

“The book of humbug,” said a third, dismounting; “the sisters of the craft are too wise to show their noses on such a night as this. It is some young female who has lost her way; but, at all events, she must bear us company till we take a fresh departure; and a drop of something warm within will serve to fend off the cold without.”

By this time the whole party had alighted; the door of the barn was thrown open, and each man led in his horse, apparently heavily laden. A few minutes afterwards, Ellen Courtney was compelled to enter, and found herself in the midst of a band of desperate outlaws, whose countenances assumed a more ferocious aspect from their being but dimly seen by the light of dark lanterns, from which the shades were removed. Ellen had heard many extravagant tales of the reckless and hardened depravity of smugglers, and she trembled with apprehension that her life would be sacrificed. Still she replied clearly and distinctly to the questions that were put to her, and the answers were so

artless as to carry conviction to the most suspicious mind.

"It matters not," said one of the most determined and desperate of the party; "the girl must go with us, till our own safety is past doubt. Here we must lie upon our oars till midnight, and then every man to his station. Conduct the young lady to the far corner of the barn; there is clean straw for her to rest her delicate limbs upon. And now, lads, let us laugh at the gale, and drive away care."

"Oh, in mercy, in pity," implored Ellen, "do not detain me! I do not fear the storm. Let me return to my only parent, whose anguish at my absence may be fatal."

"You should have thought of that before, young lady," returned the man, "and not have wandered so far from home. All entreaties, all complaints, are useless now. It is true, mayhap, that you do not mean to inform upon us, but, suppose you should fall in with the Philistines, and they should question you, would you deny your having seen us? You know our profession, I suppose?"

"I do," returned the frightened girl, "but, indeed, indeed I will not betray you. Oh, let me implore you to suffer me to go to my mother!"

"If you know our trade, young woman," expostulated the smuggler, "you must also know the risks we run, and therefore, we will take good care you do not betray us. Take her away, Teetotum,\* to yon corner, as I order you, and take the first spell in watching her; or mayhap she

---

\* Every smuggler is known to his associates by some quaint or peculiar name, and in no instance is the christened or surname of the party used.



would rather sit amongst a set of jovial fellows, and share our grog. Come, come," continued he, passing his arm familiarly and rudely round her waist; "I dearly love a pretty girl, and you shall be my queen of the feast," and he essayed to press his lips to hers.

"Spare me! spare me!" shrieked the terrified Ellen, as she struggled to disengage herself; "as you are men, do not insult the defenceless!"

"Oh, oh, pretty one!" returned the fellow, "you have let the secret out! If you were not defenceless, then, you would set us at defiance? But take her away," added he, with more sternness; "and, d'ye hear, girl; no attempts at escape, for"—showing the bright barrel of a pistol—"this will send a quick and faithful messenger after you."

The shrinking Ellen accompanied the man designated Teetotum to the far end of the barn, where she sat herself down on some hard substance that was covered with loose straw, the smuggler placing himself by her side. "The ould Badger is too hard upon you, Miss," said the man; "but he has no young blood in his veins now; and, besides, that ugly figure-head of his arn't much likely to win a lady's favour. You are hard up in a clinch, that's for sartin; but, still, if you could fancy a handsome young fellow, like myself, why, I might be tempted to run a little hazard in releasing you. What say you, my beauty?" And the fellow threw his arm round her neck, indelicately placing his hand upon a bosom as pure as it was fair. Insulted virtue gave strength to the lovely maiden, and indignantly she flung from his embrace. "Is this England?" said she,

“the land that protects the desolate, and whose laws are the boast of the civilized world? Keep from me, villain!” for he was again pressing closer to her, “or I shall rouse your master, who will make you know your duty. The base insulter of innocence is generally a coward at heart.”

“Oh, well!” returned the wretch, “there’s no accounting for tastes! Mayhap you may like ould Badger better nor me; but, howsomever, you are my prize, for it was I who first grappled with you, and so I’ll e’en have my due. You see they’re hard at it bowsing up their jibs, and, before they purchase their anchors, there’ll be some scrimmaging, and black eyes, and bloody noses. Now, we hate all laws except of our own making, and how you’ll weather it out among a set of drunken desperadoes is for your consideration, any more than I’d wish to sarve a pretty girl if she’s ounly kind;” and again the smuggler attempted the same indecent liberty he had before taken; but Ellen firmly repulsed him, and the fellow threw himself back upon the straw, muttering curses, and swearing that he would have his revenge before they parted.

The building they were in was an immense barn, appropriated to the receipt of grain when no farm-house stood upon the land. It was substantially erected in the old style, to endure for ages, and having a lofty roof, with blackened rafters and stout oak cross-beams. It had long been the occasional resort of smugglers, the occupier, for a handsome consideration, keeping everything prepared for their reception. Ellen looked upon the group of about thirty men, most of them in the dress of country labourers (but there

were two or three evidently superior to the rest), as they sat on the scattered straw upon the ground and passed round the liquor. She shuddered at the thought of their becoming intoxicated, and secretly offered up fervent prayers to the Almighty for protection in this hour of peril. The lights shed a dim lustre on their revelry, but every now and then the flashing lightning threw its red glare through the crevices, and gave a brilliancy to every object, whilst the terrified horses pawed with their hoofs or started from side to side, heedless of restraint. It was a study for the painter.

“I say, Master Coldtoast,” exclaimed the leader, who had been designated as old Badger, “if you ever disobey my orders again, as you did to-day, remember, there’s fishes in blue water as wants feeding.”

“Tut, man,” responded the individual addressed, a Hercules-looking being, with monstrous black shaggy whiskers, and features indicative of villainy and cunning: “Tut, man, when I strops a block, I does it my own way; and when I handles a musket, I points it at who I pleases.”

“You’ll get hanged some day for your murderous qualities,” returned the first; “and we shall be tarred with the same brush for being found in such blackguard company.”

“I’m thinking,” said Coldtoast, with a demoniac grin, “that there’ll be a piece of new rope cut for most of us on the day we slip our wind. But I tell you, master, to your teeth, that I’m no child to be snubbed and crossed by a waspish nurse. If I am to stick by you, and do my duty, why, let me steer by my own compass; and, if not, then

give me my discharge, square the accounts, and let's part friends."

"Let us have no wrangling now," said another; "it's ill work quarrelling amongst ourselves, when mayhap the enemy is close aboard of us. If Coldtoast did shoot the fellow, it was more in self-defence than otherwise; but where's the body?"

"They've stowed it away under the straw, there," replied a fourth, pointing in the direction where Ellen was sitting, and indistinctly catching the purport of their conversation; "but we must shove it down the hatchway, as soon as we can find a snug spot, for, though they say dead men tell no tales, yet they give strong evidence above ground."

From the language that had been overheard, Ellen became aware that murder had been committed, and her heart sickened at the thought of such companionship. It was evident that there were men among them whose unbridled passions were capable of leading them to the perpetration of the worst of crimes. Some of their hands were already stained with blood, and there did not appear to be a single individual to whom she could look for protection.

"Keep sober, all of you," exclaimed old Badger, himself fast approaching to that state of inebriation which renders the hardened drunkard desperate and dangerous. "Keep sober, I say; we shall soon have a pair of eyes upon us that none of you can deceive. Juniper, look out and see what sort of weather it is. These summer squalls are like woman's tears, soon passed away, and dried up by the breath of pleasure."

The man obeyed, and Ellen observed that he stood for some time at the door of the building in conversation with another person, whilst the carousal went on within. At length he returned and reported the subsiding of the storm. The terrified girl determined to make one more effort to regain her liberty, and, advancing to old Badger, she entreated him in the most earnest manner to let her depart; but he was determinately stubborn against all her prayers, and rudely commanded her to return to the place she had quitted through the carelessness of her keeper, who had fallen into a deep sleep. A smart blow from the hoary smuggler roused him to his duty, and Ellen again seated herself in her former position.

“Come, come, young woman,” said Teetotum, stretching himself by the side of the trembling maiden, and by the rudeness of the act displacing the scattered straw; “come, come, no more slipping from your moorings, if you please. I must just take the liberty of lashing these pretty feet together, and then, in spite of ould Badger, I’ll have my snooze out.” He produced a piece of cord, and was about to put his threat into execution, when Ellen stretched forth her hand to assist her in rising from her seat, and she placed it on a cold, clammy substance, which the feeble light showed her was the face of a corpse. A wild, piercing shriek rang through the building: the men started to their arms; the lamps were extinguished or concealed; and Ellen, with horrible sensations, unable to stir, yet sensible of her situation, lay crouching by the side of the murdered man, with darkness all around her. There was for a few moments

a dead silence, which was broken by the sound of a shrill whistle outside the building, and the sudden entrance of some one, who immediately closed the doors. Again the loud shriek of the tortured girl was heard, but suddenly she felt the fingers of a rough hand clutching her throat, and there was a whispering in her ear like the hissing of a serpent, which uttered, "Silence, devil! it was a woman who first betrayed man to death. Another murmur, louder than an infant's sigh, and it shall be your last in this world, if I get scragged for it to-morrow."

A loud knocking was heard at the door of the barn, but all was quiet within. A confused noise of voices in high dispute reached poor Ellen's ear, and, in the hope that rescue was near, she would have cried out for help; but the hand pressed heavily on her throat, and its grip tightened, as if the smuggler was apprehensive of her design.

"Move but a limb," whispered he, "and it shall soon stiffen into death. Stir but your tongue, and I will tear it from its roots. One murder has already been committed, and two won't bring a heavier punishment."

The knocking was renewed, and Ellen became sensible of the fact that attempts were making to force an entrance. A slight bustle and whispering took place within the building, and there was that peculiar sound, unlike all others, which was emitted from the preparation of fire-arms by the clicking of locks. "They're here! they're here!" was shouted outside; and then an audible whisper within exclaimed, "Stand steady, lads! 'tis Moody's men; fire by sixes. Juniper, take the first shot; old Badger next. Where is Coldtoast?"



“I am here,” replied the wretch, who was grasping Ellen’s neck, and instant recollection told her that the hand of the murderer was upon her. “I am here, at *my* post, and ready to do my office.”

“Villain as you are, if you commit one act of injury upon that innocent girl, I will demand a fearful reckoning!” returned the first; which was answered by a low, stifled laugh of derision.

“Come out, ould Badger!” shouted a voice from the outside, as the party were making strenuous efforts to break open the door. “Come out, you ould varmint; Young Lion is not with you now; we have him caged safe enough;” and again, amidst curses and hammering, the door shook with the assault.

“Men! the young Lion is not caged,” uttered in an undertone the individual who had issued his directions to the smugglers relative to the order in which they were to fire. “He is here, among you, unshackled and free; be firm, and take steady aim. Do not leave a rascal of the cutter to sup his broth again. We have nothing left but to fight for it.”

Ellen became aware that a deadly conflict was at hand. She could see nothing. The smuggler’s grasp still compressed her small throat, and the corpse of the murdered man was at her side. Suddenly bright flashes lighted up the building, and the sharp crack of fire-arms echoed round its walls. The entrance had been forced, and the foremost of the assailants had either met their death or fallen dangerously wounded. A discharge of musketry was poured

in from the attacking party. Ellen heard the balls as they whistled past her; the shrieks of those in agony and the groans of the dying were mingled with cheers and imprecations. The hand that clutched her tightened for a moment almost to strangulation; there was a convulsive effort to force the spirit from its earthly tenement; Ellen felt that her end was approaching, and in that trying hour she prayed to Him whose ear is never closed; she prayed for succour, and she prayed for pardon from her Maker. No sound escaped her lips; the great name was not upon her tongue; the aspirations were those of the mind; and the fervent petition arose from the deep recesses of the heart. A fresh discharge of fire-arms shook the building—one pistol was fired so close to her that it set fire to her dress—the smuggler's hold relaxed. "I am sold," said he, "but I will not die unrevenged. What treacherous scoundrel is it that has shot me?"

"It is I, your leader," answered his comrade, in a tone of defiance; "murderous villain, would you take the life of innocence? You have disobeyed my orders, and you have paid the forfeit. Up, up, young lady! quick! this is no place for you; that rascal cannot detain you now."

"Traitor, base traitor!" shouted the dying smuggler, "this to your heart, and may it destroy both soul and body!" but before he could fire, his pistol was struck up—the wretch fell a corpse by the side of his victim, and the smuggler chief escaped. Ellen instantly rose, but she was left alone, the companion of the dead. Terrible grew the hand-to-hand contest; the horses broke loose and ran wildly

about, when a lurid glare of light shot up towards the roof, and instantly the whole scene was fearfully revealed. The straw had taken fire; the flames ascended; they ran rapidly along from stack to stack of unthreshed corn, till in a few minutes the desolating element triumphed, and threatened destruction to all within its reach. At length the revenue-men were driven back; the smugglers were victorious; and with considerable difficulty they succeeded in getting out the terrified horses. All were soon mounted and in full speed from the place of conflict, whilst poor Ellen was left amidst the burning pile, almost surrounded by the devouring flames. Self-preservation prompted exertion, but she knew not which way to turn, and death again seemed certain of his prey, when she was raised in the athletic arms of a powerful young man, who bore her off in safety, having sustained but little personal injury, though her upper dress was entirely consumed. Her preserver was Edmund Foster.

Was it, then, a circumstance to excite wonder that the maiden should love the youth who saved her, or that he should cherish the existence he had preserved? They had often met after this eventful night, though at his request their meetings were held in secret. She did not stop to consider the cause or the probable consequences of clandestine correspondence; she placed implicit confidence in his integrity and affection; for, had he not snatched her from a horrible and almost certain fate? And now they stood, as before described, within the umbrageous foliage of the alcove.

“Nay, dearest,” exclaimed Edmund, half chidingly, as he parted the clustering ringlets from her fair forehead, “do not let our present parting excite melancholy forebodings respecting the future. Are we not bound together by the most solemn vows? and can you think, my own Ellen, that I will ever give you cause for complaint?”

“No, Edmund, no,” returned the agitated girl; “I can never believe you purpose to deceive me. Such a thought finds no encouragement in my mind. It would kill me—indeed it would, Edmund—should I cherish suspicion of your fidelity or honour. Yet, Edmund, there are times when sickly apprehensions steal across me—”

“Of my love, Ellen?” inquired the young man, interrupting her, in a tone somewhat indicating reproach. “You surely cannot doubt my love for you! Have I not again and again assured you that you alone of all earthly beings should ever hold possession of my soul’s regard? Come, come, my Ellen, this is rendering parting doubly painful, and perhaps —;” he paused.

“What, Edmund? what?” exclaimed the excited maiden. “Oh, tell me what you were going to say; let me implore you to give utterance to your thoughts!”

“It was nothing, Ellen,” returned Foster, fondly pressing her in his arms; “the cloud that crossed your mind threw a passing shadow upon mine, and for the moment I yielded to it; but now fair sunshine smiles upon us once more. Another kiss, my Ellen, and then, dearest, I must away to duty. A few weeks hence, and we shall meet again; in the meantime, love, you shall hear from me as usual.”

“Edmund,” said Miss Courtney, solemnly, “Edmund, a heavy weight is on my spirit, an oppression that crushes my rising hope. You know the strength of my affection; but you do not know the extent of my regard, or what it is capable of enduring. I believe—I am certain—that you love me; but where there is love, there ought also to be confidence. I confide implicitly in you, but you do not think me worthy of sharing the secrets of your heart.”

“Ellen,” returned the young man, in a voice of melancholy, “my own Ellen, your very words refute themselves. Circumstances may occur, nay, have occurred, which for the present require that I should appear beneath a shade even to you. You say that you confide in me, yet allow suspicion to prey upon your happiness; if you deem me worthy of trust, suffer a short time to elapse, and the mystery shall be solved. Then, Ellen, then will I claim you for my bride. We will be all the world to each other, and set the cold formalities of unmeaning frivolity at defiance. Yes, Ellen,” he added with more vehemence, “at defiance! But come, love, come, the last sweet kiss—ay, lay your head against my breast, and let me press it there.”

“Like a lily blooming on a grave, like a ray of light beaming on desolation,” mournfully uttered a musical and plaintive voice close to them, which Ellen instantly knew to be her aunt’s. “Edmund Foster, or whatever your name may be, forbear!”

The young man’s faculties were for the moment paralyzed, but it was only for the moment. Shaking off the superstitious dread that had suddenly seized him, he exclaimed:

“How now! what impertinent intruder, what eaves-dropping creature, is this?” but Ellen’s whisper, “It is my aunt,” silenced his harshness, and he continued with more softness, “Your relatives should be mine, Ellen; they claim my respect, though their language may not be altogether suited to my feelings.”

“Hush! hush!” said the same plaintive and melodious voice. “I see the vision; it is even now before me. There is a burning pile, and armed men; a deed of blood, and a deed of bravery; that fire hath enkindled in the human heart a flame which death alone can quench!” She ceased for a moment or two, amidst profound silence, and proceeded: “It is past, it is gone; and now the dimly veiled future opens on my sight. Ha!” she faintly shrieked, “what is it that flits before my eyes? No, no, it cannot be. Oh, anguish! this is mockery—it cannot be; and yet ’tis there—a nameless death, and a broken heart. Ellen Courtney, child of my sister’s love, beware! Young man, depart. Oh, hasten hence; there is danger to all whilst you remain. If you are generous, and brave, and noble-minded, depart, I say, and come here no more. Remember the warning—a nameless death, and a broken heart!” and they heard her retiring footsteps outside the alcove.

Both stood for several minutes gazing at each other. The light of day was nearly gone, but there was a flush of crimson on the western sky that was reflected upon their faces, and heightened the colour on their cheeks. At length Ellen broke silence. “O Edmund,” said she imploringly, “what is this that has come upon us? Tell me,



tell me all ; indeed, I can endure anything for your sake."

The young man hesitated, and for an instant trembled ; but, again assuming his usual boldness, he uttered with a degree of bitterness that smote painfully upon poor Ellen's heart, "Do you expect me to become accountable for the wild ravings of a maniac ? Have you engaged a lunatic to aid you in your scheme of wringing from me a secret, which I am bound by oath to keep inviolate ? This is not the Ellen Courtney who clung to me in the hour of peril. This is not the Ellen Courtney whose faith was so solemnly pledged to me."

"Edmund, dear Edmund, do not upbraid me thus," said the weeping maiden ; "do not part from me in anger ; indeed, indeed I was not aware of Aunt Margaret's presence. And her words—oh, they were fearful words, Edmund, and fearful must be their meaning ! What danger do you apprehend ? what danger is at hand ? I know I am but a child in heart, Edmund, but, believe me, I would brave everything but dishonour to secure your safety."

"Danger, Ellen !" proudly returned the young man, as he firmly planted his foot upon the green sward, and pressed the fair girl more closely in his arm, "I fear no danger ; it has been familiar to me from my childhood. My only fear is that you will brood over the ranting foolery of your aunt ; and her words really amount to nothing, after all—the mere effects of a distempered imagination ; but, as I say, my only fear is that you will brood over them during my absence and make yourself wretched. I spoke too hastily,

in my vexation at such mummary; for, what is there to dread? But come, dearest, let it be forgotten; the time for my departure has arrived. Smile upon me, Ellen, before I go. Yes, let me see one of those sweet smiles that shed the sun-light of hope upon my heart, to cheer me when away. Oh, my soul always clings with fond remembrance to your last look of innocence and beauty; amid the howlings of the storm, it is the bright star that bursts through every cloud; in the hour of battle, it shall guide me on to victory! Your smile, Ellen! your smile!"

The affectionate maiden looked on her lover's animated countenance, and tried to smile, but tears forced their way, till, by gentle soothings, he had calmed the perturbation of her mind; and then, after an ardent embrace of fond regard and solemn promises of fidelity, they parted, Ellen almost verifying her aunt's prediction, and Edmund —; but I must not forestall my story.

The course of events must now carry me to another scene, and in a different kingdom. It was morning; the sun rose angrily, imparting the reddened hue of his inflamed wrath to the dark clouds that hung upon the horizon, like the mantling curtains of his night's pavilion. The breeze was fresh, approaching to a gale. Within the port of Flushing lay one of those handsome luggers which the well-practised eye of a seaman loves to gaze upon, and more especially if such seaman is in the service of his country, or engaged in the contraband. She was a smuggler. Her hull was painted white, and deep in the water; her working lugs were all ready for setting, and the crew were busily employed

in the necessary acts of preparation for sailing. An uncouth elderly man sat abaft upon the companion, with a long Flemish pipe in his mouth, which he removed occasionally for the purpose of giving orders, or holding conversation with those who were near him, whilst a huge mug of grog was placed by his side, and partaken of equally and freely by all on deck.

“The *Saucy Suke* will have a fine run to-night, I predicts,” said the apparent superior after a long whiff, and the smoke scudding away to leeward, as if from the muzzle of a gun; “here’s wind and weather in our favour; the cruisers all snug at anchor, for your ’long-shore groupers loves to shelter their noses from a rough night-gale. Clap a piece of twine round the fag eend of them main halliards, Juniper; lugs in good condition; craft in excellent trim; off she goes, lads; Flamborough Head and the boys all ready.”

“Ould Badger has it by heart,” rejoined Juniper, laughing; “and mayhap it’s all right, for, happy-go-lucky’s the best arter all. What time is Young Lion to be aboard?”

“Yonder he stands, upon the quay,” answered the other, pointing to a young man clothed in canvas trousers, a warm Flushing jacket, with a hairy cap that partly concealed his features. “Well, that youngster is a clever fellow, for sartin. How famously he brought us off that night in Saint Marget’s barn! it was ‘touch and go’ with us. We’ve had many a carouse there, that’s true; and now the blackened ruins will sarve for some o’ your nonsensical novel-writers to spin a yarn about. They may call it ‘The Smuggler’s Disaster;

or, the Tragical Eend of Coldtoast the Murderer.'” A laugh succeeded this sally, and the hardened veteran went on: “It’s very odd, though, Young Lion has been a different sort of fellow since, and he talks of this being his last trip. Well, well, let him bring up wheresomever he likes—the free trade will lose one of its best hands, and ould Dangerfield will never get such another gallant fellow to do his sarvice. See, he is waving for the punt; jump into the boat, Teetotum, and fetch the skipper aboard.”

Teetotum (who with the others will be recognised as old acquaintances) immediately obeyed, and the commander was soon pacing the deck, issuing his directions for getting under way, and in a short space of time the *Saucy Suke* was rattling through the Duerloo channel, bound on an adventurous voyage to England. The lugger was one of the largest of her class, admeasuring nearly two hundred tons, and carrying sixteen guns, with a crew of sixty determined men. The gale blew strong, with a broken cross sea; and, as the lovely craft danced over the waters like a flying fish, she threw the spray about as if in sportive play with her native element. The skipper, with watchful and eager eye, not only kept a good look-out on every straining motion of his vessel, but his spy-glass was constantly in his hand, observing every stranger that hove in sight.

It was nearly six bells in the afternoon watch, when a large cutter made her appearance on their weather-beam, standing in for the English coast, and the smuggler instantly

knew her to be the *Lively*, under the flag of the revenue. "She sees us," exclaimed the captain, addressing old Badger, his second in command, "and he will run in with us for the purpose of deception. Never mind, keep her in her course, lad, and steer small."

"Ay, ay," responded old Badger, "we do not fear him; our guns are as heavy as his, and we are better manned; both men and metal would like to do a bit of talking with them chaps."

"I know it," replied the captain, and then added musingly, "still, it will not suit my designs to fight, if I can avoid it; but I will not run away."

That the revenue cutter had recognised the smuggler was evident: the former kept edging off to close the latter, who, however, had the heels of his opponent, and would soon have left her, had not a large ship appeared right ahead, which, by the squareness and nice set of her close-reefed top-sails and large courses, Young Lion knew to be a heavy sloop, or a frigate a little off the wind. Somewhat chagrined, but nothing daunted, the skipper revolved in his mind what was best to be done. If he ran away before it, he should be carried off from his ground, and the frigate might set a press of canvas that would bring her alongside. If he came to the wind, he must close with the cutter, whose signals were already informing the man-of-war that a smuggler was in sight. It is true, he might return towards the port which he had left, but there was still the chance of being intercepted by some of the numerous cruisers that were constantly in those seas; he was dead under the lee of the

cutter, but to windward of the ship which had immediately hauled up in chase. Under all circumstances, he came to the wind on the larboard tack, bringing the cutter a hand-spike's length open on his weather bow; and she, observing the manœuvre, wore round upon the starboard tack, to keep the weather-gage, as well also as to close the lugger. "There is too much sea for the guns to be of any use," exclaimed old Badger, addressing the commander; "but, if the *Lively* comes to speak us, our small arms may keep 'em civil. We shall soon have a dark night, and then we can bid 'em good-bye."

"We have nothing to fear," returned the captain; "the *Saucy Suke* will sail round the cutter in this breeze. Our sticks are good, for that new fore-mast, though it bends but little, carries the canvas well. We will hold on to the wind till dark, and then keep our course again."

The two vessels were now rapidly approaching each other. The cutter hoisted her ensign at the peak, and swallow-tailed flag at the mast head; the lugger showed the horizontal tricolours of Holland on her mizen-staff. The *Lively* edged down towards her opponent, well knowing her character and the determined and daring men she had to deal with. Affairs were in this position; the cutter had reached within musket-shot; the lugger's crew, excepting the captain, old Badger, and a few hands to tend the sheets, were sheltering (fire-arms in hand) below, when a short, broken sea struck the *Saucy Suke* on her bow. There was a cracking and crashing of spars, and the new fore-mast lay in splintered wreck over the side; the fore yard-arm passing



through the main-sail, and rending it from clew to ear-ring. The cutter beheld the catastrophe, and a loud shout came down upon the breeze across the waters to the embarrassed smugglers. The shout was, however, promptly returned, as the crew of the lugger turned to with hearty good-will to repair the damages as well as it was possible to do so. The cutter passed within hail, and a musket-shot, whether by design or accident, struck old Badger, and wounded him in the arm. The smugglers, inflamed with resentment, immediately returned the fire, and a smart engagement ensued, in which several on both sides were killed and wounded.

Young Lion saw his men fall with feelings approaching to maddened desperation; he knew himself more than a match for the cutter, but he looked at the wreck of the fore-mast as it was cut clear from the side and went astern; he saw the frigate was creeping up to windward, and, therefore, he determined to run for it. The tattered main lug was shifted for a sail of much larger dimensions, and, putting up the helm, the lugger was placed as near before the wind as could be allowed without danger of gibing. Away she went over the green seas, nearly burying her bows beneath the waves. The cutter followed in her wake, firing as long as she was within reach of musketry, and many a stout fellow was driven wounded from the helm. The frigate had also borne up and shaken out her reefs, but the *Saucy Suke* outsailed them both, till, darkness veiling the sky and ocean, and a jury fore-mast having been rigged, she once more stood in for the British coast. But the wind

fell, and a thick fog came on, which at first the smugglers deemed favourable, and for a time it concealed them; but an unforeseen circumstance brought them again into collision with their foe.

The lugger had rounded-to for the purpose of sounding, when a heavy shock upon the quarter, that nearly threw her on her beam ends, told them they had been run foul of, and a cutter's bowsprit between their two after-masts informed them of the character of the vessel which had struck them. At first, consternation reigned in both vessels; but a few minutes served to change the feeling into deadly animosity, when each discovered their old opponent—the *Lively* and the Smuggler. Forgetting their immediate danger, forgetting all but the hatred they mutually bore, both parties closed in deadly strife. The revenue men boarded and were repulsed; and the smugglers, in their eagerness to drive them back, followed the retreating enemy to the *Lively's* deck. Old Badger fought with desperation, till the commander of the cutter put a pistol-ball through his head; which was immediately retaliated by Young Lion passing his sword through the heart of the captain of the *Lively*, and the cutter surrendered. The heavy booming of an eighteen-pounder at no great distance startled the smugglers, who, in an almost sinking state, cut themselves clear of the conquered craft. But the cutter's bowsprit had split the main-sail, and, before they could shift it for the great one, a partial clear showed them the frigate close aboard of them, and all hopes of escape were at an end. In another quarter of an hour, the *Saucy Suke* was

prize to his Majesty's ship the *Fisgard*; which, as soon as the lugger's damages were repaired, stood with her for the Downs.

The daring band of outlaws were sent to Maidstone jail, where they were tried for murder, and, being convicted, received various sentences, some to be transported for life, and others to an ignominious death; and amongst the latter was the smuggler chief, Young Lion, who was sworn to as having killed the captain of the cutter.

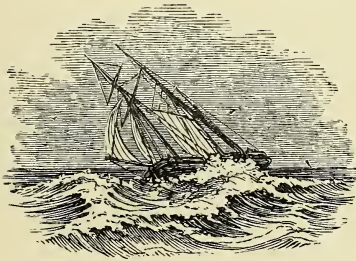
But to return to Ellen. After Edmund's departure, she had frequently heard from him, and his letters breathed the pure spirit of affection. Hope revived her pleasing anticipations of his return, and the last letter she received had fixed the period when they were to meet again. The time arrived, and passed away; days, weeks, rolled on, and yet he came not, and her heart sickened and sickened, as continued disappointment marred her expectations.

It was on a cold morning of January that business called Aunt Margaret to Dover, and her niece accompanied her in a small pony chaise; and, as their road lay across the country, they met with but little interruption, till, coming upon the turnpike, they were surprised at observing numerous groups of people hastening towards the town. At Charlton Lane-end the crowd was so dense that it was next to impossible to press through it, and their little carriage became so completely enveloped by the surrounding mass, that even to turn back was impracticable. The reason of this assemblage was soon made manifest to their senses; for there, across the end of the lane, stood the supporters and cross-

beam of a gallows! Young Lion and the most desperate of the crew had been selected to suffer the penalty of the law at Dover, as a fearful warning to the smugglers of that neighbourhood. Aunt Margaret sat in a sort of stupor; but her arm was convulsively grasped round the terrified Ellen, who had scarcely time to conjecture the meaning of what she witnessed, before the melancholy cavalcade approached the fatal tree, and at last drew up beneath it. She would have closed her eyes, but an indescribable dread prevented her, and she gazed upon the spectacle with breathless horror. The unhappy culprits knelt with the reverend clergyman in prayer. Young Lion had his back towards her, but in the countenance of his fellow-sufferer she remembered the features indelibly impressed upon her memory during the adventure in St. Margaret's barn—it was Teetotum. They rose from their knees, their neckerchiefs were removed, and the noose was adjusted round the neck. Young Lion drew a small packet from his breast, and presented it to the divine, who, by his gesticulations, seemed promising to comply with some request. The young man then turned to the crowd, but, oh! what was Ellen's anguish and despair when she beheld in that dying man the first, the only love of her heart—Edmund Foster! A shriek, a wild and piercing shriek, drew his attention towards the spot; but the wretched girl had fallen prostrate in the carriage, and Edmund saw her not. A few minutes more, and he hung a corpse.

Ellen was conveyed home in a state of insensibility; and when she recovered a partial glimmering of reason, her con-

stant, her earnest request was, that the body of her lover might be interred in the village church-yard. Through the intervention of friends, this wish was ultimately accomplished: an unsculptured stone was placed at the head of the green sods, and a few months afterwards the devoted girl was laid within the same cold tenement, where stands  
THE GRAVESTONE WITHOUT A NAME.





## Frere du Diable.

WHOEVER has visited Italy must retain a lasting remembrance of its romantic beauties, its delicious climate, and the balmy odours exhaled from the glowing productions of its soil. It was in one of the most delightful parts of this luxuriant country that Joachim Galeazzo cultivated his extensive vineyards, and his wealth and influence rendered him of considerable importance, not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but throughout the province where he resided. Possessed of a fine manly form, and endowed with a countenance of mild benevolence, it could be no wonder that he was united to a woman whose loveliness first attracted his attention, and whose sweetness of disposition secured the best affections of his heart. Smiling little cherubs blessed their union; gladdening prospects crowned their industry; and happiness shed contentment on their days. It was delightful to see the merry children, after the heat of the day had subsided, playing round the margin of the clear fountain, where the graceful peasant girls were drawing water, or revelling on the verdant lawn, and sport in their innocence and gaiety.

But this was a bliss too pure to continue long. That plague of kings and scourge of nations—ambition—urged



Napoleon on to conquest; and war, with its attendant horrors, spread devastation through the fertile valleys, while ravages heightened by ruthless ferocity marked the progress of the invaders. In vain did the peasants rush to defend their country and their homes; the army of the conqueror advanced amid smoking ruins and burning villages, the ashes of which were quenched only by the blood of slaughtered victims. Galeazzo possessed a soul of undaunted courage, and he determined to exert his utmost efforts to repel the approaching storm. He assembled a band of the bravest of his countrymen, and a solemn oath was pledged upon the altar that they would expel the sanguinary invaders from their native soil, or die in the attempt.

It was an affecting sight to see those self-devoted heroes parting from their families and friends. Mothers and maidens, amid all the anxious emotions which fill the female heart with apprehension, looked with glowing pride upon the men they loved; and the small but firm phalanx bade adieu to their peaceful habitations, and to those whom danger bound more strongly round their hearts, determined that no disgrace should tarnish their fair fame.

Galeazzo and his band of patriots marched towards the enemy, and nearly the whole of them fell in the desperate struggle for liberty. They had, however, inspired their countrymen with fresh vigour, and the career of Napoleon was for a short time checked. The gallant conduct of Galeazzo, who still survived, pointed him out as a fit person to assume a higher command: a number of select and well-

tried men were therefore placed at his disposal, and, without risking a general engagement, he commenced that species of guerilla warfare which afterwards became so terrible to the French.

But Fortune, which at first crowned the efforts of Galeazzo with success, at length forsook him : in an evil hour he fell into a snare that had been laid to entrap him ; his men were either killed or dispersed, and, wounded almost to death, he returned to his own estate, to aid the flight of his family to the mountains.

Almost fainting with the loss of blood, he arrived at the midnight hour on the borders of his vineyards. But the hand of the destroyer had been speedy ; the red hue of the crackling flames streamed upon his sight, and, overpowered with agony and weakness, he sank to the ground behind a hedge of myrtle that screened him from observation. Insensibility would have been a blessing, but it came not ; for, though unable to rise from the spot where he had fallen, his mind was still acutely alive to all that passed within his view. He saw his little innocents butchered by the murderous hands of the inebriated troops ; he saw his beautiful wife struggling in vain against the brutal violence of the soldiery ; he beheld the bodies of his children—

“ Their silver skins laced with their golden blood ”—

thrown among the burning embers of their once happy home. His soul sickened at the spectacle, and his senses forsook him.

At length the ruthless passions of the troops were satiated ;

demolition ceased, for there was nothing more to destroy ; and they quitted the work of their impious hands to immolate other victims, and to offer fresh sacrifices at the shrine of Napoleon's ambition.

Morning dawned upon the wretched sufferer, who awoke once more to sense and misery ; yet all around was calm, except when the solemn stillness was broken by the piercing death-shriek of some poor wretch in his mortal agony, or the distant discharge of artillery that told a tale of slaughter. Still, serenely beautiful was the clear blue sky, tinged with the golden radiance of the sun ; and the blushing flowers that had drunk the moistening dew breathed forth their odours to the morning breeze, blending the soul of sweetness with the cooling winds. But the song of the peasant, as he early plied his wonted task among the purple clusters of the vine, was heard no more. The very birds, scared by the blackening smoke that curled towards the heavens, and, like the blood of Abel, cried for vengeance, had left the spot where desolation triumphed.

Life was rapidly passing away from the wretched Galeazzo ; his wounds had burst out afresh in his struggles to rise, and he felt approaching dissolution spread its film over his eyes : still he continued fearfully sensible of his situation, and waited for the hour when his mortal agony should cease.

At this moment the whole expanse was filled with a wild, unnatural yell, like the mingling laugh and shriek of the tortured maniac ; and a female figure, her hair dishevelled and hanging on her bare and bleeding bosom, her white dress rent and deeply stained with human gore, appeared

upon the lawn. Her left hand was writhed in the hair of a French soldier, who was wounded beyond the power of resistance; and, with strength almost surpassing nature, she dragged him towards the still glowing ashes of her once joyous habitation. Her right hand grasped a dagger which was reeking with blood, and there she stood like another Hecate over her fallen prey. There was a maddened laugh—a scream—a shout of triumph—as she buried the ruddy steel in the body of the soldier, then flashed it in the sun, and again plunged it to the hilt in his breast. She gazed upon her prostrate enemy with the fiend-like expression of a demon, and seemed to feel a terrible gratification in turning over every mangled corpse that bore the uniform of France, and with a direful vengeance thrusting the dagger into many a heart that had long ceased to beat. Unsatiated by revenge, she looked around for fresh offerings to her fury, and at length came to the spot where Galeazzo was crouched,

“Breathing the slow remains of life away.”

She looked on his sunken eye and hollow cheek, and, raising the weapon in her hand, “Die, wretch,” said she, “for thou hast nought to live for now!” But Nature refused compliance with her purpose; the dagger dropped from her unnerved grasp, and she fell senseless by his side—it was his wife!

\* \* \* \* \*

The French army continued to advance almost unmolested, and thousands fled to the mountains to escape the ravages of war. But, though these remained quiescent and passive

at first, yet, when the impulse of terror had subsided, the guerillas again formed themselves into an organized band, and swore eternal enmity to France. Their leader was a man of dauntless intrepidity and cool determination. Ever foremost in the conflict, and always the last in the retreat, he soon became a conspicuous object to the invaders; and, when the army encamped near Capua, his single hand performed prodigies of valour. The outposts were constantly attacked; the sentinels, even in the very centre of the main body, were found dead upon their post; and but few of the foraging parties ever returned to supply the wants of the soldiery. All succour was cut off from seaward by the British cruisers, and provisions began rapidly to diminish, in spite of even the masterly commissariat of Buonaparte.

The officers had been accustomed to make excursions into the surrounding country, but this was at last forbidden, for there was scarcely a jutting crag or a thicket that did not conceal a desperate enemy, whose shining blade or long fusee was prompt to deal destruction. In vain were whole brigades called out to scour the country—the guerillas were secure in their mountain-holds, and bade defiance to their foes. Attempts were made to dislodge them from their positions, but they were utterly fruitless; for, though a few prisoners fell into the hands of the French, and, after suffering torture, were hung upon the branches of trees, as spectacles for their companions, yet this did but instigate them to firmer resolve and to deeper revenge.

The chief had been known repeatedly to visit the camp of the invading army in disguise; and once, on being detected

and pursued, the bullets whistled round him in every direction; but he escaped unhurt, and superstition whispered that his body was impervious to shot! The sentinels declared that they had seen him assume a variety of shapes, for he was sometimes perceived in the form of a wolf stealing from bush to bush, and then he would suddenly emerge in all the vigour and pride of manhood; but pursuit seemed useless, for he was said to disappear so suddenly that none but those who were under the protection of superhuman agency could otherwise have escaped. A general consternation spread among the soldiery, even the commanders caught the infection; and this desperate leader became known to the whole army under the appellation of *Frère du Diable*. Large rewards were set upon his head; many of the officers bound themselves by oath to take him dead or alive, but their oath was generally sealed in death. Oftentimes, when the wine was set upon the convivial board and the canvas walls echoed to the sounds of mirth, the alarm was given that *Frère du Diable* was in the camp, and every weapon was prepared, and every eye alert for action. Oftentimes, at the evening hour, when the generous liquor had warmed the flagging courage, would some one or other, more bold than his companions, laugh at their pusillanimity, and swear to destroy the common foe; but the morning light generally saw him a corpse, with some certain token that either *Frère du Diable* or one of his comrades had dealt the blow.

It was about this time that Sir Sidney Smith commanded a fine frigate in the Mediterranean, and few men were



better adapted for the conducting of that sort of amphibious warfare which attended the hostilities on the shores of Italy. Dauntless intrepidity and daring resolution were mingled with a skilful knowledge of his profession, and there was a certain degree of romantic enthusiasm in his enterprises which strongly displayed his adventurous and chivalrous spirit. The defeat of the French at Acre and other places was an incontestable proof how well he could conduct operations on land; and, in boarding and cutting out the vessels of the enemy from under the embrasures of well-mounted batteries, or in storming the batteries themselves, his cool courage and his steady skill were regarded as pledges of victory by the intrepid seamen. But his chief delight was to lead his men, under the cover of the twilight glow of an Italian night, through the dark mazes of the forest, or winding among the huge masses of rock that lined the coast, where the wild guerilla crossed his path, or joined his band and gave intelligence of the enemy.

It would be impossible for language to do adequate justice to such a scene. The slow movements of a hundred men, who crept from bush to bush without a whisper—the cautious and silent advance upon the enemy—the red watch-fire that marked the temporary encampment of the French, and the occasional challenge of the drowsy sentinel at the outpost, which died away upon the breeze as tranquillity was restored—the crouching down in breathless silence till suspicion was lulled—oh! there was a degree of enchantment in the whole, which then was realized, but cannot now be described.

To the seamen these expeditions were a source of real amusement, and they afforded them repeated opportunities for indulging in their characteristic humour. When the word was passed for the boats to be manned (and none but volunteers were permitted to go with the captain) the hoarse voice of the boatswain's mate followed his shrill pipe, and, as the words "Bush-fighters, away!" resounded down the hatchways, every man fore and aft knew the purport of the summons, and all would have gladly joined the party for the shore.

But, though I say all, it must be admitted that the old master was an exception; he would have fought any enemy in his ship, or would have run her flying-jib-boom into the largest ship in the French Navy; but he had no idea of "land-privateering," as he termed it. "A sailor," he said, "always gets out of soundings ashore, and without knowing his bearings and distances, generally runs upon a false reckoning." The fact was, he was as much a piece of the frigate as any timber-head on her hull; and nothing short of being wrecked or blown up could have separated them.

Sir Sidney had obtained intelligence that *Frère du Diable* was in the neighbourhood of his cruising-ground, and, wishing to communicate with him, for the purpose of ascertaining the precise situation and operations of the French, the boats were manned and armed, and, an hour before day-break, the whole party landed in a small cove, formed by rocks that entirely concealed from view the means of debarkation.

Leaving the principal portion of the men by the boats, with strict orders to the officer not to suffer any one to stray away, but to be extremely vigilant, Sir Sidney, with a lieutenant, two midshipmen, and twelve men, proceeded on his way, over rock and stone, through bush and brier, towards the spot where it was most probable the guerilla chief would be found. It was a lovely morning; the stars still glistened in the clear blue heaven of an Italian sky, and there was that sort of dubious light which greatly added to the beauty of the romantic scenery. Sometimes the party had to climb by aid of their hands and knees to the summit of the frowning precipice, and at others to slide down huge masses of rock; so necessary was it to keep from every beaten track, for the purpose of avoiding any stragglers from the enemy's camp who might raise an alarm.

At length, after considerable exertion, and just as the sun appeared above the verge of the horizon, they arrived at a place in the interior of a thick forest, and nearly at the extreme height of a mountain, which evidently displayed strong lines of defence, but so inartificially contrived as to appear more the work of Nature than of the hand of man. Huge trees lay piled in various directions, as if thrown down by some gust of the wild tempest, yet in such positions as to afford occasional shelter to a retreating party, and offering an admirable post for harassing an advancing foe.

Scarcely was the first of these barriers passed when a shrill whistle sounded close to them, and, in a few minutes,

they burst into an open space, that had been cleared of the underwood and some of the trees, and now formed a pleasant alcove. Here the scene became highly interesting: it was one of those which Salvator Rosa would have gloried in transferring to the canvas. In one corner, upon an elevated mound, so as to command a view of the whole area, sat a majestic-looking figure, with a countenance of mild serenity, but yet of a commanding aspect. Over his shoulders was hung the skin of a wolf, and the lower part of his body was enveloped in a cloak of furs. The butts of his pistols were just seen, as they stuck in his broad girdle; a heavy sword and a carbine lay by his side, and in his hand he held that peculiar kind of knife so well known as the favourite weapon of the guerilla. Resting upon one knee, and her arm leaning on his shoulder, was a female of great beauty; she was gazing tenderly upon him, but at intervals there was a fierce flashing of the eyes, an agitated contortion of feature, that rendered her terrible to sight. There was nevertheless a fascinating beauty still, though it was constantly changing from the glance of fervid affection to the fiend-like expression of a fallen angel. These were *Frère du Diable* and his wife, or, in other words, Galeazzo and Camilla.

The guerilla band were assembled in separate groups, yet so connected as to be ready for action at a moment's warning. Some were stretched upon the ground, and still buried in the deep sleep which exertion and fatigue render so delicious to the weary frame; others were awaking from their slumbers and stretching their sinewy limbs; whilst a few were examining their arms or polishing their knives.

The shrill whistle again sounded, when a single blast from a bugle roused every soul in an instant, and, carbine in hand, they stood prepared for battle. Sir Sidney advanced, was immediately recognised, and a loud shout of joy proclaimed his welcome. The guerillas laid down their arms, and received the seamen with demonstrations of attachment. The chiefs met and embraced in token of amity, whilst the beautiful Camilla testified her satisfaction to see the enemies of the French. A multitude of conflicting feelings seemed to agitate her soul, as she pressed the hand of Sir Sidney to her heart, and called upon him as "the avenger of blood."

As soon as order was restored, the two chiefs held a conference together, after which refreshments were spread upon the green sward, consisting of dried venison, hard cheese, bread, fruits, and wine. On the elevated mound Galeazzo, Camilla, Sir Sidney, and the British officers were seated on the grass. Behind the guerilla chief, a little to the right, stood the bugleman, and on the left, the sword-bearer, both prompt to obey commands. The seamen joined in the messes of the band, and the utmost harmony prevailed.

A few minutes had elapsed since these arrangements were made, when suddenly a bright flash was seen among the bushes on the opposite side to that where the chief sat, and, as the report of fire-arms echoed among the rocks, the bugleman fell dead upon Sir Sidney's shoulder. All parties were instantly on their feet, and the chiefs dealt mutual looks of distrust at each other. It was evident that the ball had been designed for one of them, and suspicion pervaded the minds of both that treachery was at work. The

dauntless look of defiance was exchanged, but it was only momentary, for the shrill voice of Camilla was heard. "Do they seek the lion in his den?" she exclaimed with bitterness; "on, on! and destroy the common foe!"

The features of the guerilla changed; he grasped Sir Sidney's hand with impetuosity, gazed for a moment on the corpse, and then, seizing the bugle, blew a blast so loud and shrill that every rock and glen re-echoed the noise. He ceased, and the whole band stood in breathless silence, watching their leader, who appeared like a statue; but no sound was heard except the gentle rustling of the leaves in the morning breeze. Again with wild haste the chief raised the bugle, and sounded louder and longer than before, and again all subsided to the deepest attention. At length, answering blasts were heard in different directions, and the chief, dashing the bugle on the ground, gave orders for the immediate departure of his band. Sir Sidney wished to accompany him, but this offer was politely declined; yet, turning to Camilla, he requested her to remain with the English captain till his return. She gave her husband a look of stern reproach. "Am I not bereaved?" said she. "Is not the blood of my offspring on their hands? Will not the wolf fight for her whelps, and shall I shrink? On! on, Galeazzo! the death-shriek of my murdered children is ringing in my ears, and nought but deep and terrible revenge can satisfy me now!"

The chief raised the wolf's skin from his shoulders, and, drawing the head part over his own, so that the nostrils covered his brow, he assumed that terrific appearance



which at all times rendered him so conspicuous an object in his encounters with the enemy. He again grasped Sir Sidney's hand, and requested him to return to his ship; and, as soon as he saw smoke rising from the spot on which he then stood, he might consider it as a signal for him to retrace his steps to the place of rendezvous.

The guerilla band spread themselves into small parties, and pursued different routes, though only at such distances from each other as to be ready to unite in one body if it should be necessary; and in a few minutes not a vestige of the troop remained, except the corpse, the broken food, and the half-emptied flagons.

The British party returned to the frigate, and a careful watch was set to look out for the concerted signal. The officers were constantly directing their spy-glasses towards the spot, but nothing was seen; and the day passed away in restless impatience, not unaccompanied with suspicion of *Frère du Diable's* intentions.

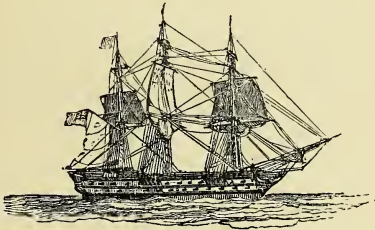
Night came—a beautiful clear Italian night—reviving in the mind all the strong fervour of romance. The deep blue of the sky, reflected on the transparent wave, which gave back its lovely hue, was beautifully contrasted with the dark foliage and the rocky masses which bound the shore, affording no indication of human dwelling—all was still and passionless. The eye was eagerly strained towards the thick wood, which frowned in gloom and pride, when, about the middle of the first watch, light wreaths of smoke curled upward above the trees, followed by bright flashes, and, in a few minutes, the red glare of ascending flames

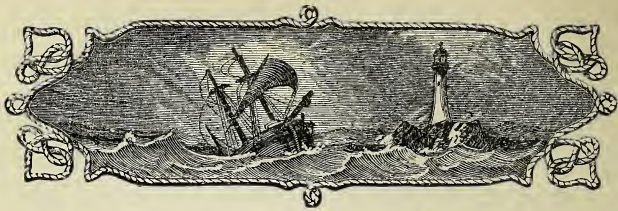
gave a grand and terrific change to the quiet of the scene.

The boats were again manned, and soon sweeping through the liquid element to the spot they had quitted in the morning ; and, in an hour, Sir Sidney, with a more numerous retinue than before, arrived at the appointed place. But, though the scene of the early day was striking, it was a mere tranquil spectacle when compared with the present, where ferocity was heightened by wild intoxication and horrid cruelty. In the centre of the space the dry trunks of trees were piled on end, so as to form a spiral elevation and terminate almost in a point at the summit. They were burning with great rapidity, and cast a red tinge on the figures that were spread around. The chief leaned upon his heavy sword near the fire, and his wife stood laughing by his side ; but that laugh was utterly destitute of human pleasure—it was like the laugh of a fallen angel exulting over mortal agony. She was terrible in her beauty, and the soul trembled before her demoniac gaze. A loud shout proclaimed Sir Sidney's presence, and he immediately advanced towards the chief, who received him in the most cordial manner ; whilst Camilla, in wild accents, exclaimed, " They *would* seek the lion in his den ! But more blood has been shed as a sacrifice to avenge my murdered babes "—and she threw another log into the flames.

The chief informed Sir Sidney that the pursuit of the guerillas had not been unavailing, for they had followed the delinquent (who proved to be a French soldier, under pledge to destroy *Frère du Diable*) down to the very outposts of

the enemy's camp, where, after a slight skirmish, he was captured and brought back to the stronghold of the band. "And see," said the chief, opening the blazing pile with his sword and showing the mutilated remains of a human body consuming in the flames, "thus perish all our enemies!" "Ay, perish, perish for ever!" responded Camilla. "This is he," continued the chief, "who fired the shot this morning. He confessed that it was designed for me, but thus—thus am I avenged!" The miserable victim had been burnt alive.





## The Warlock.

ABOUT twenty-four hours' sail to the southward of Rio Janeiro, on the east coast of Brazil, lies the island of Sanctos, which though entirely separated from the mainland, yet is so completely dovetailed into it as to appear a part of the continent; and when seen from the sea it is impossible to detect the broken line of coast. The town, bearing the same name as the island, is situated on that side which is most distant from the ocean; the streets are remarkably clean, and the houses present a very neat appearance, considering that the inhabitants are Portuguese. But then it must also be taken into account that it is the isolated residence of persons who have scarcely any intercourse with the rest of mankind, and whose principal occupation is to superintend and manage the gold mines of San Paulo, situated a few leagues in the interior.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, Sanctos could, perhaps, boast of a greater number of beautiful women than any town of its dimensions in the world; but their education was so very limited, and they were so constantly under the influence of interested priests, that bigotry and superstition were the leading features of their characters. Still

their beauty was irresistible: there was the large, full, and expressive black eye, fringed with its glossy lashes; there was the roseate bloom of health stealing through the deep mellow tinge of brown upon the cheek; there was the long raven hair braided round the forehead; and there was an exquisite symmetry of form, that made an indelible impression on the heart, whilst the blandishments of their bewitching smile operated like the spirit of enchantment on the young and ardent mind.

A ship had never been seen in Sanctos river since Drake circumnavigated the globe; and tradition had handed down such romantic and ridiculous tales respecting the unceremonious manner in which he had plundered the place, that the name of English seaman was considered synonymous with that of robber; and though the ladies, by direction of the priests, put great confidence in two handsome-looking white forts, over which the flag of Portugal was proudly displayed, yet, like the negro who thought "King George hab a lion for one arm and a unicorn for toder," they formed the most strange conceptions of the prowess and *diablerie* of that curious compound, a British Jack Tar.

It was early in the month of July 18—, when the heat of the sun in that part of the world was tempered by its northern declination, that the inhabitants of Sanctos were greatly alarmed one lovely morning at seeing what appeared to be an immense silvery cloud, floating on the surface of the river, and approaching the town with amazing rapidity. As it drew nearer it became more defined, and then broad sheets of canvas were plainly distinguished as they were widely

distended and just sleeping in the light breeze that filled them out. Over all were three slender, tapering spars of different heights, and from the centre one curled a long red pennant, that nearly touched the water. The Sanctonians gazed upon the spectacle with superstitious dread ; nor were their apprehensions lessened when the strange visitant became in a moment disencumbered of its expanded cloth, and brought into view a long, low, snake-like hull, as black as midnight ; whilst the tall raking masts, towering one above the other, raised their lofty heads into the air, as if daring the element they were meant to encounter.

As soon as this phenomenon had arrived abreast of the town, a loud splash was heard under the bows, and the seamen were almost instantly spread out upon the yards, tossing up the folds of each sail in a skin as smooth as an infant's ; whilst, at the same moment, the heavy reports of artillery on the deck were re-echoed among the hills, and the curling smoke, in many a circular wreath, spread itself like a dense mist upon the waters, till the low black hull was totally obscured, and the spectators could only guess at its position by the flame which issued from the muzzles of the guns.

Hundreds of people thronged the quays, and anxiously watched for some demonstration of reply from the two white forts ; but though the heavy cannon looked braggingly enough through the embrasures, they were wholly silent. None knew whence the mysterious stranger had come ; none knew the purport of its visit ; and a feeling approaching to dread spread through the assembled multitude, as they witnessed its extraordinary proceedings.



At length the gentle breeze wafted away the thick volumes of smoke that rolled along upon the surface of the river, and gradually the whole ship was displayed to the sight in all her symmetry and beauty. The British ensign waved proudly at the gaff-end ; the pennant of a man-of-war threw its graceful curves from the main truck ; and the blue quartered Jack, with its white and red crosses, was spread by the light winds at the bowsprit end. Strains of martial music sounded on the ear and then died away upon the waters ; whilst the ship, by means imperceptible to those on shore, slowly moved to a particular station, where she became fixed like a thing of magic slumbering on the bosom of the stream.

The captain waited upon Don José-y-Pinta, the governor, and informed him that he had been ordered by Sir Sidney Smith to anchor his Britannic Majesty's ship *The Warlock* in that port for the purpose of refreshing the seamen ; and the name of the vessel, which was well known from her long station on the coast, increased the perplexity of the Don and his attendants. In fact, the *Warlock* had been cruising several months in that part of the world. Her peculiar construction, beauty of form, swiftness of sailing, and other eminent qualities, had gained her the name of "The Wizard of the Sea ;" and Captain Pearce had on every occasion endeavoured to justify the title by performing feats, which, though merely the effects of nautical science, were attributed to the power of necromancy. Under such circumstances it can excite no great wonder to hear that the inhabitants of Sanctos looked upon the ship as an unwelcome intruder, and, instigated by the priests, connected the officers

and men with the character which she bore. The governor, however, had his own private suspicions ; and Captain Pearce knew that he himself was armed with secret powers from the Prince Regent of Portugal. An apology was made for not returning the salute, on the ground that the major commandant at one of the forts was in a dying state, and the noise might disturb his last moments ; but the wily Don might have said with more truth that the major was already dead and the guns honeycombed.

About three weeks after their arrival the second lieutenant, Hamilton, a fine specimen of Britain's pride, was sent with a party of men to an adjacent river for the purpose of obtaining fresh water ; and the spot chosen was particularly remarkable for its romantic scenery. An impetuous torrent that rushed down the side of a steep mountain had hollowed a deep bed invisible to mortal eye, till it emptied itself beneath a natural archway, and bounded from rock to rock down a gentle descent, from which a broad channel conducted it to an immense basin, about twelve feet above the level of the river, where its waters became beautifully clear and smooth, and were discharged through a tunnel about four feet above the river's brink, forming an elegant cascade. On each side of the basin was a flat of greensward, bordered by the dark, frowning, and almost impenetrable forest that hung upon the sides of the mountain ; whilst the dashing of the waters, as they fell from cliff to cliff, and the hollow roar, as they passed through some caverns in their rapid course, produced a terrible and awful sound that greatly heightened the interest of the spectacle.

On one of the flats a marquee was pitched for Lieutenant Hamilton and two junior officers, whilst the other flat was occupied by a long tent for the seamen and marines of the party. The second morning Hamilton lay reclining in his marquee, when he was roused by a peculiar kind of growl, that seemed to come from a shelving rock at some distance above his head ; but, on looking towards the place, he could perceive nothing to excite apprehension, and he let fall the barrel of the rifle which he had hastily snatched up, into the hollow of his left arm. Again the growl was heard, but fiercer than before ; and then the lieutenant clearly distinguished a black panther, standing on the arm of a tree, in the attitude of making a spring, and lashing himself with his tail. Hamilton raised the rifle to his shoulder, and, extending his left hand to the barrel, prepared to take a steady aim, when a female voice uttering a piercing shriek distracted his purpose—but it was only for a moment : he pulled the trigger—there was a flash and a report—and the enraged animal bounded from the tree and fell upon the greensward below, within a few yards of the spot where the officer was standing. Though wounded and maimed, it was still strong and vigorous, and Hamilton preferred remaining on the defensive, so as to receive the creature when it leaped. Onward it came, lashing its sides with its tail, and showing two rows of bristling teeth that had a fearful appearance—onward it came, but there were several on the opposite flat who were not idle spectators of the scene. Musket after musket sent forth its red flame, and the animal rolled over and over, biting the ground in rage and agony. Still the infuriated beast

faced upon its foes, and, though life was ebbing fast, it made one desperate spring, and alighted upon the lieutenant's shoulder ; but the exertion hastened its dissolution, and it fell lifeless at Hamilton's feet, without doing any other injury than tearing the sleeve of his coat and raising the skin upon his arm.

The moment the conflict ceased, the attention of the lieutenant was directed to the spot whence the shriek had proceeded; and looking up he saw an aged negro standing on the rock imploring assistance. Certain, however, that the voice he had heard was that of a female, he endeavoured to break through the entangled bushes ; but they resisted his strongest efforts : and he was projecting means to scale the face of the precipice when the negro suddenly appeared beneath the natural archway through which the torrent gushed, and Hamilton leaped from rock to rock above the bubbling foam, till, turning an angle of the archway, where one false step would have precipitated him to certain destruction, he observed a loose and irregular path winding up the mountain, only a few feet from the roaring waters that scattered the spray upon his clothes.

Ascending this dangerous passage, he followed the negro to a few stunted bushes at the back of the shelving projection, and there, stretched upon the earth, lay a young girl, whom terror had deprived of animation. The officer raised her in his arms, and, after some exertion, had the pleasure of seeing her restored to sensibility, and hearing her in plaintive accents request the negro to lay her gently down and hasten for some water. Then, recovering still more, she

opened her eyes, stared wildly at the lieutenant, on whose breast her head had been reclining, uttered a piercing shriek, and starting up, buried her face in her hands. In vain did Hamilton address her—she knew not a word of his language: in vain did the gentle and soothing expressions fall from his lips—she continued to shut out the light, and to gasp with agony, as if dismay was depriving her of respiration.

Hamilton felt rather nettled at this seeming wantonness, but at length he became convinced that her fear was too natural to proceed from anything but reality; and never before had he seen so lovely a creature as the young maiden before him. The clustering ringlets of long black hair fell over a forehead as smooth as polished marble, and descended to a snow white bosom that was finely contrasted by the jet black of the glossy curls which rested on it. The large black eyes were rendered fearfully expressive under the influence of alarm, and the flush upon her agitated countenance gave additional beauty to her well-formed features. The lieutenant gazed with delight and rapture on her sylph-like figure,—feelings that he had never before experienced crept upon his heart. He longed to press the lovely girl to his breast and assure her of safety and protection; but the trembling dismay which she evinced whenever he approached her produced astonishment and distress in his mind. Still she reiterated her cries for water, and kept repeating prayer after prayer for deliverance. Hamilton hastened down the pathway for the purpose of obtaining some vessel in which he might convey the cool liquid to her lips. The young

girl was informed of his departure by the negro, and, seating herself upon a bank, she sought relief in tears. "Oh, Diego," said she convulsively, "what a wonderful escape I have had!"

"Yes, missy," replied the negro, "him great black cat make no more of you dan littlee mouse."

"I was not thinking of the panther," responded the shrinking maiden, "but of the terrible being who has just quitted us. Yet its voice was soothing, too—but Father Jerome says these demons assume the most enticing forms, and use the most seductive language, that they may the more easily draw our souls into the snare. Oh, Diego, are you sure it is gone?"

"Yes, missy," answered the black, "me bery sure gone, though p'rhaps he come again!"

"The Virgin Mother forbid!" exclaimed the maiden, "for Father Jerome says, 'Resist the Evil One and he will flee from you.' I did resist, Diego; but I feel the thrilling touch of its fingers on my brow!—and oh, sinner that I am, I fear that I am lost for ever. It was—it was one of the demons from the enchanted ship!—Speak, Diego, was it not a devil?"

"Yes, missy," assented the negro, "him debil for true, and bery handsome debil, too."

"But what has become of the panther, Diego?" inquired the alarmed girl. "Oh how horribly its glaring eyes were fixed upon me!—was it driven away?"

"No, missy," replied Diego, shaking his head; "de debil shoot him, and den he lay down atop o' de flat—he neber jump again!"



“Is it really dead, then?” said the maiden, “or was it merely a deception of the fallen angel to try a poor frail creature of the dust? Yet no! there was too much of reality in that terrible look, and Father Jerome himself would have shrunk with horror from his rage. But are you certain that the gentle creature who destroyed it is one of the demons from the magic bark?”

“Oh yes, missy, chuckled the black, “me bery sure one of Fader Jerram debil—dere two, t’ree, twenty, down dere—red debil, blue debil, white debil—but p’rhaps he come again in a littlee moment.”

“You are right, Diego,” exclaimed the agitated girl, “and therefore let us instantly quit the place whilst I have strength and power to do so. Haste, Diego, give me your arm, and let us away.”

The obedient negro complied; beauty and ugliness were linked together; and, when the anxious and eager lieutenant returned with a goblet of pure water, he found the spot deserted. Vexed and disappointed, he would have followed their track, which was easily to be found by the broken branches; but a prudential sense of duty deterred him, and he returned to his party mortified and dispirited. Nevertheless, he determined on pursuing the adventure after the boats had been sent away with the full casks.

The sun was rapidly hurrying down to the western horizon, when Hamilton, selecting a favourite seaman, left strict orders with the midshipman to keep the party together, and then, with his humble associate, he set out on his expedition.

Ben Transom had known his officer when, to use his own term, "he was no higher than the windlass-end;" and Ben had unremittingly endeavoured to give the lad instruction in what he called "the readyments of seamanship. Nor did the pupil do any discredit to his teacher, for Ned Hamilton soon outstripped his messmates, and was particularly noticed by his commander, till he mounted the white lapels, which were earned by an act of bravery. A sort of natural affection had grown up between the two; for Hamilton looked up to Ben as his nautical father, and Ben, in his advanced life, received constant kindness and protection from the young officer.

Such were the pair who now disappeared from their friends under the archway: the lieutenant having his rifle slung at his back, and a pair of silver-mounted pistols stuck in his belt, from which was suspended a stout dirk. Ben also was armed with pistols, and carried a strong broad cutlass and a bayonet strapped round his waist.

"I'm thinking, sir," said the veteran, as he followed his officer, "a voyage of discovery without lead or compass will be apt to turn out a misfailure arter all, for you can neither get soundings nor bearings."

"Our feet, Ben," replied the lieutenant, "must find our best soundings; and as for a compass, we shall have the stars to steer by when the sun has set."

"Ay, ay," answered Ben, "that may be all very well, sir, but you know the danger of steering amongst rocks without a chart to prick your way."

"I do, my old friend," responded Hamilton; "but the per-

sons who made the charts must first of all have incurred the danger."

"True, Mr. Hamilton, very true," assented the seaman ; "but, if I'm not making too bould, I should like to know what you expect to meet with amongst these rocks and forest trees : for, to my thinking, it is better to be under a reefed fore-sail in an open sea than backing and filling, like a collier in the Pool with scarcely six inches of daylight under the keel. In less than an hour the sun will be in the bush, and, according to my notions, the night will be as dark as a chimbley sweep." He then added with much solemnity, "To my thinking, sir, it seems to be a defying o' the Creator and his marcfiful protection, for the creaturs he has made for his own peculiat sarvice on the ocean to be overhauling his secret works upon the land. They tell me no foot of man has ever trod these hills and then returned to tell what had been seen—why, then, sir—I ax pardon—why then should we presume?"

"Whoever bade you log that in your memory, old man," said the lieutenant, "was telling you to keep a false reckon- ing ! You saw the black to-day?"

"The nigger? yes, sir, we all saw him," returned Ben, "and there was them among us that were ready to swear he was somewhat akin to the 'long-shore Davy Jones."

"If he was a limb of Satan," said the officer, "he had an angel with him, and it isn't often they sail in company."

"Ah, well," sighed the old tar, shaking his head, "they say the mountain is haunted. And did ye really see an angel?"

"If extreme loveliness without a blemish, and a voice of

bewitching harmony, can constitute an inhabitant of the heavenly regions, then the sweet girl I saw to-day was an angel."

"Whew—ew—ew!" whistled Ben, "the line's run slap off the reel—now I begins to see the latitude and longitude of the thing. But are you sartin it warn't a spirit?"

"Quite sure of it, old boy," answered the lieutenant: "but I am much mistaken, Ben—and I speak to you as to one in whom I can confide—I say I am much mistaken if there is not something more serious than we are aware of in our being here. The royal family of Portugal no sooner reach Rio than our skipper is despatched—in preference to their own men-of-war—with secret instructions; and here we are, in a spot like the garden of Eden for loveliness, treated very little better than fiends."

"I'd wager my six months' whack against a scupper-nail," cried the veteran, "that the Yankee schooner we spoke off Whale Island, at the entrance of the river, has something to do with it. Uncle Sam \* is always at the bottom of mischief, particularly when there's any gould to be got."

"Gold!" reiterated Hamilton; "why, ay, now you speak—but, no—they were engaged in the pursuit of science: there was a party on board botanizing along the coast."

"So they might be bottomizing," said Ben, "but, rely upon it, these same bottomizers know where-away the mines are to be found."

"You have hit it, Ben," exclaimed the lieutenant; "and

---

\* During the first American war, the troops of the United States had U. S. painted on their knapsacks, which the royalists interpreted Uncle Sam.

this is the cause of our boat's rowing guard after sun-down—they are obtaining gold clandestinely.—But, halloo!—what have we here?”

They had reached a small flat, about two thirds up the mountain, which was nearly cleared of the trees, but in the back part, almost hid under the foliage of the bush, was a rude building, or rather cavern, formed of large rough masses of rock, the entrance to which was through an aperture only large enough to admit a man upon his hands and knees, and against this a heavy stone was rolled.

“By your leave,” exclaimed Ben, displacing the obstruction, and then falling in the rear of his officer, to whom he felt in duty bound to assign the post of honour. The lieutenant crawled in, and was followed by his companion. They found the interior more commodious than they could have imagined. There was a bench and a table; but what surprised the officer most was a seacot and bedding surrounded by mosquito curtains, which hung in one corner, plainly showing that it had been inhabited, but when or by whom it was impossible even to conjecture.

“I've got summat here,” exclaimed Ben, dragging a light material to the aperture, “and, I declare, 'tis nothing more nor less than a set of signal-flags; and I'm much mistaken if here arn't Jonathan's gridiron!\* I told you, Mr. Hamilton, the Yankee was cadgering, and there's a staff somewhere close at hand, depend upon it.”

The last glimmering of day threw but very little light

---

\* The colours of the United States were thus named on account of the stripes resembling the bars of a gridiron.

into the aperture, and the old tar, with a book in his hand, stretched himself through the opening, and endeavoured to trace with his forefinger something that appeared upon the leaves ; but, shaking his head, he muttered, "Them there crinkum-crankums, that look like sheepshanks in a t'gallant backstay, are beyond my education. I used to could read a little, too—anything like Christian words that had the A B C for pilots. But as for these !—the fellows must have wry mouths that could get such crooked characters into 'em."

He drew in his head like a tortoise under its shell, and Hamilton discovered that the object of the old man's soliloquy was a signal-book, in a cipher that fully warranted the term "crooked."

As the moon would rise soon after midnight, the lieutenant determined to remain where he was till that time, and then prosecute his discoveries further. Their arms were placed in readiness for action ; and, after some short conversation, both resigned themselves to a sweet and refreshing sleep.

In about an hour their slumbers were broken by the sound of voices near ; and, though neither of them spoke to the other, they were fully aware that both were in readiness by hearing the click of the lock as each cocked his pistol.

"Well," exclaimed a voice in genuine English, "and what do you propose by seeking me here ?"

"Your immediate departure," replied another ; "the scheme cannot be much longer concealed ; the Don is getting alarmed, and it would be hardship, indeed, to be compelled to dig the root for others when we may enjoy the fruit ourselves."

"These are some of the botanists," thought Hamilton.



“Folly—rank folly and fear,” said the first, in tones of bitterness. “If your craven spirit shrinks from a bold design because it is attached to danger it is useless to proceed.”

“But you do not know the man,” argued a third; “he is too keen and penetrating not to see through our disguise.”

“He means Captain Pearce,” thought Hamilton.

“I have not seen but I know him,” replied the first: “he is a seaman—so am I: he has an object in view—so have I: he affects to possess a mysterious power—I have it in reality, and set him at defiance.”

Ben thought of the hobgoblins in the mountains, grasped his pistol more firmly, and gave a severe turn to his quid.

“The bars are all ready for shipping,” said the second speaker; “what need therefore of delay? The old man and his daughter may embark; we can dispose of them at sea, and send the priest in their company, that they may have a sure passport to heaven.”

“You jest, sir,” observed the first speaker.

“I have but little cause for jesting,” replied the other; “the people are complaining of your inactivity, and murmur mutiny—”

“Mutiny!” exclaimed the first man, in a tone which was loudly echoed by the surrounding rocks, “and dare they threaten, too? But ’tis just what may be expected of men to whom plunder would be valueless, unless it were stained with blood. And you, sir!—you would brave me, too! Yet forgive me,” he added mournfully: “my temper is growing petulant, and my nature seems to be upon the change. Now listen to my plans. The ingots are all ready, but the gover-

nor will not allow them to be shipped without adding himself and family to the freight. Wretched dotard!—he thinks we are honest traders, and yet bribes us to connive at robbery, which, if known, would expose him to death by torture, and we should be sent to drag out a miserable existence in the mines. Well, well! his blood be upon his own head!—he shall on board—but I would spare the daughter from the lawless set by which she will be surrounded. Nay, not a word of remonstrance or complaint. Ye cannot do without me, for if ye attempt it ye will perish. There is gold enough to enrich you all to your very hearts' content; but no woman shall be murdered whilst I retain command. I have never seen Don José's child, and, therefore, cannot be supposed to have any personal interest in her welfare; but there is one female who will accompany—no matter, I will settle it hereafter. Haste both of you on board the schooner, and have everything in readiness for a start. Leave the white boat in the cove, near where the drowsy man-of-war's men sleep. I shall not be long after you."

The three men departed, and all doubts were chased from Hamilton's mind relative to the character of the vessel they had spoken, whilst it was probable that her commander had been for some time a resident in the very place in which they then were, and to which he would most likely return in a few minutes. Hamilton and his humble companion immediately quitted the cavern, and concealed themselves behind a projecting rock, determined, if possible, to seize the man as he was entering the aperture.

Nearly an hour had elapsed, and the rising moon shed her

pale lustre on the scene, when suddenly a distant shriek was heard : it seemed to proceed from a spot higher up on the mountain. "Did you hear that, old man?" inquired the lieutenant. "Jump up, Ben, and try the direction."

"It was plain enough to hear, sir," answered the seaman, without stirring from his position. "They are still at their infernal work, defiling this beautiful earth with their cantations. Satan always chooses some terrustyal paradise as the scene of his labours, because it bears some resemblance to the heaven from which he fell."

Another shriek was heard. "It is repeated, Ben!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "and, come what may, I am determined to discover the cause. You may go or remain just as you please."

"That was unkindly said, Ned—I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton, I mean. Lead on; you shall find me close at your stern."

The lieutenant and the seaman rushed through the tangled pathway, and ascended the mountain.

Donna Marietta, the young girl whom Hamilton rescued from the panther, had reached her residence near the summit of the mountain in safety ; and, desirous of averting the evil which she dreaded, she determined to pass the night in the small chapel attached to the house, where, prostrate before the altar, she might propitiate the blessed Virgin. But in vain the innocent and unsuspecting girl struggled to banish the remembrance of Hamilton from her mind : his figure was constantly present to her imagination, and the soothing accents of his voice continued to vibrate on her ears. She believed herself bewitched to her soul's perdition ; but there

was something so truly ecstatic in the feelings which glowed in her heart that she yielded to their influences, and nourished the sweet sensation that bewildered her, till she sunk into a deep rest, as tranquil as the slumber of an infant.

It was past midnight, when suddenly there appeared near the chapel the figure of a man clothed in rich black velvet : a massive gold chain encompassed his neck, and, falling on his breast, the lower bight was thrust inside his garment. He wore a Spanish hat and plume, and a stout rapier hung at his side. "This, then, is the spot," he communed with himself, in a subdued voice, but in pure English—"this, then, is the spot that contains the lovely creature, who should be an angel of light, if such beings there really are. But no—she is mortal, like myself—like myself, do I say?" A shuddering came over him. "No, no, her heart is innocent—her hands are unpolluted by blood! Pshaw!—I grow a driveller! This mountain air breathes such purity that it makes me love to feel its influences." He paused a while, apparently in deep abstraction. "She sleeps, no doubt, sweetly sleeps, and but little dreams that the spoiler is at hand. The spoiler?—no—if she remains here she will be wedded to some senseless churl who prizes not her beauty, and her existence will drag on in one common round of listlessness. But it shall not be!—she shall repose upon the breast of bravery. Those glorious eyes shall flash with fire in the affray, and those small taper fingers shall clutch the shining steel. Yet, pirate, robber as I am, shall I destroy such loveliness? 'Tis vain to think—she is now unprotected, and she shall be mine."

The stranger moved slowly on, till, catching sight of the feeble rays of the lamp within the chapel, he cautiously approached, and, opening the door, looked stealthily in. Extended before the altar lay the beautiful girl, and a demoniac smile of satisfaction passed over the countenance of the intruder. Noiselessly he went towards her, but wearied nature had assumed her right, and Marietta slept. He gently raised her in his arms, but she awoke not. He quitted the sanctuary with slow and measured step, pillowing her head upon his shoulder ; yet her slumber, though uneasy, was still unbroken. He passed the gates, and carefully descended the rugged path. A murmur escaped her lips, but it was not till they were at some distance from the house that she was aroused to a full sense of her situation. Her shrieks and struggles were violent, but only the rocks replied to the one, and the other were like the futile efforts of a child in the grasp of a giant. Still the stranger found himself thwarted in his design of urging her forward. His persuasions, his threats, his caresses, even his stiletto glistening in the moonbeams, were alike unavailing. He tried to soothe her agitation, and she listened to his words, for he spoke her language fluently ; he talked to her of his devoted love, and she spurned his offers with contempt ; till, exasperated at her resistance, and passion gaining the ascendancy, he resolved at once to sacrifice her to his wicked desire. He grasped his victim, whilst her shrieks for help and her appeals for mercy were borne upon the same breath of wind. But they were not uttered in vain ; there was one who heard the well-remembered voice ; and, guided by its sound, Hamilton

stretched the villain upon the earth by a blow from the butt of his rifle.

Marietta clung to her preserver; and though, in her terror, she did not immediately recognise the young lieutenant, yet spontaneous gratitude flowed from her heart, and Hamilton, feeling the pressure of her delicate frame upon his breast, with strong arm but gentle touch clasped her to his beating heart.

"His anchor holds on yet, sir," said Ben, who had closely followed his officer, and, raising the fallen man, had placed his hand upon the seat of life; "his anchor holds, but I'm thinking there's a desperate bad chafe near the clinch."

"'Tis well," said Hamilton; "for, though he deserve death, I should rather he received it from the hands of the executioner."

Marietta, caught by the sounds of the lieutenant's voice, looked hurriedly in his face, and then, recognising him, endeavoured to extricate herself from his embrace; but at that instant there was a convulsive motion in the stranger's limbs, and she again threw her small arm over Hamilton's shoulder. The officer gave directions to his humble companion to remain with the stranger and try to restore animation, whilst he himself conducted the lovely girl to a place of safety. He passed the arm of the young woman within his own, and, as well as he was able, made her comprehend his intentions.

Marietta had become fully sensible of the identity of her protector, but she no longer felt that fear and reserve which she had manifested on the previous morning; besides, since



then the whole tenor of her mind had undergone a change ; and the being who in visionary pleasure had occupied her thoughts was now actually by her side, and had rendered her the most important services. Hamilton, though he understood something of the Portuguese language, was not proficient enough to converse in it, and was, therefore, unable to inquire the cause of the scene which he had beheld ; but Marietta poured forth the fulness of her heart in grateful acknowledgments, and, whilst warm affection gave a free translation of her speech, her little delicate hand was pressed to the lieutenant's lips. Love has a language of its own, which cannot be misunderstood—it produces a sweet communion of spirit, that requires but little aid from the tongue to express its full and perfect meaning.

The attendants of Marietta had been aroused by her cries, and with Diego were delighted to see her return, though the latter could not help exclaiming, “ Da handsome debil come again.” The lieutenant was about to resign her to their care, when for an instant he felt his arm firmly but convulsively grasped by the sweet girl, who, however, soon quitted her hold : then, respectfully taking the officer's hand, she pressed it between her own soft palms, and, as she again drew herself away, Hamilton felt that, either by accident or design, a ring was left between his fingers.

Without a moment's delay, the young officer hastened back to the place where he had left his veteran companion and the wounded man—but all was deserted : no traces of either could be seen. He shouted and called, but no answer was returned ; and, imagining that Ben might have removed the

stranger to the cavern, he rapidly descended; but there also all was lonely and still. Full of wild conjecture, Hamilton rushed down the declivity, reckless of danger, and, leaping from rock to rock, he at length reached his own party by the river's side, and eagerly inquired for his aged friend. But Ben had not been seen; and, though he despatched several of the seamen to explore the mountain, no tidings of him or the stranger could be obtained.

On the arrival of the boats from the ship, the lieutenant again ascended to the residence of Donna Marietta; but during his short absence, the place had been abandoned, and only an aged negro was left. From him they could extract no information whatever, and horrible thoughts crossed his mind as to the fate of the lovely girl and his veteran friend.

Once more descending the mountain, Hamilton embarked in the swiftest boat, and the oars bent to the sinewy arms of the men, as they propelled her down the river towards the ship; but the current was strong against them, and it was not till the afternoon that the young officer obtained an interview with his commander, and related the circumstances that had occurred. Captain Pearce listened with deep attention, but issued no orders till darkness veiled the sky. Then silently but quickly the *Warlock* was unmoored; the boats, on their return from watering, were manned and armed; the marines were ordered into them, and, in a few minutes, Captain Pearce with eighty men had landed at the palace stairs and taken possession of every post. Hastening to the principal apartments, he found the household in confusion and dismay; the governor had disappeared, and

no one could or would give an account of what had become of him.

Leaving a guard in the palace, Captain Pearce returned on board, and, as soon as day dawned upon the verge of the eastern horizon, the *Warlock* was dropping down the river with the tide. But this was a work of time and labour, and it was not till evening that the ship was brought up within the outer bar, over which there would not be sufficient water for several hours.

Just as the sun was sinking in the west, the tall raking masts of the American schooner were seen moving along above a low point of land that stretched out into the sea; the breeze, though light, was off the shore, and she was outside the bar without the least obstruction to retard her progress.

This was a galling spectacle to Captain Pearce; and, still further to add to its bitterness, the saucy schooner had no sooner cleared the land than she fired a gun at the ship; and a broad black flag was spread from her mast-head, looking more deadly and unnatural against the bright and gorgeous sky in the distance.

The breeze freshened, and away danced the beautiful schooner over the smooth sea, whilst the crew of the *Warlock* were compelled to be idle and inactive spectators. About midnight, however, the bar was passable: the anchor was weighed, the sails were spread, and gallantly did the tall ship bend to the growing wind, and launch into the ocean. Captain Pearce knew that the schooner would endeavour to make a good offing before she stood upon a direct course, and

indeed that she must have already gained at least thirty miles start of him ; but, trusting to the heels of his swift craft, he did not despair that something or other would occur to bring him up with the pirate—for that such was the schooner's character did not admit of one moment's doubt.

Attentively and anxiously did the look-outs remain at their stations during the night; whilst Hamilton, with tumultuous feelings and agonized mind, thought of the lovely Marietta, whose family, whose circumstances, whose fate remained unknown to him, and he feared that they were parted for ever.

Daylight broke upon the expanse of waters as the rushing craft pursued her foamy way, but no sail appeared in sight : the whole circle of the horizon was one connected line. The utmost vigilance was still preserved ; and Captain Pearce briefly informed his officers (what Hamilton well knew) that the schooner was richly freighted with gold bars, the produce of the mines, which the governor of Sanctos had surreptitiously conveyed away—he had, however, fallen into the hands of pirates, who would doubtless sacrifice the lives of the whole family and keep the booty to themselves.

Towards night the *Warlock's* course was changed to a more northerly direction, and every eye was wakeful, in the hope of winning so rich a prize. Daybreak again illumined the eastern sky, when notice was given of a strange sail away on the starboard bow, and the ship's head was immediately directed towards it.

Hope and expectation animated every breast, till fancy became certainty that the vessel in view was the identical

schooner they were in pursuit of ; and every stitch of canvas that could draw a breath of wind was packed upon the ship, whilst the noble craft, as if conscious that speed was required, rushed on her way with impetuous haste. They were rapidly rising the pirate, so as to be able clearly to distinguish her manœuvres ; and much surprise was expressed at finding that she made no effort to escape, but was apparently lying-to, evidently for the purpose of waiting for her enemy. On a nearer approach, however, they became sensible that the utmost confusion prevailed on board the schooner : the sails were flying adrift ; she was much deeper in the water than she ought to have been ; and, by the aid of glasses, the crew were seen running about the decks in a state of distraction.

The *Warlock* had gained within about two miles of the pirate, when the latter suddenly gave a heel over, and in a few moments wholly disappeared, carrying with her every soul on board. One or two miserable victims could be discerned struggling in the waters for a short time ; but, when the *Warlock* reached the spot where the schooner had sunk, the waves rolled on as smoothly as ever, and not a living creature was left to tell the dismal tale of their disaster. Horror at the sacrifice of human life, and disappointment at the loss of so rich a prize, pervaded the ship's company ; and after standing across and across several times, without being able to do more than pick up a few loose spars that had floated from the sinking wreck, Captain Pearce trimmed his sails for the harbour of Rio Janeiro, to make his report to the commander-in-chief. What had caused the catastrophe

to the pirate set even conjecture at defiance, for the weather had been moderate ; there were neither rocks nor shoals on which she could have struck ; and the most probable supposition was that she had started a plank, speedily filled, and her murderous crew been swallowed up in that grave which they designed only for Don José and his family. Their ill-gotten gold had perished with them.

Stealthily and in subdued tones did the seamen converse together through the day on the events of that morning, whilst wild superstition revelled in the horrible and wonderful ; and during the night-watches they huddled in confused groups, and even the men on the look-out endeavoured to get a watch-mate to bear them company. Nor were the officers, though better educated, less solemnly impressed.

Hamilton had the middle watch,\* and, as he paced the quarter-deck to and fro, his thoughts were violently agitated respecting the occurrences of the last few days. His love for the beautiful Marietta was now no matter of doubt to him, and he feared that his hopes of again seeing her were blighted for ever. Of his worthy old friend, Ben Transom, nothing was known, and apprehensions that he had perished excited the most painful sensations.

The night was rather hazy ; the breeze fresh, with smooth water : the distended sails swelled with the wind as they bore the lofty ship triumphantly along. "Sail ho!" exclaimed the look-out at the lee cat-head—"a sail close to us, broad away upon the lee bow!"

---

\* From midnight to four o'clock in the morning.



Hamilton sprang forward, whilst many a shudder ran through the gathering seamen, who at first entertained suspicions that it was the spectre of the schooner that lay buried in the depths of the ocean : but soon the three masts of a large ship were distinctly visible, and the clean set and trim of her sails gave indications that she was a vessel of war.

The stranger was reaching in upon the same course as the *Warlock*, and under a press of canvas, but apparently insensible to the close approximation of the British man-of-war. Captain Pearce was summoned to the deck, and, in a few minutes, the *Warlock* ran under the stranger's lee and hailed. The hail was not promptly returned, though the movements of the crew showed that every one was on the alert ; but in a short time it was ascertained by the stranger's reply that she was a Spanish armed ship, bearing the name of *Los Tres Hermanos*, bound from Monte Video to the United States, but intending to touch at Rio Janeiro. Satisfied with the account which she gave, Captain Pearce pursued his way ; and at daylight the land was seen streaking the western sky with its undulating curve, whilst the stranger, who had at first kept way with the *Warlock*, was now falling astern as if she lay at anchor. This, however, excited no suspicion, and the gallant ship stood on till Morris's Islands were clearly distinguished, dotting the ocean with their living green, whilst the tall sugar-loaf at the entrance of the harbour served as an admirable guide to direct their course.

The land-breeze met them as they approached the shore, and, shortly afterwards, it fell calm, the Spaniard being then about three miles distant. As the sea-breeze was not ex-

pected to set in for two or three hours, Captain Pearce despatched Lieutenant Hamilton in a boat to the stranger, hoping to gain some information relative to the previous movements of the piratical schooner, as he well knew she had last fitted out and sailed from Monte Video ; but, on nearing the Spaniard, the officer was warned off on account of the fever raging violently on board. Still, indulging no apprehensions from merely ascending the deck, he pushed boldly alongside, and passing up the gangway, was instantly made prisoner : his eyes were blindfolded, and, though he strongly resisted, yet he was compelled to yield.

The young lieutenant was conducted below, and a rough, hoarse voice warned him that if he attempted to move from the place of his confinement nothing could avert his instant death. Hamilton had seen quite sufficient to convince him that the ship he was on board of was equal in point of armament to his own ; and, though the number of hands on deck were barely sufficient to work her, yet he rightly conjectured that there was a numerous, bold, and lawless crew in the between-decks. The mixture of languages which he could plainly hear convinced him that the ship was either a forced trader or a pirate, and in either case he was in bad hands, though he made no doubt that Captain Pearce would come in chase the moment the breeze sprung up ; yet, in such case, the *Warlock* would be at least three or four miles dead to leeward, and it was far from improbable that the ship would escape and his fate be inevitably sealed.

The place of the lieutenant's confinement was a sort of store-room under the great cabin, and here he lay in dark-

ness, revolving in his mind the tricks which Fortune had played him in so short a time. Sometimes he thought he could hear groans, and sighs, and the murmurings of distress; but they were so indistinct that he could not be certain whether it was the utterance of human voices or the noise arising from the motion of the ship.

At length the vessel became more steady, and by her heeling Hamilton was aware the sea-breeze had set in, whilst the rippling of the water against her run convinced him that she was walking along at a racing pace, and, by her lying over, that not an inch of canvas was spared. About noon, as high as he could conjecture, the scuttle to his prison was opened, and a bottle of wine, some biscuits, and other eatables were hastily handed down, but by whom he could not see.

Hour after hour passed on: the breeze freshened to a strong gale, and the young lieutenant became aware, by the manner in which they were dragging on the ship, that it could only proceed from strenuous efforts to get away from some pursuer, and that pursuer hope told him was the *Warlock*. He knew his captain would not desert him, and, whilst indulging pleasing expectations, tired nature became overpowered, and he fell into a deep and refreshing sleep. How long this continued he could not tell, but he was awoke by a heavy and rough hand pressing upon him, and a voice that he instantly recognised, although in whisper, warned him to be silent. "Ax no questions, sir," said his visitor; "let it suffice that ould Ben is near you. God bless you, Ned! Mr. Hamilton, I mean. You are in peril, but here, take these"

—giving him a stout bayonet and a pistol—“they’ll serve in case of emergency. Keep close to your quarters—the ould craft has us in sight ; and though mayhap a hangman’s noose may be fitted to my neck, yet no matter so as I can but save you.”

Hamilton was not only confused by his dreams but actually confounded on awaking to find his humble companion, Ben Transom, by his side. Vivid recollections, however, soon returned, and he hastily inquired the cause of the old man’s presence.

“’Tis a box-the-compass sort of a traverse to work, sir,” answered Ben, “and no time to do it in. I must leave you now, but will come again if I can before long.” The old tar took his departure, and apparently went forward towards the hold, but it was too dark to ascertain correctly. Left once more to himself, he first concealed his weapons, and then endeavoured to trace in what manner his old friend came to be aboard the ship. It was a vain and useless task, and he again composed himself to slumber.

A rending, crashing noise, which was immediately followed by heavy discharges of artillery, once more aroused the lieutenant to a consciousness of his situation, and a conviction that the ship was entering into action. To remain stationary under such circumstances he felt to be impossible, and, taking his weapons, he endeavoured to grope his way in the direction which he supposed Ben had taken ; but just abaft the after-hatchway, he found the bulk-head extended the whole breadth of the ship, and was about giving up his search in despair, when the faint twinkling of daylight in a

narrow chink led him to a sliding door, through which he speedily passed into the after-hold. Here rich bales of silk and massive bars of gold were promiscuously stowed, displaying a mass of wealth that dazzled the eyes of the young lieutenant. He passed thence into the main-hold, where the light was more dim ; but his long confinement in darkness had rendered his sight more clear, and in the fore part, to his great astonishment, he beheld an elderly man in the dress of a Portuguese officer, sitting on a bale, whilst a body—whether living or dead he could not discern—was stretched by his side, with a covering drawn over it. Hamilton at first hesitated to advance, but, the officer turning his face towards him, the lieutenant faintly discerned the features of the runaway governor of Sanctos. Here was fresh food for wonder, but there was no time to indulge in it, for an exclamation from Don José aroused his extended companion. Who can describe the emotions of Hamilton, when in that companion he beheld Marietta ! Their recognition was mutual : notwithstanding the presence of a third person, they were in an instant clasped in each other's arms.

But virgin bashfulness soon recalled Marietta to a sense of her situation, and then she made Hamilton understand that Don José was her father. A new light broke in upon his mind, and her hasty departure from the mountain was fully explained ; but still how came she on board the ship they were then in, as it was believed that the governor with his family had embarked in the schooner ? She was vainly trying to make him comprehend this mysterious affair, when a tremendous shock convinced the lieutenant that the vessels

had come in collision, and that one party or the other was about to board. Anxious to be on the side of his friends, he tried the several hatchways, but all were battened down : he was then proceeding aft to the scuttle above his old place of confinement, for he could hear that the struggle had reached the lower deck, and blood came running down through the rent tarpaulins.

Suddenly a stream of light was let into the forepart of the ship, and Hamilton hurried to Marietta's side to protect her in case of danger. Concealing himself behind a bale, he lay at full length, but at the same time was enabled to command a perfect view of all that was going on. A man descended the fore-scuttle—his rich dress of black velvet torn and stained with blood : a gold chain, with the links dissevered, hung confusedly from his neck, and Hamilton beheld the identical individual from whose brutal ferocity he had rescued Marietta on the mountain. In his hand gleamed a bright stiletto, and, as he advanced towards the beautiful girl, his murderous purpose became fully evident. Grasping the shrinking maiden, he raised the dagger, which was descending on her bosom, when a ball from Hamilton's pistol shattered his wrist, and the blow fell heavy but erring—Marietta was saved. Quitting his hold of the fainting girl, he sprang upon Hamilton, who had only half risen, and could not at the moment seize the bayonet.

“ May curses rest upon you ! ” exclaimed the wounded man in English, as he directed the stiletto to Hamilton's breast ; and the stab must have been sure but for the intervention of Ben Transom, who struck the fellow senseless, and the lieu-



tenant was uninjured. In a few minutes more loud shouts from the brave Warlocks proved that the victory was won, and Hamilton hastened on deck to receive the congratulations of his messmates and commander.

The mystery was soon explained by honest Ben. Whilst waiting on the mountain, some of the schooner's crew came to the spot, and, finding their captain (the man in black velvet) senseless, they seized Ben, and conducted him to the boat, to which also they conveyed the apparently inanimate body. On the recovery of the captain, he had given Ben the alternative to "walk the plank" \* or join his crew. The old man, though he did not fear the king of terrors in close fight, yet could not reconcile his mind to suffer execution in cold blood ; and, on Marietta's coming aboard the schooner, he joined the pirates, as affording the only means of rendering himself serviceable to her. The night after sailing they descried the Spanish ship, which could have blown the pirate out of the water, had the Spaniards been aware of her approach ; but she ran alongside, and poured a hundred men upon her decks before any resistance could be made. The contest was short, and the pirates triumphed. Removing the gold ingots and the most valuable articles from the schooner, she was scuttled by boring holes in her bottom, and the unconscious Spaniards were put on board. The sails were cut to ribands ; the rudder was choked to render it immovable ; the boats were taken away ; and, leaving the poor wretches in this condition, the

---

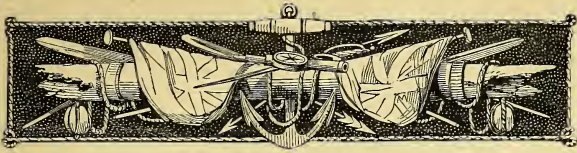
\* "Walking the plank" is another term for death. A plank is extended lengthways over the vessel's side: the man is compelled to walk along it till it overbalances and launches him into the ocean.

piratical captain sailed away. The sinking of the schooner has been already related.

The chief of the pirates was an Englishman, and before his death (which occurred a few hours after from his wounds) he confessed to Hamilton that when he bore off Marietta on the mountain he entertained no idea that she was Don José's daughter and the individual who was to embark with him ; but having seen her from his cavern retreat (where he had collected a considerable hoard of gold) he determined to carry her off. His cupidity was his ruin.

The *Warlock* returned to Rio Janeiro with her valuable prize. Don José's life was spared, in consequence of his making some important disclosures ; but he was banished from the country. Hamilton was sent to England in charge of *Los Tres Hermanos*, and the late governor of Sanctos and his lovely daughter accompanied him as passengers. Don José had still an ample fortune left, and Hamilton's share of prize-money was considerable. On their arrival, Marietta and the young lieutenant were united, and I believe they are still living, though Hamilton is now an old post-captain and K.C.B. Ben Transom stuck by his officer through the remainder of his life, and breathed his last sigh in his arms. The pirates were tried for murder, and many of them executed ; while the *Warlock*, after running her full time, was broken up at Deptford





## Old Betty's Hook.

ON the British coast—no matter as to the precise spot, and probably, if the reader knows anything of the geography of his country, he will find it out before long—on the British coast, most romantically and beautifully situated, stood one of those antiquated mansions which are looked upon with reverence by the lovers of romance. It was capacious, and still retained its ancient character, though the parts next to the sea had been somewhat modernized by verandahs and trelliswork, which, at the proper season, were nearly obscured by the clustering clematis and myriads of roses. The deep embayed windows had been lengthened to the ground, so as to open with glazed doors to marble steps that descended to the lawn, where both art and nature had been called into active subserviency, to render the spot lovely to the eye and grateful to the sense. It was near the summit of a cliff rising some two hundred feet in height, from which the ground ascended very gradually for two miles to an elevation of a hundred feet more, so that the dwelling was on a gentle slope, embedded—except towards the ocean—among lofty trees, and presenting a charming piece of picturesque scenery, peculiarly British, to vessels running up or passing down the channel.

This was the residence of a baronet of the old school, who had come to his title and estates when very young, and from

early education, as well as the associates he had gathered round him, was rigid in the performance of his own duties, and sternly exacted obedience from all who moved within the sphere of his power. As a host, he was hospitable, but proud—as a landlord, he was just to his tenants, but scrupulously insisted on the payment of his rents as soon as they became due—as a magistrate, he adhered strictly to the laws, but showed no mercy to the culprit, if his offence was proved, and to the smugglers who frequented that part of the coast he was implacable and unrelenting—as a master, he was profuse to his servants, but austere in his manners—and as a husband and a father, his indulgence was unbounded; but he was destitute of those endearments on which sincere attachment is grounded—he was cold, reserved, and unsocial.

Such were the leading characteristics of Sir James Esdaile's temper and disposition. He had married an amiable lady, whose warm heart and affectionate nature were the reverse of his own; but the union had been one of convenience on the part of the lady's parents, and she was severed from an honest and gallant young sailor, without high birth or pretensions, to become Lady Esdaile. But still her breast treasured remembrances of him whom she had fervently loved, and, though parted for ever from him, and united to splendour, rank, and riches, often would her regrets steal away memory to the sweet spot of her infancy, and where, in maturer years, she had in innocent delight enjoyed the visits and society of William Blakeney. But William was in humble circumstances—the parents of Amelia were dazz-

led by the magnificent offers of Sir James—who, to do him justice, knew nothing of the previous attachment—and the wretched girl, overwhelmed by the entreaties of her natural protectors, who were under pecuniary obligations to the baronet—borne away by the prayers and representations of relatives, who expected to profit by the union, became Lady Esdaile. But Sir James soon made it apparent that, though he had married Amelia, he, nevertheless, formed no compact with her family. Their visits were discountenanced, and soon ceased ; and the unhappy parents, when too late, saw that they had sacrificed the happiness of their daughter to save themselves.

At the period of the wedding, William Blakeney had been several months at sea ; but what was his agony when, on his return, the truth was revealed to him ! He had been building his hopes, his joy, on a structure that had fallen away from under them ; on his watch at night, and during his duty by day, Amelia had been the main-spring that moved and regulated his actions, the motive that prompted him to assiduity in his profession, trusting that he might, by diligent application and bravery, rise to an eminence that would render him worthy of her hand. Now all was blighted, withered, crushed—he did not wait to ascertain the means that had been used to detach them—he did not inquire into any particulars ; he saw that she was the wife of another ; he felt that the hand of desolation had spread over his young heart, and he was heard of no more.

Lady Esdaile bore her husband two children : a boy, the elder, and a blooming girl, and the baronet relaxed a little

from his habitual sternness when he beheld his offspring enjoying their infantile amusements on the lawn; for who has ever contemplated the diversions of the young and innocent, and still retained asperity in the heart! But the feelings of paternal affection were about to be severely taxed; for his first-born, then in his third year, who was to hand down his name and rank, suddenly disappeared, and no traces could be discovered as to what had become of him. Conjecture framed a hundred different tales; he might have fallen over the cliff and perished, or have lost himself in one of the chasms with which the rocks in the neighbourhood abound. Wells were searched, every means resorted to, but without avail; and the baronet, mourning his loss, but particularly the manner of it, grew more morose in his manners and rigid in his exactions.

Sad and cheerless amidst every luxury was the path of Lady Esdaile; yet she did not complain, or manifest much outward show of sorrow. No; it was in the moments of her privacy, in the secrecy of retirement, that she wept her fate, and her anguished spirit grieved for her lost one. "Oh, could she but tell whether he was yet living or numbered with the dead, there would be some certainty for the mind to rest upon, but now all was withering doubt and torturing suspense."

Years passed away, and, notwithstanding vast sums had been expended, and inquiries prosecuted with the utmost vigour, no tidings could be obtained of the boy. Every remote possibility, every rumour, was eagerly embraced and followed up, but without avail; and at length they were com-



pelled to give credence to his death, though there were times when the mother, in the communings with her own heart, could hear the still small voice that assured her he was yet in existence. But she did not neglect her daughter, who grew up both amiable and lovely, and bade fair to become one of the most beautiful of her sex. Lady Esdaile seldom quitted the mansion (for Sir James had secluded himself from the world), and, therefore, the whole of her time was devoted to the education of her child.

But a change was at hand, and the young Amelia, in her sixteenth year, was deprived of her father by the hand of death. The coffin of the baronet was placed among the perishing remains of his ancestors, and Lady Esdaile was freed from that restraint which she had so long and so patiently endured. Sir James had been just in his will : he bequeathed the great bulk of his property to his daughter, under trust to her mother as long as she remained single, and, should she marry, then the trust was to devolve into other hands. There was, however, throughout the whole a reservation in behalf of the lost son, should he ever be discovered.

Thus far all promised well, but the inexperienced widow was not suffered to remain long in tranquillity. A claimant arose to the estate, under the plea that, when Lady Esdaile became the wife of Sir James, she was already married to William Blakeney, who, it was proved by witnesses that had seen and conversed with him, was alive after the birth of the second child, and was frequently known to be in the neighbourhood of the *Belle Vue* (the name given to the man-

sion) though what had become of him for several years no one could tell, and it was believed that he was drowned at sea. Other witnesses were brought forward who were ready to swear that they had been present at the marriage with Blakeney, and partook of the wedding feast ; and these were from among Lady Esdaile's intimates and companions in her younger years, before the canker-worm of grief had preyed upon her heart. Indeed, there seemed to be so much justice and equity on the side of the claimant, that most persons considered his title good and certain.

Lady Esdaile consulted an eminent barrister. She strenuously denied the accusation, but her word was unsupported by proof, and, on a meeting of counsel, her case appeared almost hopeless. The claimant, heir at law, was himself a solicitor, though not of the most honourable reputation among the members of the profession, and he had collected a mass of testimony apparently of an undeniable nature. The parents of Lady Esdaile, the clergyman who was stated to have performed the ceremony, were in their graves ; the clerk was childish and bed-ridden ; while a certificate, purporting to be extracted from the register-book, seemed to set at rest all doubt. It is true no corresponding entry was found, but it was said in explanation that, as the marriage was secret, the record had been written on a loose piece of paper, and suffered to remain so. The handwriting was in every particular similar to other entries made by the clergyman, and the subscribing witnesses were ready to prove their signatures.

Mr. Dimsdale, the claimant, was a young man of no con-

temptible pretensions as to person. He was the descendant of a distant branch of the baronet's family, and, being the only male in right of succession, he assumed the title on the death of Sir James. But he was, comparatively speaking, poor, for, though he had an admirable practice, yet he had expended his income annually in high living, and, excepting a legacy, he had obtained but little with the baronetcy.

Still Lady Esdaile most solemnly denied the allegations that had been brought against her, and her conduct and character had been irreproachable. She declared the whole to be a deep-laid scheme to ruin her and her daughter by putting aside the will, and she denounced the witnesses as ready to perjure themselves from the double motive of revenge and gain—revenge, because on her union with Sir James she had declined at his command all intercourse with her old associates; and gain, inasmuch as they, doubtless, had been well bribed to give false evidence. The papers of the day pampered the vitiated taste of the public with true and particular accounts, most of which told against the widow, and, though all were different, yet each asserted its correctness.

It was whilst affairs were in this state that the beautiful Amelia, in her seventeenth year, attracted the attention of the claimant, and he made an offer of his hand as a sort of propitiatory sacrifice, to terminate the contention. To the surprise of every one who believed Lady Esdaile guilty, this overture was indignantly refused; but Dimsdale was not to be easily repulsed; he visited Belle Vue, and protested that

his object in seeking a union was grounded in strong and ardent affection, and that he was ready to make such provision for his wife as her mother should deem fitting for her. His personal communications were couched in humble terms—there was a reality in the language, which seemed sincere. He deplored the course which he had been compelled to pursue by a sense of justice to himself, spoke feelingly of the strong evidence he was prepared to bring forward, and earnestly implored Lady Esdaile and her daughter to accede to his request, so as to prevent all further exposure.

“What,” exclaimed the impassioned lady, “would you, who have endeavoured to blast the reputation of the mother, would you, with the prospect of wealth and distinction before you, take to your arms the almost penniless girl, whom you would deprive of legitimacy?”

“Indeed, indeed, my dear lady,” returned the pleader, “I am prepared to do that; and the fervour of my affection would prompt me to do more. Miss Amelia, have you not one word of encouragement to give me?”

“First acknowledge the vile plot by which you have tried to throw odium on my mother,” replied the spirited girl; “clear her character of the base charges you have fabricated. But no—no; I will not resemble you in the practice of deception, and therefore, I tell you, sir, I would prefer death to a union with a man whose conduct my soul abhors.”

“Alas! my dear young lady, you are yourself deceived,” exclaimed Dimsdale, in a tone of abject supplication, though there was a restless fierceness in his eyes. “I have no wish to probe your feelings; there are proofs strong as holy writ—”

"A forgery! a villanous, wicked forgery! and you know it, sir!" interrupted Lady Esdaile.

"The witnesses," said Dimsdale, with a shake of the head, but whether in persuasion or menace was doubtful—"there are the witnesses—"

"Whom you have suborned to suit your own unholy purposes," returned Lady Esdaile with energy. "Sooner would I see my daughter suffering at the stake, than give her hand to one so detestably wicked; her groans would be music to my ears, compared with the forced responses at the altar. You have your answer, sir. Go on with your infernal conspiracy. I put my innocence and the welfare of my child under the protection of that Great Being, who has declared himself in his recorded word the father of the fatherless and the widow's God and Judge."

The lawyer quailed before the majestic look of the lady. "Why will you, madam, urge me to extremities?" said he. "Oh do not, do not extinguish your only hope. Think of your daughter, young and beautiful, cast upon a pitiless world; think of this delightful home, which you must immediately quit if you refuse compliance with my earnest and honest request. Think—"

"You need go no further in your appeal, sir," interrupted Lady Esdaile. "Your motives are sufficiently explained—it is not affection for my child that prompts you to this seemingly generous offer, else you would have refrained from threats. No, no; it is fear that prompts you—ay, fear lest your nefarious designs should fail; and, by securing the daughter's person, you would convert doubts of success to

certainty. I am ready to brave all the injury you may have the power and the will to inflict, conscious of my integrity, and convinced that a day of retribution will come. Go, sir; quit the innocent society you have insulted by your presence. Go, sir; even the law has not yet sanctioned your intrusion here. Go, go; and take with you my unmeasured contempt, my sickening disgust, and my heartfelt defiance." And, having rung the bell, she took her daughter's arm, and quitted the room, the lawyer in a low tone muttering something about "ejectment."

The moment the door was closed upon the retiring mother and child, Dimsdale ground his teeth together, and, raising his clenched fist, shook it in a threatening manner towards the place of their exit, whilst his face, from a look of humility, changed to the aspect of a demon. Smothered curses escaped him, amidst ill-repressed hysterical laughter, and, whilst in this attitude, the door suddenly re-opened, and an elderly servant entered. "Did your honour ring?" inquired he, as he stopped short at the entrance, surprised at what he beheld.

"No, my good fellow—that is—ah! I believe your mistress rang," returned the rather embarrassed lawyer, and he paused.

Now, old Thomas had been a seaman, and though he had quitted the ocean nearly fifteen years since, yet he still retained all the peculiarities of the veteran tar. He had been wrecked in the rocky bay beneath the cliff, and brought in a state of great suffering from broken limbs and bruises to Belle Vue, where he had been kindly attended to, and, after



a long confinement, restored to health. But he would not leave his benefactors, and, as he made himself useful in many instances, and was always handy with the glass to point out particular ships that appeared off the coast, he had been suffered to remain a devoted and attached servant to the family. Thomas stopped at the door, as if waiting for some command.

"Come in," said the lawyer, and the veteran obeyed. "This is a pretty place, here, my good fellow; fine view of the channel. You would not like to quit it, I suppose."

"It's just as the Almighty pleases, your honour," responded the old man: "he druv me here in a gale o' wind, and mayhap he may carry me off in a hurrycane; no mar knows what may be logged down for the future."

"True, true, very true," returned Dimsdale; "but you have lived here many years—a sailor, too, I presume?"

"A seaman, your honour; one who knows his duty, and always done it, alow or aloft, in breeze or battle," answered the veteran, jealous of his nautical character.

"Why, what difference, old man, can there be between a sailor and a seaman?" inquired Dimsdale. "The terms are synonymous."

"They may be singnonnymus, your honour," responded old Thomas; "but there's a great difference for all that. A seaman is a lad as has had edecation and experience on the ocean—one as can hand, reef, and steer, rig a mast, swab a deck, splice a cable, and clear a hawse. But, as to your sailor, why, your honour, or any know-nothing, as washes his hands in a ship's bucket of salt water, may hail for a sailor."

"A valuable and excellent definition, my good fellow," said the lawyer; "and so you are very snugly moored here, and of course would like to remain?"

"I hope her ladyship arn't seen never no cause to find fault with me?" urged the veteran.

"No, no; it is not that," responded Dimsdale, "not exactly that; but, as her ladyship, as you call her, is about to leave Belle Vue, which will pass into other hands, why—"

"I'll shape my course along with her, your honour," interrupted the old man. "But you'll not take it amiss in an owld tar, if I misdoubts your reckoning in regard o' the matter of topping our booms!"

"It is true, though; in a few days Lady Esdaile will be removed by ejection, unless you, who I understand are in great favour, will prevail upon Miss Amelia to change her mind," argued the new baronet.

"Now, your honour, don't go for to pitch the slack of your gammon at owld Tom," exclaimed the veteran laughingly. "Move my lady by jackments! that be blow'd! What do I know or care about jackments, any more than the jack at the bosprit eend in harbour, or at the foretop-gall'nt-mast head as a signal for a pilot off the coast? And what am I to prevail upon the young lady to change her mind about?"

"Why, my man, this property has passed into the hands of the lawful heir," said the lawyer, and he paused.

"Well, your honour, I knows that, and she's now enjoying the sweets on it, bless her soul!" replied the veteran.

"All a mistake on your part, my good fellow," urged Dimsdale, condescendingly taking hold of the seaman's arm.

"The case stands thus. The estate by law must go into other hands, unless Miss Amelia can be induced to marry the new baronet."

"What, Sir Edward Dismal, as they calls him?" inquired the veteran, bending his whole attention to the subject.

"You are right in your conjecture, though not quite correct as to the name," returned the lawyer. "You have the fact, and, unless she marries Sir Edward, why they will both have to turn out upon the world."

"Them is hard lines any how," uttered old Thomas mournfully; but his face immediately brightened up again, as he exclaimed, slapping his hand upon his thigh: "I have it now! They've hoisted signals of distress, and your honour's answered 'em, and bore down to their assistance, eh? That's it!"

"You are not entirely wrong in your conclusions, my good fellow," returned the baronet. "I would be more than a friend to those dear ladies."

"Lord love your honour's heart for that 'ere!" responded the old man; "they wanted to bamboozle me as you wur somebody else, but I know'd you warn't by the cut o' your jib. What is there that owld Tom can do to sarve your honour?"

The lawyer took out his purse, which was rather weighty, and held it up before the veteran's face. "This and another shall be your's—provision for life—if you will use your persuasions with Lady Esdaile and her daughter."

"For what, your honour?" asked the veteran, as he disengaged his arm and recoiled a pace or two.

“For Miss Amelia to marry Sir Edward Dimsdale,” answered the lawyer.

“Marry Sir Edward Dismal! Not for the world!” vociferated the blunt old seaman. “What! ax her to be spliced to that ere pirating wagabone as has put sorrow into hearts as ought to be happy?—a lubberly land-shark, as ud look best wi’ a hook in his nose, and a runnin’ boline under his fins? Never, your honour; but you doesn’t mean it in arnest.”

“I am serious, old man,” returned the lawyer, who, however much he felt nettled at the observations of the seaman, was yet determined not to throw away a chance. “Only use your persuasions, and, whether you succeed or not, whether her ladyship goes or stays, this house shall be your home for the remainder of your days.”

“Thankee, thankee, your honour, mayhaps you means well,” responded old Thomas, “but you’ve got rather a comical way of showing it! What I, Tom Jessop, as never had an angry word from them dear lips: I, as nursed and played with Miss Mealy, when she warn’t no bigger than a tin pannikin, I turn traitor and insinivator, and backbiter, and who knows what besides, to get her afore the parson with Sir Edward Dismal! You’ve a silly head indeed! Do you see that brow of the cliff there?” The baronet nodded. “Well, then, take this ’ere from owld Tom: I’d sooner leap from that place on to the hard rocks below—and I’ve tried ’em once in my life—than I’d see my precious young lady in tow of that ’ere flinty-hearted lubber as they hails as Sir Edward Dismal.”

The lawyer writhed under the lash, but, recovering fortitude through irritation, he exclaimed, "Fellow, I am Sir Edward Dimsdale!"

"Mayhap so, your honour," vociferated the excited seaman. "You may be Sir Neddy Dismal, or you mornt, but, if so be as you are, ware hawse with owld Tom athwart your forefoot. What! ax a British seaman to desart his friends, and them two lone and dessolute females, in time of trouble! offer him money to betray his trust! Out o' that, you oncontemptible scamp! make short miles of it, Dismal or not Dismal, or see if I don't make 'em toss you in a blanket till I pipes belay!—we'll hangticipate Jack Ketch, and larn you a few steps of the dance-upon-nothing afore you gets the running noose round your neck. What! abandon the Missus and Miss Mealy, cause they're in distress, and through you, too! Arn't you ashamed o' yourself, you onnatural thing, you?"

The lawyer became at once aware of the impossibility of propitiating the enraged veteran, and, therefore, he thought to intimidate him. "I tell you what it is, my fine fellow," said he; "you bully it well now, but when I come again I'll make you remember this insolence. You shall turn out directly, and perhaps something worse; yes, I'll make you remember it."

"And, lest your honour should forget it," said the old man, giving the baronet a smart blow with the flat of his hand upon his ear, "there's sommut to log it down in your head! You lubberly bragmedoxy," added he, with a strong expression of contempt, "how you made your lucky into this

here port rather flabbergasts calculations. But you arn't master yet, and never will be, I hope. But I'm saying you arn't master yet, and in course arn't never got no manner of right to dirty these here carpets ; and so"—grasping the back part of the lawyer's coat collar, and with the strength of a giant lifting him at arm's length from the ground—"by yer leave," he carried him in this manner out of the glazed doorway, and, dropping his burden over the terrace, cried :—"Bear a hand out o' that, or see if we don't show you a flea in the blanket yet !"

The young man took his departure, for he had on more occasions than one proved that discretion is the better part of valour, and he felt no further inclination to come within the grasp of the choleric old seaman. Lady Esdaile and her daughter were both amused and gratified with the conduct of old Tom, who thenceforth installed himself champion to the ladies.

Several days passed on, when one night, just as a dense fog, which had continued for twenty-four hours, was clearing away, a loud knock was heard at the main entrance to the mansion. The servants were hastening to withdraw the bolts, but the stentorian voice of old Tom resounded through the hall, as he shouted, "Avast there, boys ! keep all fast till I've brought the stranger within hail ;" for the veteran, having become better acquainted with the term "ejectment," had taken especial good care to see, as he called it, "the gangways made up, and the ports shut down." From an upper window, therefore, he projected his body, so as to command a view of the porch, beneath which the visitant was con-



cealed, and he was soon heard calling out :—"Ship ahoy ! who and what are you ?"

"A messenger, on urgent business to Lady Esdaile," returned the stranger, without, however, displaying his person.

"All right, in course," uttered the seaman ; "but just have the goodness to turn out and show us your colours." He then muttered to himself ; "No jackments anyhow."

There was a momentary bustle under the porch, and then a tall stout man in a riding-dress presented himself to view. "I hope you will not delay my interview with Lady Esdaile." said he ; "it is absolutely necessary that I should see her at once."

"Mayhap so, brother, mayhap so," ejaculated the veteran : "but I've larned never to let boats alongside arter hours, without knowing what lay they're upon. Now, if so be as you means honest, and have got any letters for the lady, just stow 'em in this here basket, will you ?" and he lowered one out of the window by a cord.

The stranger hesitated for a few moments, and the quick ear of the tar detected a whispering sound. "My communications for her ladyship are not written—they are verbal."

"Verbal, you lubber ?" returned the seaman ; "you'd better not pitch none o' your 'long-shore sauce at the ladies. Verbal, indeed ! But I'm saying, shipmates, if you've got no letters, why, then, you can speak to her ladyship by word of mouth."

"That is what I wish to do," responded the man ; "and as I am in a hurry, the sooner you open the door the quicker will my mission be accomplished."

“But, I say, owld un, you can talk without unbarring the gangway port,” argued the veteran. “Here’s her ladyship herself coming, and may-hap your comrade there, who keeps under hatches, like jack-in-the-box, will just show us the cut of his figure-head.”

“I am entirely alone,” responded the stranger ; but at this moment one of the gardeners ran hastily up, and shouted : —“Are you all safe ? there’s robbers, plunderers, murderers, about the grounds. Don’t open the house, Mr. Thomas. Fire and thieves ! help ! help !”

A shrill whistle followed this appeal, and in a few minutes a band of sturdy-looking men emerged from the plantations, and assembled near the porch.

“I tell you what it is, my fine fellows,” roared Tom ; “I’d advise you not to be too familiar with that ere porch ; for there’s a four-pounder chockful of musket-balls just inside the door, and the cook with a red-hot poker close to the priming. Stand by, cook ; if they attempts to board us that passage, just touch the powder, and blow ’em all to Davy Jones.”

“I’m all ready,” responded the cook, and it was evident that the communication had a sensible effect upon the party ; for they drew up on each side clear of the range, and a man came forth from the porch, who appeared to be the leader, and whose voice, while giving orders, was quickly recognised by old Tom as very like that of the baronet.

“Ho, ho !” exclaimed the veteran ; “the wind sits in that quarter, does it ? What ! it’s you, Muster Dismal, is it ? Then bad weather to me if I didn’t think so ! Howsomever, we’ve

beat to quarters, and we'll very soon sarve out the gruel in a way you won't like, if you arn't out of that! What! did you think to catch owld Tom hove down under the lee of his night-cap, eh?"

"What does this intrusion mean?" inquired Lady Esdaile from the window. "If you are there, Dimsdale, answer me."

"I must have admission, Lady Esdaile," returned Sir Edward in *propria persona*. "If you refuse me, I will force an entrance."

"There's two words to that, you lubber," shouted old Tom; but his mistress commanded him to be silent.

"Was I not right," exclaimed her ladyship, whilst prompt attention prevailed:—"was I not right, Dimsdale, when I rejected your offers with scorn? This violence is additional proof of the injustice of your cause."

"Ownly give the word, my lady, and see if I don't pepper 'em!" said old Tom.

"You have compelled me to resort to these measures," rejoined the baronet. "Resistance is utterly useless. I have every implemant for breaking in, and these men only await my commands to batter down the door."

"Remember the four-pounder, Muster Dismal; it's all ready there," shouted the veteran, "charged to the muzzle, too!"

"Will you admit me or not, madam?" demanded the lawyer, in a voice of anger. "I must and will have possession."

"Leave me to manage him, my lady," entreated the seaman. "These here matters, as they calls bellygereant, arn't

not by no manner o' means fit for women. The gardener's gone to get assistance, and we can howld out till they come. The lubber's nothing more nor a coward, arter all said and done."

"Do you still refuse to admit me?" once more demanded Dimsdale, raising his voice still higher.

"I do," responded her ladyship, firmly, as she retired.

"Ay, that we do," repeated the veteran; "so go your hardest. Up ports, my lad—we're all prepared," and the open windows displayed the servants with their missiles.

"Then I've no alternative," said Dimsdale. "Rush on, men, and break down the door."

The invading party once more gathered in front, and were proceeding to the attack, when old Tom's voice, "Stand by your gun, cook!" brought them to a halt, and again they separated on each side.

"Cowards!" ejaculated Sir Edward, who, however, took care to keep away from the porch. "They will not dare to fire—on, on then, to the attack!"

"Lay hold of a crow-bar, and take the lead then," uttered one of the party to the lawyer. "That jack tar won't stand for trifles—if we are to be shot, why not take your chance with the rest?"

But this the baronet declined. "Try the windows then," said he, "and perhaps they will the soonest yield."

The crashing of shutters and the ringing of broken glass gave indications that the attack had begun; but a charge of swan shot, scattered among the assailants from a blunderbuss, again drove them away.

“Thomas, I will have no firing,” whispered her ladyship, “unless they resort to it. It would embitter the rest of my days, should a human life be sacrificed—I would rather surrender at once.”

“Surrender, your ladyship!” repeated the tar, whose ears were scandalized by the very term. “No! not whilst owld Tom is able to defend you. Here they come again.”

“The blood of my men be upon your head, madam!” shouted the lawyer, in a state of great excitement.

“Oh, never you mind that,” responded the veteran: “it worn’t her ladyship as fired the swivel. But I’m saying, Muster Dismal, just make sail with your squadron, and part company, will you?”

Again the attack was renewed, in spite of the missiles of every sort that flew from the windows—for firing was prohibited. “Bravo, my lads!” shouted the lawyer; “a few minutes more and the place is our own. Prize that shutter open with the crow-bar. Twenty guineas and a dozen of wine for the first man in—”

“Wine!” repeated Tom; “it’s wine you want, Muster Dismal, is it? then there is sommut to drink it out on,” and away flew a china jug, of no small dimensions, direct at the baronet’s head—a slight movement, however, brought it to the back of his neck, and he measured his length on the terrace, by the side of two or three others who had fallen before him.

“Hurrah!” bellowed the veteran. “Hurrah! he’s gone to the bottom! All hands repel boarders!” and away he started for the room in which the windows were being forced in.

At this moment, a second party appeared upon the lawn, in something like military array, and the frightened assailants instantly quitted their labour, and attempted to escape, but without avail, as every man was made prisoner. Old Thomas saw this scene through the fractured shutters, and immediately concluded that the gardener had promptly brought the expected succour, and therefore, without a moment's delay, he ordered the massive doors to be unbarred, and lights displayed in the hall, where the four-pounder really stood, but harmlessly charged with nothing but powder. Lady Esdaile and her daughter, having been informed of the rescue and Dimsdale's defeat, came themselves to welcome their deliverers. The doors were unclosed before the candles or lamps were brought in, and instantly a dense body of men rushed forward, uttering to Tom's ears the most uncouth noises, but which her ladyship at once recognised as the French language; and, a few minutes afterwards, when the hall became illumined, a strong body of armed men had taken full possession of the place.

One of them, in something like a uniform, approached the ladies, and, removing an enormous cocked hat, made a very ceremonious bow as he uttered, "It sal give me beaucoup de plaisir—not for to make de offence to de jollie Anglice dame—mais mes enfans," pointing to his ill-looking scoundrels, "have de grand penchant for de argent—de plate—de moniesh—vat you call guinea—for make de petite feast for les demoiselles de la grande nation."

"Dead beat, after all;" ruefully exclaimed the old seaman, eyeing the Frenchman with stern indignation and contempt,



yet perfectly convinced that all attempts at resistance were utterly useless. "Pray, Mountseir, where do you hail from?"

"Ha, ha, mon ami," returned the officer, "you sal be von Anglice sailor—parbleu—ver good dat—oui—oui, bien bon."

"Parblue! where is that?" demanded old Tom. "I never haarde of such a port in the channel afore."

"Monsieur," said her ladyship, in French, to the officer, "to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"We are poor privateers-men, my lady," responded the man, in the same language, again bowing with deferential respect, "belonging to the port of Cherbourg. Fortune has favoured us to-night—our necessities and not our inclinations compel us to levy contributions; but, rest assured, madame, no personal incivilities will be offered."

While this conversation was passing, old Tom had gained sufficient from one of the Frenchmen, who spoke imperfect English, to comprehend that three large row boats had taken advantage of the thick fog during the day to cross the channel in a marauding excursion. They had succeeded in reaching the British coast without interruption, and, the nearest object of attraction being Belle Vue, the party, under the guidance of an old smuggler, had quietly gained the place, and, though they turned the tables upon Dimsdale and his gang, were themselves in the most polite way imaginable determined upon plunder.

"Well, I'm blest," ejaculated the old seaman, "if this here doesn't beat me out-and-out—captured, colours down, and

not a gun fired! Avast though, just for the honour and credit of the thing ;” he stole quietly away, and in another moment the four-pounder bellowed forth as if by magic.

“ Who sal have been de coquin for fire de signal ?” inquired the French officer, angrily. “ Diable !—ayez la bonté for tell me dat, mes enfans.”

No one could afford him the required information, though suspicion strongly pointed out old Tom, who in fact it was ; nor did the signal remain long unanswered, as, to the veteran’s great gratification, a blue light sent forth its bright flame from some vessel afloat, which no doubt was cruising on the station.

The servants of the hall were locked up in an apartment, together with Dimsdale and his gang ; the only restraint the ladies experienced was a watchful sentry over them, but Jessop was permitted to accompany the Frenchmen over the hall to witness the work of plunder. Every article of plate, jewellery, and all valuables, were packed up in the most orderly manner, though somewhat hurried in the performance. It had just turned midnight when the arrangements were completed ; and the whole party, with their booty and prisoners, after searching the hall, proceeded down a sloping descent to the beach. Nor had the stunned and wounded been left behind, the cautious Frenchman carefully removing every possibility of raising an alarm. But his astonishment and horror may be more readily conceived than described, when, on reaching the spot where the boats had been left, he could nowhere perceive them, while an irresistible party, nearly treble the number of his called upon him

to surrender. But this event will necessarily take us back to an earlier part of the day.

It so happened—and which is generally the case—that during the fog which prevailed, there had been little or no wind, and consequently a gallant, but rather antiquated frigate, recently returned from the East India station, and now going round to the river Medway to be paid off, was lying nearly becalmed at no great distance from the shore. The evening, however, brought a light breeze, with clear weather, so that, at the period when Dimsdale made his attack, she was nearly abreast of Belle Vue, barely holding her course against the current, that was running strong down channel. The night was beautifully fine—the sails just slept in tranquillity—the watch were seated together in groups, while the look-outs at their respective stations gave the challenge, “All’s well,” every time the bell was struck. Captain Davenant, the commander of the frigate, had been for some time standing upon one of the quarter-deck guns, and with his arms leaning over the hammock-netting, he gazed intently on the shore. He had seen severe service, and nearly the whole of his servitude, from the period of obtaining his first commission, had been in the East Indies, till he had attained his present rank, and a fame that had nothing to tarnish or sully it. Pacing to and fro, on the weather-side of the quarter-deck was the lieutenant of the watch (who, by the way, was the captain’s son, and had shared all his perils), carefully attending to his duties, and occasionally whistling for a breeze.

“Well, Bobbo,” hailed one of the boatswain’s mates, ad-

dressing the look-out fore-castle man at the larboard cat-head, "and what do you make of the land now, boy?"

"Just what it always was," answered the other: "white cliffs and green hills—shingly beach and black rocks."

"Why, ay, shipmate, I thinks you hail from somewhere away in this latitude," remarked the boatswain's mate.

"I do, Bill, I do," responded the look-out, raising himself from a recumbent position. "It is many years since I last saw the ould spot, but still it brings to my mind all the consarns of my boyhood, and when I was a gay, rollicking young fellow as never cared a bite of pig-tail for nobody whatsomever. Many's the spree, Bill, I've had down alongshore there—and many's the drop of raal stuff I've landed—I wish we had a toothful now, messmate."

"Why, ay, Bob, just for what the Yankees calls a fogmatic—seeing as we've had thick weather all day," feelingly returned the boatswain's mate. "But keep a sharp look-out, my boy, and mayhap we may twig a tub-boat creeping in for the land."

"It's a perilous life, Bill, that of a smuggler," urged the fore-castle man, "and I shouldn't much like to fall in with any on 'em. No! no! it would be dog bite dog—and who can tell, mayhap, some o' my own kindred may be in the craft. But I tell you what it is, Bill, there's a sommut as is always weighing down upon my mind in regard o' that place, and though I was ounly a youngster then, and had no say in the matter, yet when it comes athwart my conscience—"

"Avast, shipmate," interrupted the boatswain's mate; "a

man-of-war's man arn't never got no right to have a conscience, seeing as he's not master of his own actions. It's only the officers as has got consciences got sarved out among 'em, and then they're shared pretty nearly according to the paying o' prize-money."

"Well, well, Bill, mayhap you're right, ould boy," assented the other; "but, if it arn't conscience, why then it's where the carpenter's hand-saw stuck—and that's gizzard—and it makes me malancholly whensomever I thinks of it."

"Why, what was it, Bob? it's just the time for a yarn, and I say, shipmate, it ud be sommut new to enter in the log that larking Bobby had got the molanchollies," exclaimed the boatswain's mate.

"There's many a merry face as hides a sorrowing heart, Bill," asserted the other, mournfully, "and many a smooth surface as hides a sunken rock. But I'll tell you all about it, messmate. My owld father owned a boat or two as used to go across to Garnsey and Jarsey, and thereaway, without clearing out at the Custom House, and in course I was brought up to the trade from a child, and so took to it in the natral way. Well, Bill, we'd all sorts of luck, sometimes running our cargo quite safe, and at other some losing the tubs, but saving the boats. I say, shipmate, do you see them lights moving about up there, like fireflies in the bush?"

"What! at top of the cliff?—why ay, to be sure I do," answered the boatswain's mate, pointing in the direction of Belle Vue.

"Ay, ay, shipmate, that's the place," continued the other, "and there lived one o' your great men as they calls a bar-

rownight, and he was a magistrate, and a precious hard-hearted one, too, for he never wouldn't let any on us have a moment's peace—sarching the houses and ramshackling the people: and if he cotcht any on 'em with a bit of contraband, there was stone walls and darbies directly."

"Well, Bob, but that was all in the way of dooty, you know," argued the boatswain's mate.

"I arn't never going to say nothing again dooty," returned Bob, "though it was never yet made out clear to my satisfaction what right they has to put high dooties on a drop of stuff, so as only to let the rich share it out among 'em, while the poor must be content with swipes. But it was the rich as made the law, Bill, and then they built custom-houses, and rigged cutters, and set a fleet o' wagabones adrift as they called officers; but such fellows!—they warn't no more like officers than the main-tack is like the skipper's happylet. But, the law being made, why in course it was the magistrate's dooty to see it kept—just as the captain does the articles of war, and I arn't never got a word to say again it. But setting a case just as this here, Bill—'spose the skipper was to take it into his head that some on us had a little grog concealed in our berths, and he was to set spies and watch us, and pipe the boys up three or four times a day, and overhaul 'em, wouldn't you call it wexatious, ship-mate?"

"Why in course I should," returned the boatswain's mate; "and now, Bob, I sees whot your meaning is."

"Ay, ay, Bill, there's nothing like making the shoe pinch to diskiver where the corn is," argued Bob; "and so, d'ye see,



the magistrate not only did his dooty, but he made a precious long stretch beyond it ; and, to come slap to the pint, my owld dad was marked out for his vengeance, and many's the time he tried to catch the owld-un upon the ground-hop ; but you may think that warn't a thing easily to be done. At last, however, as ill-luck would have it, one the boats was seized and brought in, and an onfortunate brother o' mine was in her, and got grabbed, and so they takes him afore Sir James—I remembers the time as if it was but yesterday, shipmate—Jem was younger nor me, and the owld woman doated on him, and when shé haarde that he'd been pucky-low'd by the sharks, everybody thought she'd have gone mad. As for father, he took it sadly to heart, and he went down on his stiff and stubborn owld knees to Sir James—and mother got the lady to speak for her, but it was all of no use. Father had often set him at defiance, and so he swore he'd wipe off all long-standing scores, and poor Jem was clapped in the stone safe, and put in ierns, and arterwards sent to the county jail to take his trial. Well, Bill, the way to the county jail was lonely, and so a party of the boys stowed themselves away among the hedges and tried at a rescue, but it failed, and there was a good many broken heads and bruised limbs, as my poor onfortunate skull can testify, and the upshot on it was that Jem suffered for the attempt, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation."

Here the poor fellow paused, as if overcome by remembrances of the past, but at length he proceeded: "It's many years ago now, Bill, but somehow or another whenever I thinks of it there's a curious kind of a choking comes up in

my throat, and I feels as if I was going to be strangled. It broke poor owld mother's heart—she never held up her head from the day he was sent away, and she pined and pined, till news came of Jem's death, and then she laid down and died. It was a sorrowful day, Bill, when they laid the owld woman under ground—for she was a kind neighbour, and though now and then a squall would blow itself out, yet everybody loved her ; and deep and deadly was the oath father took upon her grave to be revenged. Well, shipmate, and now I comes to the pint that has always been a rock ahead of me during life. Sir James had two youngsters, a boy and a gal, but the boy was the eldest, and father used to go watching round the grounds just like a tiger on Saugor island ; but I was a long while before I could make out what he was arter ; but one evening he comes hurrying into the cottage, and, ' I've done it, Bob, at last,' says he ; ' bear a hand down to the boat—get the boys together—we must go across this very night, and not a moment must be lost. Ask no questions,' says he, for he saw I was a bit mazed, ' but do my bidding.' In course I went out : but, thinks I to myself, ' I'll just watch what you're arter, owld chap ;' and I saw him go into an outbuilding and bring out a youngster, with its hands and legs bound, and its head muffled up. He cotcht sight of me : ' What, not gone ?' says he ; ' howsoever it's all well as it is— here, lend me a hand down with this brat. Sir James, too, shall feel what it is to lose a child.' Well, shipmate, I trembled like a Lascar in a snow-storm, for my thoughts were upon the tender mother, and not upon the hard-hearted magistrate, who, mayhap, wouldn't care

much about it, so says I, 'But there's the lady, father—Sir James won't be at all hurt, and—' 'Silence, boy,' says he, 'the magistrate is proud—this is his heir, his first-born—away with you! carry him down to the beach—no words but do it.'

"So, Bill, I makes sail for the boat, with the young un in my arms, and I whispers to him not to be frightened, but he took no notice of it, and when we got to the beach none of the men were there. 'Bear a hand, Bob,' says my father to me; 'stow your crop in this here cave,' and he pointed out a little cave in the rock, 'and run and call sky-rocket Jack—he lives the nighest.' I did as I was towld—shoved the youngster into Owld Betty's Nook, as they called the cave, and then carried on a taut press for the berth of sky-rocket Jack. I wan't long away, shipmate, and when I comes back, in course I runs to the stow-hole, afeard that the poor boy would be stuffocated—but he was gone, Bill, and there warn't never a sowl there. I natrally thought father had removed him; but when he came, about half an hour arterwards, as soon as the boats was ready for launching, and towld me to fetch the child, a horrible thought came across my mind, that took away my strength. 'Where is he?' says I.—'Where you left him,' says he.—'He's not there,' says I; 'and I thought you'd taken him away—he was gone when I come back.'—'It's a lie,' says he, and he gripp'd howld of my throat, 'a lie, a lie; tell me, wretch, what you have done with him!—you have gone too far—I did not purpose his death.' It was plain, Bill, he took me for a murderer. But the long and short on it is, shipmate, that the child couldn't be found, and when I last left England,

which was four or five years arterwards, never had been found."

"That's a strange tale, my man," exclaimed the mate of the watch, who evidently had been listening to the recital; "is it really true, or pure invention?"

"It's as true as gospel, Muster Wilkinson," answered the the man, "though I little thought that any but our two selves haarde what was said."

"Halloo! what is that!" exclaimed the mate, as a bright flash shone from the cliff, (it was when old Tom discharged the blunderbuss). "A signal to some smuggler in the offing, no doubt," and he walked aft, where the captain and the lieutenant were in earnest conversation. He approached, and, respectfully touching his hat, reported what he had observed.

"We saw it, too, Mr. Wilkinson," said the lieutenant, and then shouted, "The watch, out pinnace—aft here, and lower away the large cutter."

The boats were soon in the water, and manned and armed. "Take the pinnace, Mr. Wilkinson," said the captain; "keep the cutter in company. Mr. Sandom" (one of the midshipmen), "follow Mr. Wilkinson's orders, sir;" then, turning to the mate, "Pull close in-shore, and board and overhaul every boat you meet with. Three lights and a gun will be the signal of recall."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the young officer, and then, advancing close to the lieutenant, he said, "may I take Soames with me, sir? he is a native of this part of the coast, and knows every nook and corner—he will make a good pilot in—"

"How do you know that, Mr. Wilkinson?" asked the lieutenant, somewhat sharply.

"He says so himself, sir," answered the mate; "indeed I accidentally overheard a long yarn he has been spinning on the fokstle about his stealing a child from here, several years ago—"

"What! what is that?" demanded the captain abruptly; "who has been talking about stealing a child? eh, sir? who dare talk of such things on board this ship?"

"I was speaking of Robert Soames, sir," returned the mate, respectfully, touching his hat; "Soames, the fokstle man, sir,—he knows every inch of the place, sir?"

"Bear a hand in your boat, sir," ordered the captain; "take a blue light with you, and, should you want more help burn it. Away, sir, and keep a sharp look-out." The mate promptly obeyed, and the captain, turning to the quartermaster at the con, quietly said, "Send Robert Soames aft here."

In a few minutes, poor Bob stood before his commander, who had retired aft to the taffrail, and, dowsing his tarpaulin hat, waited for the captain to begin. Their conversation was long and earnest till it was disturbed by a hail from the gangway, "Boat ahoy!" and immediately the voice of Mr. Sandom was heard answering, "No, no." In another minute or two, he was alongside in a fine row-boat, and reported that they had captured three of a similar kind lying concealed among the rocks, the crews having gone on shore to plunder Belle Vue. This was ascertained from the boat-keepers; and Mr. Wilkinson, fearful of alarming the party (who were

treble his numbers), by showing the blue light, had sent off young Sandom with the prisoners, and to request further assistance. The prisoners were ordered on board and questioned, about the time the four-pounder on the cliff was discharged, and the captain instantly directed that the French boat should be remanned and well armed with both seamen and marines, gave the frigate in charge to the first lieutenant, and, commanding his son to follow him in the barge, hurried over the side, as the blue light of Mr. Wilkinson sent forth its lurid flame upon the ocean. The row-boat pulled eighteen oars; and, now they were double-manned, and every soul, fore and aft, pulled with a willing and free spirit, she flew through the water at a tremendous rate, and in a short space of time Captain Davenant, with nearly fifty stout fellows, was on the beach. The barge, with twenty more, was not long after him; but, to make assurance doubly sure, without endangering the life of a single man, the row-boat was sent back for a reinforcement, which was not long in arriving. The disposal of his force was promptly arranged by Captain Davenant: the boats were hauled out to a distance, and laid at a grapnel, and everything being completed, the commander resumed his conversation with the fore-castle man.

“This, then, is the spot,” said the captain, looking around him, “but you spoke of some small cavern.”

“Owld Betty’s Nook, your honour,” returned Bob; “it’s just here-away, if your honour wishes to see it.”

They walked towards the foot of the cliff, and the seaman pointed out the place. “But what became of your father, Soames?” inquired the captain.



“He did not hold to windard long arterwards, your honour,” replied the man, “and was soon laid alongside of the owld woman.”

“How came you in the service, my man?” asked the captain.

“I entered to a Garnsey privateer—got taken by the French—made my escape from prison—was crimped for an Ingeeman—had the voyage out—was pressed in Madderas Roads, and drafted into the frigate,” replied Bob.

“This a strange tale you have been telling me, Soames,” said the captain; “and, if the child has not been discovered since, you may be arraigned for murder.”

“I hopes not, your honour, for I’m as innocent as an on-born babby,” returned the seaman.

A signal from one of the lookers-out apprized them that the enemy was approaching, and in a instant every soul was crouching or lying down, so as not to be perceived. The Frenchmen, with their captives and their plunder, descended to the beach—the ladies weeping and terrified, surrounded by female domestics—Dimsdale (who had recovered) and old Tom, bound together, with their arms lashed behind them venting their anger in reproaches and imprecations. The men who accompanied the baronet, as well as the male servants, carried the booty, whilst the Frenchmen, escorting the whole, were priding themselves on the cleverness with which they had executed their project.

“What are your intentions, monsieur?” inquired Lady Esdaile of the officer who walked by her side. “You surely do not mean to carry us to France?”

"Non, non, madame," returned the Frenchman; "mais every one must remain here till my men have embarked, and we put to sea. Then are you free. It gives me much grief, *mi ladi*, to put you to such inconvenience, but our own personal safety requires it."

"I do not think you will meet with encouragement from your countrymen for such an act, *monsieur*," said the lady, "to say nothing of the want of courtesy and kindness to females; I think the fact of your turning robber will meet with retaliation and punishment. The law of nations—"

"Pardonnez, madame," interrupted the officer, "it is the law of necessity—the prize we have made, if ~~once~~ across the channel, will help to support existence, and enable us to fit out a larger vessel than these boats. But, eh! where are they gone? Jaques! Pierre! Jean!"

No answer was given to his hail, for Jacques, Pierre, and Jean were safe on board the frigate. The whole detachment were by this time close to the water, and yet nothing could be seen, to the excessive consternation of the Frenchmen.

At this moment a shrill whistle was heard reverberating from the cliff—the next instant four or five blue lights were burning in different directions so as to show the overwhelming force of Captain Davenant, who rushed singly forward, commanding them to surrender, or, as pirates, they should meet with no mercy. Had not terror paralyzed the faculties of the Frenchman, he might have been assured that the English would not have fired a shot whilst their own countrymen and women would have been exposed to its destructive

effect. But Captain Davenant, as soon as he heard the voices of females, suspected what had taken place, and consequently had passed the word for the lights to be shown that the enemy might at once perceive all resistance to be useless. And so it turned out, for, on the British officer ordering them to lay down their arms, they turned and gazed with dread upon the opposing array, and promptly complied. Some, indeed, who detected the boats lying at their grapnels, plunged into the sea and swam towards them, to find that they were in other hands, and to resign themselves as prisoners.

To secure the Frenchmen, hail the boats, and put the whole on board, was the work of very short time. Old Tom got released from the baronet, who, apprehensive that his own conduct might not appear very proper in the estimation of Captain Davenant, was seeking an opportunity to steal away, but the veteran stuck close to him, and charged a serjeant of marines to take him into safe keeping, which being backed by Lady Esdaile, the Dimsdale party were taken into custody—the main body of the seamen embarked with orders to return on board, and Captain Davenant, having directed that none but his own barge should wait for him, offered his arm to Lady Esdaile, and, requesting his son, the young lieutenant, to render the same assistance to the fair daughter, they quitted the beach, a party of marines under a serjeant guarding the captives.

Sweet to the heart are the effusions of gratitude from female lips, and fervent were the thanks of Lady Esdaile as she walked by the side of her gallant deliverer, and narrated

the events connected with the attack of Dimsdale, &c. But the captain's responses were few, and having been many years in a hot climate, the cold air as he ascended seemed to make him tremble. On the other hand, the young lieutenant was never more communicative—he related to the fair girl the cause of their coming to the rescue, with every particular that had since occurred, and expressed in warm terms, the happiness he felt at having been the humble (!) instrument of service to one so young and beautiful. The maiden on her part, was not backward in describing the attack of Dimsdale, the intrepid behaviour of old Tom, and their astonishment when they found their supposed succour converted into a desperate enemy. Delightedly did the young officer listen to the commendations of the fair girl, and, when they reached the lodge at the entrance to the grounds, they were happy in each other's society, and reserve had been banished from both their minds.

In a very short time, the Belle Vue was (comparatively speaking) restored to order. Lady Esdaile and her daughter retired to change their dresses, and Captain Davenant embraced the opportunity of having the lawyer brought before him.

“You are, sir, I understand, an Englishman and a relative of Lady Esdaile's,” said the captain, as he stood, a noble-looking figure, in his handsome uniform, leaning against the mantel-piece by the fire. The lieutenant was standing a short distance from him, and near the door were the sergeant and Soames.

“I am, as you observe, an Englishman, and a relative of

the late Sir James Esdaile, to whose title I have succeeded," answered the lawyer.

"And yet, sir, you not only insult the widow and her daughter, but, like a thief, a robber, you break in upon her dwelling, and endeavour to rob her of her right, and murder her peace!" sternly exclaimed the captain.

"I am not accountable to you for any of my actions, Captain Davenant," returned the baronet proudly, "nor do I see by what law you have thought fit to detain me here."

"Wretch! do not assume the bully," vociferated the officer. "Let it suffice that I have detained you—that I will detain you. You may seek your remedy afterwards, in any way you choose."

The lawyer found he had a determined man to deal with, and, sensible that he had himself exceeded the law, he changed his tactics to a more humble position. "I admit, Captain Davenant," said he, "that my conduct must appear extremely strange and even indecorous to you; but remember, sir, you have only heard an *ex-parte* statement, and much as gentlemen of your cloth are attached to the ladies, yet I have heard that justice in your decisions prevails over even that. Have I your permission to proceed in my narrative?"

"Go on, sir," said the captain, "and that I may not appear discourteous—though I do but usurp authority—I beg you would be seated."

The lawyer, however, declined; he had been accustomed to stand whilst speaking, and to sit now might weaken his arguments. With the well initiated adroitness of his profession, he entered upon the history of his case, so as deeply

to interest the passions and feelings of the naval chief. He spoke with energy and warmth of the early attachment of Lady Esdaile to young Blakeney—insisted upon a union between them having taken place, and his having incontestable evidence to prove it. He then skilfully described in glowing colours the anguish and grief of Lady Esdaile at being compelled to marry Sir James during Blakeney's absence at sea—the return of the young man—the means that were used to soothe him—his quitting his native land, but having been again seen since the births of the children—his once more embarking for India, and sinking in a wreck in the Atlantic Ocean—in short, nothing was omitted that could possibly tell in his favour; and to those parts that were adverse to him he gave such a false colouring as to make the worse appear the better cause. “Thus, Captain Davenant,” he continued, “you must perceive that, in the delicacy of my situation, I have done all that could be required of me. Had Miss Amelia graciously listened to my proposition—which I call heaven to witness was made as much in consideration of her welfare as my own happiness—had she consented, I should not in a moment of intemperance and disappointment have acted with the rashness of which they certainly have just cause to complain. By the death of the late baronet, the title descended to me—the estates he had willed to his heirs lawfully begotten—mark that, sir, for it is the most important feature of the whole—the estates, I say, he had willed to his heirs lawfully begotten, and, as the lady had committed bigamy—”

“Liar! detestable liar!” shouted the captain, in a voice



of thunder, just at the moment when, unperceived by him, the door of the room was opening. "The fame of her whom you would sully is as pure as that of an angel! Villain! wretch! coward! I am WILLIAM BLAKENEY!"

Dimsdale recoiled in real alarm, so angry and determined was the countenance of the naval commander, and it is probable that the latter, in his indignation and wrath, might have been induced to inflict personal chastisement, but the opening door was suddenly thrown back, and Lady Esdaile, who had heard the announcement, uttered a hurried exclamation, and, rushing into the room, seized the captain by the arm. The light from a powerful lamp fell strongly on his face; the features, though time-worn and furrowed, were promptly recognised, and the gasping lady, to the astonishment of the young lieutenant and Miss Esdaile, ejaculated, "It is! it is! it must be William!" and fainted in his arms. Old feelings and affections, that had never been thoroughly subdued, burst out with renewed vigour; the captain pressed the woman he had once so tenderly loved to his brave and generous heart; restoratives were promptly applied, and Lady Esdaile recovering, exclaimed, "William! William! can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Amelia!" uttered the captain; "oh, there is much on both sides to be forgiven. I must tell you all, but promise, promise that when you have heard what I have to communicate, you will not—yet no, it would be dishonourable to exact promises; and, as my narrative will, in a great degree, affect this would-be baronet, he may remain and hear it. I must first revert to that soul-sickening moment when,

with eager hope and ardent love, I returned from my voyage to find you the bride of another. As for that fellow's tale of a previous marriage, it is a vile fabrication of his own inventing, and I dare him to the proof—he will not attempt subornation of perjury with a living witness to refute the whole—and as for his title!—but I will proceed. Almost heart-broken and despairing, Lady Esdaile, many were the weary and heavy hours I passed concealed in this neighbourhood, that I might at times unseen behold you; and, the better to disguise my purpose, both name and habit were changed, and, on my return from every voyage, I have lingered after nightfall round this dwelling only to catch one glimpse of the woman I had so ardently loved. I cannot divine the motive that urged me to this—it seemed a species of monomania, for, notwithstanding the bitter anguish almost to madness that it caused me, I could not refrain, and the only pleasure in life I experienced was being near you, though unseen, unknown, uncared for. It was about twelve months after this event that I entered the service of my country—officers were scarce, and a burning, inextinguishable desire took possession of my breast to rise in my profession, that at some future time you might ascertain that the man whom you had abandoned was not unworthy of you.”

Lady Esdaile was about to speak :—“Do not interrupt me, my lady, I entreat,” said the captain; “hear me before you utter praise, or pronounce my condemnation.” The lady was silent.

“We cruised for some time upon the Portsmouth station, and my visits were necessarily short—long absence not being

allowed—but every moment I could steal from duty, every four-and-twenty hours' leave I could obtain, was spent disguised in the neighbourhood of Belle Vue. One evening, I was going to say chance, but it must have been the hand of Providence, directed me to the foot of the Blackgang Chine—it was dark, very dark, and, hearing voices approaching, I retired into a small cavern, and concealed myself in a recess at the extremity, beyond the reach of any person walking about, unless they stooped purposely to grope for me. I had often been in the place before, and now, as I said, holding my breath, I overheard a conversation between two persons relative to a child—a boy that one of them had stolen from his home.”

“William—Captain Davenant, or Blakeney, whatever your name may be—have mercy!—do not keep me in suspense!” exclaimed Lady Esdaile: “that child—the boy—say—was it—” and she looked imploringly in his face, “was it my own, my lost one?”

There was not an individual in the room, but had listened with eager, almost breathless, attention to the captain's recital; but it was evident that towards the latter part no one was more excited than Bob Soames. He gasped convulsively—uttered occasional ejaculations—crushed his hat between his hands, and seemed ready to start away. But when he heard the appeal, he cried like an infant, and, running forward, fell at her ladyship's feet, almost choked with agitation. Lady Esdaile looked upon him, at first supposing that he might be her long-mourned son—but the age of the man forbade the hope.

"How's this, Soames?" inquired the captain. "Silence, sir," and, turning to the young lieutenant, "have the goodness to remove him from the room, and remain till sent for." The officer obeyed. "And now, Amelia—that is, Lady Esdaile—I will readily answer your question. I have every reason to believe it was your son."

"Does he live, William, was his life spared?" eagerly asked the lady. "Oh, pity the agony of a bereaved mother, and tell me all!"

"I will, my lady, I will," replied the agitated captain; "but for the sake of all, I must pursue my own course—rest satisfied, Amelia—dearest Amelia, rest satisfied—I will conceal nothing. From the conversation of the two men, I feared that murder was contemplated—however, they quitted the cave, leaving the child behind. I crept from my concealment, found where the boy was lying bound, and, taking him in my arms, succeeded in getting away unperceived. At first my purpose was to carry him to Belle Vue, and prove to you that I still had your happiness at heart—but some demon instilled a vengeful feeling into my soul—it whispered, 'You have been despised once; what if you should be again spurned!' and then revenge took possession of my faculties. I will not, however, harass you or myself by a repetition of my motives; let it suffice that I took the boy on board with me—framed an excuse to my commander, with whom I was an especial favourite—that it was my own—its mother dead—and earnestly implored permission for it to remain with me." Lady Esdaile drew her breath convulsively. "The prayer was granted—the very next day our foretopsel was

loosed for the East Indies, and the day following we were running down channel with a fair wind." He rang the bell. "Lady Esdaile—as James Davenant, that lad has shared my fortune, which has not been niggardly." The lieutenant entered, and the captain, taking him by the hand, said, with strong emotion, as he approached the lady, "And now I have pride and joy in presenting to his mother Sir James Esdaile."

Earnest was the gaze of the affectionate parent as she held the young officer at a distance, the better to look upon his features, then throwing her arms round the neck of the astonished youth, she exclaimed, "It is, it is my child! Amelia, embrace your brother!"

The affair was promptly explained to the lieutenant, whose gratification was unbounded. "And now, sir, I presume," said the captain, addressing Dimsdale, "you must be satisfied that your claim to title or estate vanishes into nothing, and you are at the mercy of Lady Esdaile."

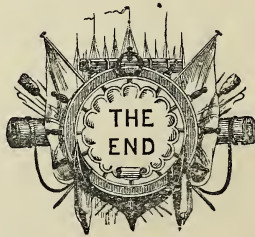
"I have nothing but your bare assertion, sir," returned the lawyer. "The child you found might not have been the lost son of Sir James Esdaile."

"You shall have further proof, sir," declared the captain. "Sergeant, call in Robert Soames."

Poor Bob made his appearance, and, at the command of his superior, repeated his strange, eventful tale, and this time, being the third, he did it well, leaving not a shadow of a doubt of the young lieutenant's identity. There were joyous hearts that night at Belle Vue, and old Tom was in his glory. Dimsdale and his party were turned out with ignominy, and Captain Davenant gave his protégé leave of

absence. But his own immediate duty demanded his presence aboard, and taking leave, he was soon on the deck of his frigate.

The rest may be summed up in a few words. The lawyer saw that all his plans were defeated and stayed the suit. Lady Esdaile was married to her first lover, and several years afterwards Captain Sir James Esdaile followed the remains of his step-father, Vice-Admiral Davenant, to the house appointed for all living. Lady Davenant and old Tom did not long survive him, and both were buried in the same tomb. OLD BETTY'S NOOK may be seen unchanged to the present day.











UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 072861062